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E. W. Remond

THE LOG
OF AN
ANCIENT MARINER.

BEING THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
CAPTAIN EDGAR WAKEMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."
"Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

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DEDICATION.

This work, which is mainly a collection and arrangement of incidents in the eventful life of CAPT. EDGAR WAKEMAN, is gratefully dedicated to his many friends in California and elsewhere, by the editress, his affectionate daughter,

MINNIE WAKEMAN-CURTIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages contain the faithful record of an adventurous life, taken from the log of an old sailor whose name is known in every quarter of the globe. Generous to a fault, ever ready to place himself at the foremost post of duty, utterly regardless of danger, however terrible; and, withal, as gentle as a child, in the palmy days of his life, Capt. Wakeman numbered his friends by thousands; and this record will be read by many hundreds of those who knew him and loved him when he was the prosperous and genial ship-master; who extended to him every sympathy and every assistance when he was disabled, embarrassed and crippled; and who shed tears as they followed to its last resting place the brave, kind and gentle heart.

The record was written by himself that he might leave a faithful account of his life to his children, and is shaped for public perusal in the belief that it will be read with pleasure by the many who remember the warm grasp of his large hand, the cordial tones of his cheery voice, and the kindling glance of his kindly eye.

His was a three-fold nature, as those know who have seen him on the bridge, trumpet in hand and thunder in his tones; who have sat in his state-room and listened to the "yarns" which it is impossible to reproduce now, related as they were, "with his fingers all spread out by way of emphasis," and with a magnetism in look and tone that carried his hearers spell-bound, to laugh or to cry, as he willed; and know of the affection which he felt for his family, and of his simple-mindedness and utter want of shrewdness in all business transactions.

Captain Wakeman was a true seaman, never so much himself as when upon the quarter-deck; yet, like many another old salt, he always cherished the idea that he could be perfectly happy, besides making a financial success of the enterprise, could he but turn to farming, and settle down, far from the ocean, in one of the fertile valleys of California; and many verses and poems scattered among his writings breathe the deepest affection for his family, and show how keenly he felt the enforced separation from his children, during the best years of his life and during their childhood. One of these sets of verses is as follows:

Why am I thus compelled to say,
I'm like the hank upon the stay
Of some Greenlander's bending mast,
That's freezing in an arctic blast?

I've seen and felt the hand of God,
As o'er the earth and sea I've trod;
But never suffered so before
As when I left my cottage door.

No words can tell the weight of woe,
As rolling o'er the sea I go
From all I love beneath the sky,
And all the bliss the Fates deny.

Ah! must I always sail and weep,
Away from home, upon the deep;
Or will I be, in later days,
Among my children's happy plays?

God grant, among that little band
I yet may dwell upon the land;
With naught to fear but fleeting time,
That ends all things, both life and rhyme.

Another, which is given below, is inscribed to his eldest daughter:

Oh! darling, if you only knew
How very sad your papa grew,
When all alone on deck he sighs
Through midnight hours with tearful eyes,
At eve I'm sure you'd ne'er forget

The one afar, whose eyes are wet
With weeping for his child at home,
So far across the ocean's foam.

Yet well I know it still must be,
While I'm compelled to sail the sea:
Through weary years I'm doomed to part
From Minnie with an aching heart;
And ev'ry voyage I still must grieve
When my poor Frankie sad I leave;
While Eddie asks, with eyes so black,
"When shall I look for papa back?"

The mother, like an angel, seeks
A parting kiss, but never speaks,
As closer to her loving breast
Her infant angel's fondly pressed;
Upon its pillow snowy white
It draws its food with all its might,
Then falls into a heavenly sleep
And dreams of one upon the deep.

O God, protect this little flock,
Bring back their papa safe to dock;
And when in time their days be run,
Conduct them, with the setting sun,
To that dim land where we may be
United through eternity.
And till we wake to that blessed time
Dear God, protect both me and mine.

Upright and honest in word and deed, simple and pure in heart and habits, he was yet not a believer in the Christian creeds; he had faith neither in the supernatural nor the miraculous, and would accept no man's demonstration where he could not solve the problem with his own reason; but he held faith in a future life, and in a "Great Unknowable;" or rather, like the Indian, as he himself would prefer to say, he believed in the Great Spirit, of whom, save through nature, he knew nothing. And his writings show everywhere, as do his verses, this belief and his reverence for the unknown God.

With the same reverence—for it was more than veneration—and with the fondest love, he always held in remembrance his

mother and her tender care during his childhood. Merely his childhood was spent at home, for when only a boy of some fifteen years he entered upon his sailor's life. Always ready to take the lead in pleasure, duty or danger, he buffeted with Fate and managed to keep upon the wave of prosperity; but his want of judgment in the ways of the world caused him to miss many a chance which another man would have turned into a substantial fortune, and as he grew older his iron constitution began to feel all that it had been obliged to bear in a sailor's daily life, and through accidents and the reckless exposure which he had undergone in his younger days, until finally, paralysis shortened his life and rendered him crippled and almost helpless during its last few years. Probably no one who has not been similarly afflicted, can realize the extent of this misfortune, coming to a strong man who has lived out of doors, enjoying life keenly and used alike to command and to accomplish.

Among his writings is found this reference to his condition as compared with that of his friend, Mr. Hale:

"There is a man, Hale and vigorous, with no drawbacks to his enjoyment of life; puncture his arm, tread upon his foot, cast the carrion in his way, and his quick sense detects the injury and ferrets out what is offensive. He is a well man in every sense and his prompt resistance is as quick as feeling.

"There is another man, a poor brother, under a fearful touch of calamity. His form is that of a man, but his features are a sad mixture of the dead with the living. His right arm, his right foot and leg are useless; his right cheek, too, is stiff and drawn. I touch his limbs or puncture his flesh and he knows it not, for palsy has done his work. Life and death have half fought their battle in that barely living frame, and they stand in an awful truce which lets the victim see one half of his body dressed in the ashy paleness of the tomb. The soul in that body dwells in a sepulchre-yard by day, and sleeps in a grave by night."

This "life" is not as complete as he intended it to be, but he wrote up to within a few months of his death, and re-wrote, up to that time, many portions; yet, still, many interesting periods

are entirely left out, as, details of his share in the Mexican War, and in Vigilance days in California. In one place he speaks of this fact, saying:

“I have written the account of many of the most prominent incidents of my life, but there are several voyages that I have omitted altogether, not through design on my part, but because they did not present themselves to my mind at the time of writing. There is much, very much, that I would like to say in connection with past voyages, and there are a great many good and prominent men, whom I esteem most highly, in different parts of this world, whom I should like to write about, as I can never forget them, but I am obliged to forego that pleasure; most of my writing has been done while suffering from the fever contracted in low latitudes, and now I am paralyzed, and having lost the use of my right side, it is with difficulty and pain that I write at all with my left hand.”

Among the many notices that Capt. Wakeman received in the public journals, is the following:

“The recent exploit of Capt. Edgar Wakeman, with the ‘steamer ‘John L. Stephens,’ has again brought him before the people. For a crisis, Ned Wakeman is the most prompt and energetic of men. In 1847, Lieutenant Hunter took Alvarado, Mexico; Wakeman was the man who made the exploit successful. The fortune of a person depended upon getting the ‘steamer ‘New World’ out of New York harbor. After Ned’s engagement he made the discovery; ‘I’ll save him,’ said Ned, and a Sheriff with several deputies started on a voyage to California.”

“The days of 1851 in this city will be long remembered; Ned Wakeman was indicted as the leading vigilante. Again, he has once more saved a steamer for his company and the *Call* of this city ranks Col. Frank F. Dana at about 10° in the scale of captains, for letting the ‘Stephens’ slip out of his fingers. In the Liberal party, Capt. Dana is no doubt a Ney, but Ned is a Napoleon. ’Tis put down as an axiom, that no man possesses in his business more than one grand crisis in his

"life, but Ned has passed four; though weighing two hundred pounds, he wears seven-league boots, and possesses as many lives as a cat. *Viva la Captain Ned.*"

In a letter to the *Alta*, Mark Twain speaks of him as follows:

"I will do him the credit to say that he knows how to tell his stirring forecastle yarns; with his strong, cheery voice, animated countenance, quaint phraseology, defiance of grammar, and extraordinary vim in the matter of emphasis and gesture, he makes a most effective story even out of unpromising materials. He is fifty years old, as rough as a bear in voice and action, and yet as kind hearted and tender as a woman. He is a burly, hairy, sunburned, stormy-voiced old salt, who mixes strange oaths with incomprehensible sailor-phraseology and the gentlest and most touching pathos, and is tattooed from head to foot like a Feejee Islander.* He knows nothing of policy or of the ways of the world, but he can keep cheered-up any company of passengers that ever traveled in a ship. He never drinks a drop, never gambles, and never swears where a lady or a child may chance to hear him."

After this description Mark Twain proceeds to transcribe a "Tale of Rats," as told by the Captain. After telling how the rats had scampered ashore, over the hawser, at the last moment before sailing, and how he (Capt. W.) and his traveling companion had taken the hint and gone on shore also, he proceeds: "And as sure as you're born that bran-new, beautiful brig sailed out of Honolulu without a rat on board, and was never seen again by mortal man. We shipped in an old tub, that was so rotten that we had to walk easy on deck to keep from going through—so crazy, sir, that in our berths, when there was a sea on, the timbers overhead worked backwards and for'ards eleven

* Between the knee and ankle of one leg, was tattooed in colors a figure of the Goddess of Liberty, holding the American flag and standing beside a cannon; between the knee and ankle of the other, was a large ship under full sail; upon his arms were the names of his wife and each of his children, that of the baby whom he lost being up on a tombstone with a tree bending over it; he bore a figure of Christ upon the cross, and various Masonic symbols, besides numerous wristlets, bracelets, anklets, garlands and other devices.

inches in their sockets, just for the world like an old wicker-basket, sir, and the rats were as big as greyhounds and as lean, sir; they bit the buttons off our coats and chawed our toe-nails off while we slept, and there were so many of them that in a gale, once, they all scampered to the starboard side, when we were going about, and put her down the wrong way, so that she missed stays and came monstrous near foundering. But she went through safe, I tell you, because she had rats aboard. Rats! don't tell me nothing about the talents of rats! Its been noticed, sir! Notes has been taken of it, sir! and their judgment is better than a human's, sir! Didn't I hear old Ben Wilson, mate of the 'Empress of the Seas'—as fine a sailor and as lovely a ship as ever rode a gale—didn't I hear him tell how, as seventeen years ago, when he was laying at Liverpool docks empty as a jug, and an Indiaman right alongside, full of provisions and corn and everything a rat might prefer, and going to sail next day—how, in the middle of the night, the rats all left her and crossed his decks and went ashore—every bloody one of them, sir! and finally, in the moonlight, he saw a muss going on by the capstan of that other ship; so he slipped around, and there was a dozen old rats laying their heads together, and chattering about something, and looking down the forrard hatch every now and then, till finally they appeared to have got their minds made up; and one of 'em went aft and got a piece of old stuns'l half a foot square, and they bored holes in the corners with their teeth and bent on some long pieces of spun-yarn—made a sort of a little hammock of it, you understand—and then they lowered away gently for a time, and stopped; then directly they begun heaving again, and up out of that forrard hatch, in full view of the mate, who was watching them all the time, comes that little hammock, with a poor, old, decrepid, sick rat on it, all gone in with the consumption; and they lugged him ashore, and they all went up town to the very last rat; and that ship sailed the next day for India, or Cape o' Good Hope, or somewheres, and the mate of the 'Empress' didn't sail for as much as three weeks, and up to that time that ship hadn't been heard from, sir!"

Some effort was made to collect the "yarns he spun," but it was finally abandoned as impracticable. The gentleman who has already been mentioned, uses the following language respecting them: "I can mention some stories, but the happy details have all faded away. * * * His best stories were so dramatic in manner, that they can only be talked, they cannot be written; they talk with fine effect, but they lose a vast amount of their force as soon as they are on paper, for there was a charm about his telling of them which pen and ink cannot convey. * * * He made you cry and laugh at the same time. It is easy to make people laugh; it is very hard to make them do both."

There are several pages in this record which refer to an esteemed friend of Captain Wakeman's, Colonel Kargé; they were inclosed to that gentleman with a letter begging permission to use them where they occur in this book, but no reply was ever received. The writer, however, ventured to transcribe them, trusting that no objections will be entertained by the Colonel, if he lives and happens to meet the mention of his own life in these pages.

At the close of an arduous task in copying and arranging, the most sincere thanks are due, for encouragement, suggestions and assistance, to many gentlemen; to H. D. Bacon, Esq., to F. L. Hanks, and others; and to S. L. Clemens, Esq., for permission to use certain of his stories.

M. W. C.

EAST OAKLAND, December, 1877.

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THE LOG

OF AN

ANCIENT MARINER.

CHAPTER I.

ANTECEDENTS—TOWHEAD'S ADVENTURES—THE FIRST DEPARTURE FROM HOME—AND OH! TO BE A SAILOR-BOY.



Y great-great-great-grand-father, more than two hundred years ago, settled at Green Farms, Fairfield county, Connecticut; taking up a farm, as was the custom then, by running two parallel lines in a northerly direction from Long Island Sound, so as to inclose a strip of land as long and as wide as he desired. This grant, signed by the English king, and always to be exempt from taxes, extended, according to the record on parchment in the Hartford Hall of Records, from the Sound, through Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont. There were plenty of Indians in the country then,

but neither roads nor fences, and the trees were marked with an ax to indicate the boundary lines.

The old house, the home of my fondest recollections, was built by this Joseph Wakeman, and lived in by five Josephs successively, down to my uncle Joe, who died in 1854. After his death it was sold to the Episcopalian society, and a stone church, the finest religious edifice in Westport, the town which has grown up around it, erected upon its site. The old house measured fifty feet by forty, the stone chimney was eighteen feet square, the kitchen fireplace was ten feet wide at the back, twelve feet wide in front and six feet deep; a horse was employed to haul in the back-log, which was generally about nine feet long by three in diameter. The stone steps into the cellar were immense, and the oak timbers in the chamber floor and around the chimney were sixteen inches square. The original siding and shingles were never changed, but the last time I saw the old place the shingles were worn through in many places and were generally threadbare.

When the mail-stage road from New York to Boston came to be made, it ran close to the house, where the stage always stopped upon each trip, and when the British troops were in this country a number of officers made their headquarters at this house. My father was then a boy, and I have heard him say that he and the other frightened children ran and threw themselves into a bed as the troops ap-

proached; and I have seen him laugh as he remembered how he trembled when a soldier pulled back the covering, exclaiming:

“Here they are; black and white, all together!”

My father's only sister, Abigail, then a little girl, made the beds in the room of one of the officers, which was filled with money in silver coin; she thought she would like to have some of this abundance, so she put a coin under each of the four bed-posts, thinking thus to secure it. But this little girl of a former century was disappointed in her plans, for when the soldiers gathered up their money they found and carried off her hoard.

Down the road and across it, when I was young, stood an old building, which I have heard my father say was the house of a Jennings, a family which intermarried with mine. When the soldiers were leaving Westport they set fire to this building, and left a small squad behind to see that the fire was well kindled. But the boys, my father among them, got an old King's tim and loaded it and then crept behind the stone fence, from which place they shot at the soldiers, wounding one and putting all to flight, so that the boys extinguished the flames and saved the house.

My grandfather Joseph and his wife Mary both died young. His family consisted of my father, whose name was Hezekiah, Seth, Joseph, Gideon and one daughter, Abigail; good, old-fashioned names, that I love to recall, and family histories

that my father used to relate to me when I was a boy at home, how I love to repeat them!

My father married Mary Godfrey on the eighteenth of February, 1798. He lived to the ripe age of eighty-seven, and my mother died at seventy-eight. My father was noted for his skill and strength in wrestling more than for anything else, unless it was for his sturdy honesty. On public occasions in our village, eighty years ago, wrestling matches were always held in which my father invariably engaged, while report saith that he was never once thrown by his opponent. It was the custom then for the lad who was the best wrestler to wait upon the county belle, so it may be surmised that my mother was a very pretty girl; and I have often heard her say that Hezekiah was not only the strongest lad, and the only one of her acquaintance who possessed a double row of teeth all around, but also the best-looking young man in the country.

Before I leave these old times, which my children will probably consider old-fogyish, but which were stirring times, after all, in their own way, I will go still further back, to the year 1645, when one good wife Knapp was hanged as a witch. The wife of Thomas Staples was the only woman in Fairfield who had the courage and good sense to dare attest that she did not believe in the mark; she even went so far as to assert that she did not believe that there was any such thing as a witch,

anyway, for which she came very near being hanged as one herself, as it gave offense to the authorities who had condemned Knapp's wife. But Mr. Staples promptly sued these dignitaries, not excepting Mr. Ludlow, who was a great man, for slandering his wife in calling her a witch, and the court awarded him £10 to repair his wife's character.

My first personal recollections carry me back more than forty years to a little tow-headed fellow living with his kind father and his loving mother in Westport, in the State of Connecticut. His principal occupation at that time consisted in stubbing his toes and kissing his mother; and I can yet see, in imagination, the bare-footed urchin, a different colored wrapping around each suffering toe, rushing to the maternal bosom for consolation in a fresh misfortune.

But in spite of his misfortunes he continued to thrive and grow older, going to school, romping with his playmates, and getting into and out of all sorts of mischief, in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world.

This youngster was particularly fond of dough, and I distinctly remember one occasion when his mother prepared a short-cake and placed it in the spider, before the fire, to cook; then she slipped off her apron and ran into the parlor to resume an absorbing description, to several old ladies, interested listeners, of Emmeline Adam's new bonnet.

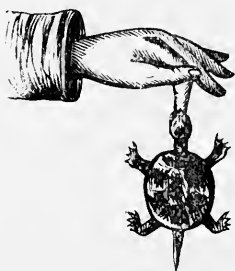
In due time she ran back again to toss the spider and turn the cake, as it was done in those days, but Towhead had watched his opportunity, and lo! where was the short-cake? My poor mother was not at a loss to guess, but that did not prevent dire consternation from settling down upon the whole household, and the old ladies, disappointed visitors to tea, who had thus lost their short-cake, held up amazed and incredulous hands and eyes towards an unsympathizing ceiling.



At one time, even, this graceless urchin ate so much of his favorite short-cake and ate so much apple-dumpling, that after supper his sister, Mary, was obliged to lay him upon the floor before the blazing fire, unbutton his jacket and rub him with goose-grease, that he might be restored to ease without actually bursting. But if Towhead was what was called, at that time, a rogue, receiving the credit of doing it, no matter what was done, he was, at least, an honest one, and was never known to tell a lie to escape blame. Indeed, upon one occasion, two old maids who lived upon the hill, on whose very brink their barn was situated, were so unfortunate as to have that out-building blown from the top of the rising ground to the bottom during a gale one stormy night; and then they put on their bonnets, their capes and their mits, and came, solemnly but indignantly, to remonstrate

with this luckless youngster, whose devoted shoulders were thus made to bear the sins of the hurricane.

One day, when wading in the brook, he saw and caught a very small turtle; but the turtle resented the liberty and bit him until the blood began to flow. Towhead dropped the turtle, and ran home with all his speed, where he fell flat, pale and breathless, before his mother.



"Oh! mother, I have come home to die!" he gasped.

"What in the wide world is the matter with you?" asked his mother.

"A turtle bit me, a turtle bit me," was all he had strength enough to say, and then he closed his eyes, verily believing that he was already expiring. But his mother took up his little brown hand and saw the place where the turtle had taken a very small nip out of the end of one dirt-stained little finger; she immediately kissed the place and assured him that it would soon be well again.

"But, mother, you told me that if a turtle bit me I should certainly die after it," returned her son, venturing to open his eyes again.

"Yes, my boy, but many a long year after, I trust; I told you that to keep you from going into the water," his mother was obliged to explain; and

even then, he had, he thought, been so near the point of death that it hardly seemed proper to him to recover, all in a moment, from the deadly turtle-bite.

Not long after this, his sister made him a most beautiful cap, bound with a golden cord; the only emblem apparent that he was a boy, for he still wore only a long, coarse, home-spun frock. He was so proud of his new cap that he wore it all the time, and even went to sleep in it. One dark night he was sent to a neighbor's house on an errand, and being afraid that he would fall into the brook, he was crawling across the bridge on his hands and knees when a fierce growl from a big dog, right in his face, brought him instantly to his feet. Some unaccountable impulse caused him to pull his cap off of his head and hold it in his hands in front of his breast; in a moment more the dog had knocked him down, but instead of taking him by the throat, as he intended, the dog seized and ran away with his cap, which he probably buried somewhere, as Towhead could never find it anywhere in the village. Not long after this another big dog bit him severely in the left leg, taking out a mouthful and tearing the flesh fearfully, making a wound whose scar is yet visible. It would appear that the dogs of the village had formed an alliance and were determined to eat him up; but Towhead was too valiant to allow this, and he soon had the satisfaction of gaining a great vic-

tory over the dogs, pelting one with stones himself and persuading a friend to shoot the more ferocious ones.

Among his more narrow escapes, occurred this one: In darting suddenly across a log to catch a big chip that had just fallen to the ground, he received the blow of an ax upon his head, cracking his skull nearly from ear to ear; his brother was using the ax at the time, and thinking that he had killed Towhead, he ran and hid and nearly cried himself to death. But oh! if you could have seen his mother! The poor, dear creature, to see her little Towhead brought like a corpse to her, all covered with blood as he was, and placed in her lap, as they all thought, to die. 'T was a heart-rending scene and Towhead did, indeed, lose consciousness, for the sight of so much blood made him sick; but when he recovered himself he found that he had been washed clean and was already on the way to recovery, and it was said by many an old lady that he owed his life to the fact that he had no brains. Be that as it may, there is something in his head, for he carries a silver plate in it to this day.

It was not long before he was in another trouble. It was winter and a dozen boys were gathered on a high hill with their sleds, but none of them dared coast down it for fear of running right into the river, which was filled with cakes of ice, floating rapidly towards the sea; until Towhead, thinking that he could guide his sled better than could the rest, and

having less brains or less fear than they, stepped out of the crowd and said that he would try it. In a moment the sled was running swiftly down the hill until she struck the level strip between its foot and the brink of the river ; it was here that our lad expected to show off his generalship in sliding down hill, by steering his sled along this level place, where she could have run some distance ; but, although she was brought around so as to face the right way, she went just as fast sideways, and in a moment poor little Towhead was precipitated off the bank into the freezing waters below.

Terror seized upon all the boys when they saw their companion disappear under a great cake of ice, and they wept and wrung their hands as they ran along the river. But Towhead crawled to the top of the ice and sat, all up in a heap, nearly frozen stiff, until he passed near enough to the shore to jump; again he fell into the water, but this time the larger boys could reach him, and he was finally carried home on a sled, not his own, for that had gone far out to sea. And then you could have seen how a mother loves her child ! This narrow escape was the talk of the village, and again the voice of the old women was heard, this time predicting that Towhead would yet come to some untimely end.

About this time it occurred to Towhead that if he could but gain the top of the tall button-ball tree, growing in his father's yard, he would be able

to see all the rest of the world. But, arrived at the top, his disappointment was bitter when a slight breeze broke the limb and brought him, through all the branches, to the ground. But as he was not much hurt he next climbed a high hill and felt that, at last, he had indeed viewed the other side of the world.

From this time Towhead entertained a burning desire to go to New York, in his favorite sloop "Mary," that he might view the wonders lying beyond the hills and the tree-tops of his native village.. At last, possessed of his first complete suit of clothes, he gave his parents no peace of mind until he obtained their consent to his departure; this granted, his father gave him a small sum of money and advice worth thousands, while his poor mother cried and kissed him, and felt that she was about to lose her dear little Towhead forever.

At last his "kit" was ready and the night arrived for the sloop to sail. Poor Towhead felt, for the first time, that he was about to leave all that was to him most sacred, his parents and home; but his strong desire to see the world drowned all other feelings, and in a short time he retired to his berth in the sloop's cabin, he being a cabin passenger, and the price of passage fifty cents. After a very pleasant voyage the sloop was tied to the dock at the foot of James street. The city was to him all in a blaze, it being about eight p. m. Before the

sloop was fast we find that our young man from the country had jumped upon the dock, and, without stopping a moment, had run several blocks, until he came to a store that had attracted him from the first; it appeared to be all glass, and shone with a most brilliant light, wholly eclipsing anything else in that vicinity. He was not content with admiring its outward beauty, but walked right into the middle of this great emporium. The clerks leaned over the counter from all points of the store, showing the most polite attention and desire to wait upon him; but he stopped in the center of the room, and the first salutation that broke in on his bewildered mind was from a person who sat smoking a cigar, and leaning his chair against a pillar that supported the center of the upper floor. This gentleman, finding that the boy had not perceived him, as yet, called his attention, asking what he wanted.

"Nothing," he was promptly answered.

"You are better off than most of us," said the gentleman, "I suppose you are from the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"What part?"

"Connecticut."

"When did you arrive?"

"Just now—about five minutes ago."

"How?"

"On the sloop 'Mary,' sir."

"How would you like to come and live here

and work for me? I am owner of these three stores."

"I should be very glad," says our boy from the country.

"Then come up here at six to-morrow morning, and that lad," pointing to a young man behind the counter, "will show you how to take down the shutters and sweep out the store."

This was enough, and this country youth, now about twelve years and a half old, ran, as though for his life, back to the sloop, and astonished the whole crew by telling them that he had found a place to live in, and was about to transport his limited wardrobe up to that great store that was so brilliantly illuminated. Of course the crew could scarcely believe it, as they had but just completed making the sloop fast. This boy had not been idle in the meantime, and had really secured for himself clothes, boarding, and some little money at the end of the year. Oh! what a mail went back to his parents, filled with joy that henceforth he was to make his own way in the world. Oh! how foolish he was; a mother's love was worth all the world besides.

Although at first he had a boy to show him all the different streets and numbers to which these three stores directed their orders, he soon became thoroughly acquainted with the whole city. He opened the store at daylight, swept out and cleaned up, always cast his eyes over the papers as he

spread them upon the counter to dry, and then the older clerks and salesmen began to arrive and he would get his breakfast and carry orders.

He soon began to observe that the best salesman was the greatest story teller, and the fear of disobeying his loving mother's advice—never, under any circumstances, to tell lies—first caused him, although treated with great kindness, to think of choosing some other business. He was now about fourteen years of age, slim and light, but quick. At last an innate desire to see the world became so strong that he determined upon going to sea. It was not long after his mind was made up that an opportunity offered itself.

As he spread the newspaper upon the counter to dry, for it was so recently from press that it was yet damp, his eye caught sight of the name of a ship that was going upon a long trading voyage around the world. Soon after breakfast he was sent with an order to number one, Stone street, in the south end of the city, near the Battery. As the gentleman was not at home, he, as was his custom at every opportunity, strolled where he could look upon the water and the ships riding at anchor or sailing out and in, wondering where they all went to and what sights they must see.

At last we find him at the foot of Wall street, and looking down the dock he sees the name "Peruvian," upon a ship. This was the ship which he had seen mentioned in the paper; she was about

to start upon a voyage around the world. He walked right on board and the first person he saw was an old, gray-haired man, engaged in moving an empty flour-barrel to one side. He addressed him at once, after this manner :

“Are you the captain, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Have you all your crew?”

“Have you ever been to sea?”

“No, sir ; but I want to go.”

“Where do you come from?”

“Connecticut, sir.”

“Well, you look like a good boy, and I will take you; get your clothes quick, and come right on board, as we haul out next tide. You will want some mittens and woolen socks off Cape Horn, but all the rest of the voyage is very pleasant, and duck pants will do.”

All this kind advice was given in a most paternal tone. It is unnecessary to say that I ran to a friend,



stowed a small chest, went on board, and in less than half an hour was at anchor in the North river, a sailor-boy in the forecastle of a ship bound around the globe.

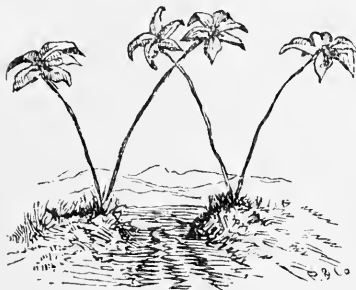
No pen can describe my feelings. I had written to my poor mother, asking her consent, and in the same letter, telling her that as she read I should be far out to sea. For you have seen that in Tow-head and the young man from the country is to be recognized the mariner who writes this record of his life.

And now I am about to write an abstract of my voyages. Some fifty years have elapsed since my advent into this world, and although some thirty-five of them have been spent upon the ocean, I shall, in what I write, relate only the plain facts, to the best of my memory.



CHAPTER II.

AROUND THE WORLD—A JOLLY CAPTAIN—FOREIGN PORTS—
HOME AGAIN.



WE were in the North river in front of Jersey City, all hands being kept busy preparing for sea. The mate spoke to the sailors in loud and fierce tones, and was very much put out because I did not understand him when he told me to go aloft and mouse the hooks of the port main clew garnet-blocks.

At last night settled over the earth and the ship, and we were permitted to go into the fore-castle. I heard some of the old salts arranging a scheme for swimming ashore that night; I asked them why they wished to go back so soon, as we had not yet started. The answer was this:

“Boy, this ship is hell afloat, and we would rather die than go the voyage with those bloody officers,” alluding to the mates. With the consent of all the crew I turned into the starboard after upper bunk; this I found to be the best bunk in the ship’s fore-castle and it was a generous gift, as those for’ard

were always wet in fresh weather, as she leaked badly around the stem and breast-hooks; and this dry bunk was accorded to me on account of my delicate appearance.

Next morning we were called at daylight to heave-up anchor and make sail. As we stood out to sea, I observed that none of the sailors had disappeared during the night. Before the pilot's skiff was half the length of the ship away, the captain, who up to this time had kept still, came out on the quarter-deck, and gave all the orders to fill away. Then, seeing a very dandified negro, who had shipped as steward from one of the Liverpool packets (or ships that traded to Liverpool, for they had not, at this time, earned the appellation of packet-ships), about to pass him on the same side of the quarter-deck, he knocked him



down with one blow of his fist, where he lay like a dead man. When he came to, the captain reminded him that a week before he had seen black thieves on board who ate his raisins as they passed through the cabin. Then

he kicked him most unmercifully, and called him all manner of hard names, the favorite being, "You son of a sea-cook."

Next he went to the galley, and hauled out the

old cook, beating and kicking him until he lay like another dead man; then he drew off and cleared his throat. Seeing me, he sang out, in the greatest fury: "Up there, you Connecticut lubber, and loose the main royal!" I never knew how I did it, but the sail was set, and I came safely on deck again.

We soon found that he was as severe upon the officers as upon the crew, the mates themselves being terrible men, knocking some one down continually. We were put on very short allowance, given half an hour to eat in, and then kept busy early and late, for the ship was a leaky one, and instead of having her refitted in port, the captain had brought her to sea to do it. First one thing gave way, and then another; and it kept us busy, night and day, pumping the ship out and repairing.

Off Cape Horn, we came near losing the ship, as we were running right into the breakers; but the mate, who took the watch at daylight, put the helm down just in time to bring her round in safety.

While pumping ship one night, I had the misfortune to smash one of the fingers on my left-hand with the pump-brake; before I was permitted to wrap it around with anything, I was driven up



on the main-topsail yard to lend a hand to close reef, it hailing and snowing at the time. When I returned on deck, although the nail and the finger were mashed together with the end of the bone, I could merely tie a piece of coarse duck around it, and was obliged to continue work just the same.

At last, we anchored at Valparaiso. What a change from the solitude of the sea! This was in 1834, and I shall never forget the impression made upon my boyish and inexperienced mind. I could not realize that I was so far from Westport, and almost on the other side of the world from all that was familiar to me.

We had had a hard day's work, for the two worst days of a sailor's voyage are the day of going out of, and the day of coming into a port; yet I could not sleep, but spent more than half of that still and clear starlight night upon deck, listening to the continuous cries of the venders of fruit and different wares, who told what they carried and solicited customers in an unknown jargon, and at the top of their voices.

At last, one by one, the lights went out and the criers had screamed until they were hoarse, or until they had the bronchitis so bad that they were obliged to subside into that silence which pervades all nature in the early hours of the morning. The watchman alone sang, "All is well," every fifteen minutes, his cries sounding to me like those of some poor fellow in deep distress. Finally I fell into the

sleep and dreams that only the sailor-boy is blessed with.

Next morning, at four o'clock, all hands were called to wash the decks and get out the long boat and the jolly-boat, or captain's gig, as it is sometimes called. I was appointed not only to the captain's gig, but to the post of honor, the after-oar, and when the captain was absent I acted as coxswain and had charge of the boat. I soon learned to feather and toss, and found that I was quite strong and thick-set to what I had been when I left New York. After breakfast we pulled the captain on shore. I was ordered to follow him, the other three keeping the boat; I always walked about ten steps behind, for we were all filled with a terrible fear of this man.

And now I saw, for the first time, a Spanish country and people. I met my friends of the night before, and could see how they looked and dressed, and what they made so much noise about.

The shops were kept in the open street, their stores of fine linen, broadcloth, hardware, and confectionery being spread right out upon the road, which was as clean, however, as good brooms could make it. In going upon the Heights, the first thing that attracted my attention was a long row of women upon each side of a stream of water, pounding their linen clothes with clubs. This is the unvarying method of washing clothes, among three-fourths of the inhabitants of the globe; and

here almost everyone, male and female, young and old, wears some article of clean white linen or cotton goods, which keeps the women busy, kneeling in those long rows, which have knelt where they are to-day for hundreds of years, and will kneel as long as the stream runs from the mountains to the sea.

The next thing that I noticed was a very large drove of very small jackasses. Nothing but their legs, from the knee down, was visible under their immense loads, which they had packed from the capital, Santiago, a distance of ninety-six miles. Their burdens consisted of the wings of large birds, such as the condor, and bundles of small hard-wood branches.

As I have visited Valparaiso frequently since I have been in command, and so have grown familiar with it, I will leave my early impressions to say a few words about the place.

As you approach from the south, around Point Angels, you see a long sandy beach; the next moment the whole town, the forts, and the shipping with colors flying, start, as it were, from behind the rocks. The bright and animated scene may be taken in while you are selecting an anchorage.

Valparaiso, or the vale of Paradise, was, a few years before my first visit, of very humble origin. It originally consisted of a few warehouses in which the merchants of Santiago kept their goods

stored, for convenience in shipping to Callao, the only inhabitants being the servants left in charge of the warehouses. In the course of time, however, the merchants and their families moved down, in order to be more conveniently situated for trade, until the place has grown into a city of magnitude and wealth. The stores are situated upon the street which lies at the foot of the precipice and along the beach, while the residences have spread out over a great part of the Heights. This precipice, which overhangs the town, is composed of red earth and rock, and is divided in one place by a narrow ravine, having at its base a kind of open square from which zigzag streets run up the sides of the hills. The principal streets are well paved, the shops have glazed windows; the whole picture is one of activity and business; the very carts and wagons, the horses, oxen and jackasses having a cheerful appearance of industry.

But to return to my first visit to Valparaiso. This was my daily occupation in port: to pull the captain on shore and off, and sometimes a dozen times in a day, to return, as coxswain of the boat, ostensibly to carry a note to the mate; but I noticed that I always carried a bandage full of ounces tied around my waist. I was never suspected, and was kept, in nearly all the ports of Chili and Peru, in this nefarious business.

On our return to our ship, one day, the captain learned from the mate that one of our English

sailors had given himself up as a deserter to the English frigate "Blonde," and a boat from that ship had taken him away during our absence.

"Man the boat!" was ordered, and in ten minutes we had our irate captain on the deck of the English ship. From the boat, we heard loud and fierce talking, and in a very few minutes the captain came over the side, and our English sailor was pulled back to our ship by the lieutenant who had taken him out, as our captain refused to take him in our boat. The next day, on shore, some of the crew of the "Blonde" told me that their captain had been "awfully scared" by ours.

One day, being on shore at the merchant's, I was sent up stairs and into the back end of the loft. In looking around for what I was sent after, I caught sight of a strange image, standing like a marble statue. As soon as I recovered from the first shock and fear enough to decide that it was cut out of stone, I approached and examined its features closely, whereupon it rolled its eyes and closed them. I don't know what else it did, as I touched about three of the steps in descending to the room below. I saw that explanation was unnecessary, as they were already enjoying the trick they had played upon me, with the aid of the first young Chinaman I had ever seen, who had played his part well.

Some of our men ran away, but, although they were leagues back in the mountains, the reward

offered by our captain was a sufficient inducement, and they were all returned but one little boy. Him I had lowered from the bow one dark night, into the wash-deck tub, in which he paddled to a little schooner close to, that sailed at daylight, and little Ned Sprange went down the coast, while we soon sailed up, smuggling at every port and anchorage. Most enormous prices were realized by the captain for everything he put out of the ship.

At last, we anchored at Callao. Here the captain called a lot of soldiers on board, and sent all our best sailors on shore, including those who had run away in Valparaiso; here their heads, or rather their necks, were put into the stocks for safe-keeping, and every morning, when we had pulled the captain on shore, he made us go to the calaboose and look at our ship-mates through the iron bars. When he had enjoyed our fear long enough, he would roar like a lion: "Go on board! I shall have you all here yet!" No grass grew under our feet, I can tell you. We were allowed no liberty, not a soul setting foot on shore but the boys and the chief mate, who swam ashore one night and made his escape.

I was taken to Lima to attend to the captain's orders, and to carry notes back to the ship. It was here that we shipped a lieutenant out of the navy as chief officer; the captain talking to him with such suavity that the lieutenant took him for a good man, and thought he would have a pleasant time on board.

After we returned to the ship, at Callao, the steward jumped overboard to drown himself, as he had been cowhided almost every day since leaving New York. Off Cape Horn, he had been stripped naked and put into the wash-deck tub, and while some poured water upon his head, others had scrubbed him with a hickory broom. I was in the boat at the time he jumped overboard, but the captain would not permit me to catch him until after he went down the third time. Then I was ordered to catch him, which I did, throwing myself over the bow of the boat waist deep, and seizing him by the wool. I bent a line around him, and he was hauled to the deck, where he was tied to the windlass all day. His body and limbs were completely cut up by the cowhide floggings he had received.

On Callao Mole, I got my first glimpse of war. Portions of the crews of two men-of-war had been on shore, and, after engaging in a fight, had broken open the calaboose and liberated the prisoners. A boy named Green, and I, had just gone on shore, when soldiers arrived from Lima to quell the disturbance; and the first thing we knew, little Green was kicked a somersault complete. I ran for the boat, and pulled Green in after me. The soldiers struck right and left, thrusting their bayonets and sabers right through the bodies of some of the sailors, splitting the heads of others, and killing some twenty men in less than fifteen minutes. It

was a terrible sight, and not first to be forgotten was the expression of the savage who turned upon poor little Green. If he had been larger, he would have been killed, but when the brute saw how small he was, he kicked him heels over head, with the contemptuous scowl of a hyena.

In crossing the skysail yards, one day, at this port, I was saved by almost a miracle. I was up at the fore, when orders to cross came from the deck. I had hooked the lifts, but had only taken two turns around the port, without tying; so, after the yard was across, and I had gone out to the extreme end, which set outside the newly-tarred lift, I saw that the hook of the lift was out of the eye-bolt, and all that held me were the two turns of the rope-yarn, that happened to be jammed. It would have been a dizzy height to fall from, but I got in safely, feeling, I can assure you, truly grateful at my narrow escape.

We sailed from this port to Payta, one of the most God-forsaken spots along the coast; but I do not here describe the places we visited, as I have deferred it until I can have reference to assist me in the proper way.

I should observe here that our nice and gentlemanly lieutenant from the navy, who was en route home via East Indies, and who had been so completely deceived by the suavity of our captain as to join the ship as chief officer, now found that he had shipped under one of the most tyrannical

masters afloat. Before leaving Payta the lappels of his coat and his sleeves to the elbow had been cut off, and he had been set to tarring parsling. He was bullied at every turn, and did not get half the good treatment which we boys received.

Before leaving the coast of Peru I will state that being hove to off the coast of Arisca, close to the harbor, a school of whales came in suddenly one night, pressing around the ship and exhibiting every sign of fear; we amused ourselves by striking their backs with our oars, but they would not leave us. Shortly after, the ship shook and trembled so that we could not stand, and we heard a most terrific noise upon the land. It soon passed away, and at daylight we found that the place had been destroyed, but few of its inhabitants remaining. Ned Sprange, who ran away in the wash-deck tub at Valparaiso, had sailed to Tulcahuana, and was there at the time the place was destroyed by the same earthquake.

Having now disposed of the part of our cargo intended for this coast, we sailed for Manila. It was on the way to that port that, one day, the carpenter of the ship and I had to shake all the reefs out of the mizzen-topsail. To accelerate the hoisting, we took hold of the running part of the topsail halyards, and both jumped out of the mizzen-top together, but the lower block being unhooked, we, of course, went down by the run. The carpenter fell through the skylight, taking all the

frame and glass with him, and fetched up, with a terrible crash, on the table directly underneath. I struck with one leg on the binnacle, and my leg being straight at the time, I was capsized and came head foremost to the deck. After seeing stars for some time I came to, and immediately crawled to leeward of the hurricane house, where I set up a most piteous moaning, as though I was nearly dead. In a few minutes the captain was on deck; if his ship had been taken by pirates he would not have been more frightened. Such a crash so close to him as he lay asleep in his cot (just on the starboard side of the skylight), with his uneasy conscience! But as soon as he got on deck and found himself safe, he cleared his throat and commenced a tirade of abuse:



“If you had only broken your necks, your backs, your legs, your arms, you sons of blank!—if you have not, I will flay you alive for breaking my glass.”

Next day the carpenter had to make another sash and put in new glass. It was my trick at the wheel, and hence we were close together. The captain bullied him so that at length he trembled so much with fear that he cracked a pane of glass! The captain went immediately below and returned

with a cowhide, with which he whipped him so unmercifully that my flesh crawled, and I expected to get the next task; but watching the main-top-sail sharply and steering close to the wind saved me; if I had been off the wind or a little too near, I should have suffered.

After a run of fifty-seven days, in the finest weather, we anchored at Manila. By this time I was becoming accustomed to seeing strange and unfamiliar places. Here laziness predominated. Pigs and fowls are in all the streets, and urchins with lighted joss-sticks are always ready to rush upon any one having a cigar, not leaving him until it is fairly lighted. The footpaths or sidewalks are of lava, and the universal little shops consist of two bamboo mats, a few bamboo poles, and a thatched roof. Europeans seldom appear on foot in the sun, and men are very often seen carrying parasols. Every shop and every street in Manila is a picture, the groups and the colors being all that an artist could wish for.

We lay here a long while, and were kept at work taking off the old outside sheathing of the "Peruvian;" we scratched off seven coats of China paint, which was as hard as earthenware, with dull scrapers, and if we chanced to look up the side of the ship we were sure to get the end of a rope hove at us, while the second mate would growl like a tiger, "Hi there! go on with your work." The only rest we had was when in the boat. But

the captain had all his best sailors on the treadmill for safe keeping, and he would order us boys to pull him down close to that horrid machine, when he would order us to lay on our oars. Then he would give orders in Spanish to the captain of this infernal craft, and we would soon see our poor ship-mates taken from the wheel, stretched out on deck, and almost flayed alive with split bamboo; this is called bamboozing. After gloating his soul to its content with the sight of the blood from their backs, he would order them up on the machine again, where they had to keep step or be crushed. After this sight he would act as if filled with ten thousand demons; "pull away, you imps of Satan," he would shout, "and remember that you will be put there too, if you don't keep a bright lookout."

It was now that I had access to his books, as I was allowed to come aft during my forenoon watch below, to study navigation. Several other boys commenced at the same time, but they soon gave it up, for if we did not understand, our amiable master would instantly fly into a passion that would have intimidated a lion; however, I stuck to it, and soon gained an insight into it, when he gave me permission to look over his old logs; he had made thirty-two voyages around the globe. In his early days he had commanded armed vessels, and lay in wait for Spanish Manila-men as they sailed between Manila and Acapulco; out-

ward bound they had money, homeward bound they had large cargoes. He even took a twenty-one gun ship, so that he was a great pirate and a great fighter also, having killed many a man in his day; and many a man had been seized and tied to the rigging by his orders, and whipped upon his naked back until the blood would flow. We were kept on short allowance of bread and beef while in Manila, and when thirsty were compelled to go to the main-royalmast-head to get a tin pot, bring it down, drink, and carry it back again; this was to prevent us from drinking too often. In fact, we were so worked and starved that we became perfectly indifferent to our fate. I fell overboard one day, when my comrades shouted "sharks will get you!" but I lay still until I had eaten some bananas which I held in my hand, when I swam alongside and went up with a rope's end that was passed to me, perfectly careless about the sharks.

After a long and hard time in Manila, we sailed for Batavia, on the Island of Java, where we arrived after a most tedious passage down through the China Sea, where we saw great sea-snakes, like eels, but more dormant, lying on the surface of the water. It was very sickly at Batavia, and nearly all of the crews of the different ships had died. We were the only men who were not allowed awnings; and Bishop, an Englishman, and the best singer in the ship, dropped down dead, one day, while hoisting hand-over-fist in the gang-

way. Many of our men died, and the second mate, while at work, and being bullied by the captain, fell to the deck and was carried to his hammock, from which he was not able to rise again until the ship was in Philadelphia, although the captain visited him every day, and called him all the hard names in his catalogue.

On shore, I was often given fruit by the New York and Boston captains, who would have been willing to take me with them. Their sailors said they were kind men, and I wanted to go; but my captain soon put an end to these conversations.

I learned to count in Malay, in receiving coffee; and it was here that, in order to fill some water casks, having pulled the boat many weary miles up a river, toward a burning mountain, to get rid of the dead bodies that the river appeared to be filled with, that I had another narrow escape with my life. I had gotten the boat into a good place, and detailed one man to fill the casks, when the head Malay (the four men with me were Malays) offered to take the rest of us to his house, near by, to give us some coffee. So off we started, myself and three Malays, through a thick jungle having only a muddy foot-path through it, upon which we could see many impressions of the feet of wild animals. I asked Omega, as the head man had been called, if there were not a plenty of beasts here in the night.

“A plenty,” he said; “when we arrive at my

house I will show you how I fasten them out, so that they cannot get my woman."

But before he ceased speaking, I heard a noise, and saw the head of an enormous tiger close to me. I turned and fell on my face, and knew no more for some minutes. When I recovered myself, the tiger had been killed, and I was being carried, by the natives, back to the boat, where they stowed me away on mats and bathed my right foot, which the tiger had bitten through at the moment they killed him. I was taken on board with all dispatch, and the surgeon of a Dutch man-of-war came on board, and fixed up my wound, the mark of which I yet bear. The weather being warm, it mortified, and the surgeon was desirous of cutting my foot off; but the captain never agreed with anybody about anything, so he objected, and nothing but the captain's obstinacy saved my foot. In time it healed, and I took no more excursions into the country, but was kept on board.

Having finished our business, we sailed for Philadelphia. We picked up a few turtles at the Straits of Sunda, and stood out to sea, leaving the ten thousand green islands and the smooth seas behind us. We passed through one of those terrible cyclones, that cannot be described, and out of which but few ships come; but by the best of seamanship, we arrived off the Cape of Good Hope. It was cold enough here for shoes, but not a pair could be found in the fore-castle.

We passed St. Helena and the equator, and at last saw the north star again, and took new life. After about a six months' passage, we took an old gray-haired pilot off the Delaware river, and in a week after tied fast to the dock, where we heard hundreds of boys, who were in bathing, shouting: "The 'Peruvian' is coming!" Ah! who can tell my thoughts on hearing once more my native language, with the hope of soon escaping from hell afloat to the home of my loved parents.

We had to wait a week in Philadelphia to get paid off, but our first lieutenant had left in disgust, never calling for his money. During our stay, we formed a league against the captain, and held frequent meetings, and finally agreed to be at a certain corner at a certain hour next day; the captain passed this point regularly every day, on his way to dinner. We got all organized to give him a worse whipping than any he had ever bestowed on any of his many crews; but he came suddenly upon us, and, could it be believed? We all ran for our lives, some one way, some another, and some even stopping to touch their caps to him; so much for two years of the most systematic abuse that could be practiced, until, from force of habit and an innate fear of the man, we were subdued by his presence alone. Of course, he knew nothing of our design, and after I had been paid off, at the rate of five dollars per month, he sent for me, and spoke to me as follows:

“Boy, you have been paid off, and have more money than I had at your age; now mind what I tell you. You have been around the world with me, and have been a good boy and a smart one, and ought to be paid an able seaman’s wages; but you have more money, as it is, than I had at your age. You may have observed that how ever I treated the others, and often as I threatened you, I have never struck nor kicked you,” (for our captain was a great kicker, often kicking the boys right end over end); “now, I shall never make another voyage, but I want you to go to sea until you are twenty-one years old, and then come to my house.” He here gave me his address. “If you marry one of my girls you shall never want for a dollar, and, in any case, I will treat you as a son and set you up in life.”

I thanked him, and told him that I would embrace every opportunity to see him and his family. I will say here that he sold his East India cargo at auction, giving half the proceeds to his owners and keeping the other half, which was a fortune in itself. I mention this to show that the position of ship-master was, at the time I embarked in the life, pecuniarily at least, a very respectable one. Now the business is not worth following, as nothing but a bare subsistence can be gained by the few who are employed, and even they can never aspire to educating their children respectably. Whereas, once, a fortune could be secured by a voyage

around the world, and five thousand dollars gained in a trip to London; now a master's wages are cut down by the all-absorbing and avaricious ship owners to the sum of from fifty to one hundred dollars in greenbacks. Any blacksmith, any tradesman can do better than this, and the inevitable result of such parsimony as this has followed: nearly all our commerce is conducted by foreigners, and no more ambitious young Americans can be found to spend their lives upon the sea, to be starved and abused; for if, as may be the case, one out of a hundred succeeds in mastering his profession, and establishes the fact that he is an able commander, a skillful seaman, a scientific navigator—knowing all the parts of the world, and understanding commerce—and is entrusted with the command of a clipper ship, the owners, in consideration of all this, tell him that although they could have secured the services of hundreds of others at fifty dollars per month, they will pay him the munificent salary of one hundred dollars, in greenbacks, monthly. When I was a boy it took two to make a bargain, but now only one has any voice in it whatever, and the poor sailor must take what is offered and go, leaving his family and wearing out his life to enrich his owner, and know that when he dies his family will be beggars, or, what is worse, that should he make an unsuccessful voyage, he will be cast one side, and live to see them reduced to poverty. But I have said enough, and will return

to the day when I received my pay and left the "Peruvian."

After my interview with the captain, I proceeded to New York, arriving at about eight in the evening; I went at once to the store which had once attracted me, like a deer, by its lights. There stood the clerks, as they had stood three years before, and there sat the owner, leaning against the pillar and smoking his cigar; seeing that I was not recognized by the clerks, I went up to my former employer, when the errand upon which I had been sent crossed my mind. I touched my cap, with a paw as black as a bear's and as hard as wood, and reported to him that I could not find the gentleman at No. 1 Stone street. He looked at me for a moment with surprise, then instantly rising, said:

"Is this the boy Edgar?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been to sea?"

"Yes, sir."

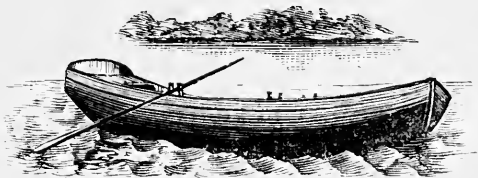
"Come up stairs."

I followed; he felt bad, and gave me the advice of a parent, even promising to set me up in the business, if I would return to the store for three years. I thanked him but told him that it was too late; that I had sailed too far, suffered too much, and was too salt ever to try anything again upon the land.

Next day I went home to my dear native little

village, that was to me, and is to this day, the prettiest spot on earth. I met my father, and put my hand into his; up to this moment I had apparently felt little concern, and had shown no emotion, but the moment I touched his hand I lost all power of speech; I tore away from him and ran back to the hotel, where I went into the first spare room I came to and threw myself upon the carpet, where I rolled and cried like a child. It was some time before the people would let my father come into that room, but at last he came and sat beside me; I threw myself into his arms and wept, without speaking a word. At last I controlled my feelings sufficiently to be led to the old house; I meant to be very manly when I should meet my mother, but resolutions were of no avail, and again I found myself upon the floor, roaring and groaning like a young cub. When I became a rationally good boy again, and my poor mother came and held my head in her lap, I can tell you there was some kissing done.

In a few days I began to feel at home again, and things looked natural; but it was not ordered that mortals should remain in Paradise, so, upon the tenth day, I sailed again, bound for London.



CHAPTER III.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN—IN HAVANA—UP THE BALTIC—
WRECKED ON THE ISLE OF GUERNSEY.



MADE one voyage to Liverpool in a large ship, sailing as able-bodied seaman; I made the second trip as second mate, and was then transferred to a larger ship in the Black Ball line of Liverpool packets as chief mate. Although I was not twenty at this time, I was obliged to sign the papers as a much older man, to satisfy the sailors who would have to obey my orders, so I claimed to be twenty-eight, and the deception was never suspected by the men—owing, I suppose, to my wearing a dark beard, which made me look older.

After making several voyages to Liverpool I became weary of always sailing to the same port, so I shipped and went up the Mediterranean sea, visiting Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga in Spain, Palermo in Sicily, and Trieste at the head of the Adriatic sea.

It was at this time that I visited the ghastly sepulchres of Sicily and the gloomy catacombs of

Rome; from Cadiz I brought four little poodle dogs, snow-white, and presented them to four sisters in Portsmouth; they killed them with kindness by leaving them too long in the oven.

I then returned to New York and visited my parents in Westport, Connecticut, leaving them money for all that they might want. I next sailed for the West Indies; and one day, just as I was landing on the dock, a Spaniard made an attack on me. Before I knew what I had done I had grabbed a great stone pitcher, that was close to me, and hit the man on the head with it. The pitcher broke and flew into a thousand pieces, and cut the man so badly that he died in a few hours, owing to the fact that there had been a law passed by the governor of Cuba, condemning any physician, who should attempt to cure the wounds of any one who had been fighting with a bowie-knife, to suffer death by garrote, that is, by having an iron collar placed around the neck and screwed so tight that death soon follows. This law was passed with a view to prevent so frequent a use of that awful knife, called after its inventor and most successful operator, Mr. Bowie, a southerner, who stood very high in the estimation of the south about that time, as a very brave and great man.

As soon as the Spaniard was carried into a drug store close at hand, the druggist, seeing the wound, concluded that it was done with the bowie-knife, and ran for his life. The man asked my pardon,

and I gave him \$20 with which to get assistance ; but it appears that no one dared approach him, and he bled to death. My friends in the meantime put me into the saddle, and with a guide and a friend I found myself making the best time over the ground towards Matanzas, as my friends said that the Spaniards would soon so swear as to procure for me that iron collar. After making most excellent speed for about six hours, we halted at an innside and refreshed ourselves and animals. Next day we arrived at Matanzas, having passed some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and many of the finest sugar estates on the Island. The distance traveled was eighty miles, and as we rode it at night, under a full moon, the country around looked its best. I was taken a mile from Matanzas and introduced into a foundry filled with New Yorkers. I was immediately put where nobody could find me, and during the two weeks I was there I enjoyed myself exceedingly. I was one of a party of seventeen who entered a cave and spent the whole of Sunday in it. We walked so far into its recesses that it was dark when we got out. This cave is said to extend sixty miles in its principal avenues, but there are many different avenues that have never been followed to the end. A party of seventeen entered the cave and have not been heard of since. It is supposed they lost their lights, which consist of great wax candles and flambeaux of pine splinters, and also their way, and so perished.

The cave is from fifty to one hundred feet high. Enormous bats could be brought down by heaving up our caps. I threw a great flambeau down one of the many precipices, where the path took a sharp turn, and also large stones, but all went completely out of sight, and no noise was heard. In some places we would climb up a rope ladder 311 feet high, and another time crawl under a great barrier of rock. It looked to me like the strata of some coal mine that had been burnt and had left this, one of the most wonderful caves in the world. We approached the great ante-chamber, which was large enough to contain a thousand people, with its gothic-arched roof and immense pillars, as though the hands of the artist had been employed, and all as finished as though it was the design of man rather than of nature. The path that led to this retreat was found by one of the party opening the bushes, and stepping aside from our trail into a little foot-path, that we could just stand erect in, and in which the rays of the sun could not penetrate, owing to the complete interweaving of the shrubbery overhead, and on each side. We partook of three meals in that cave, and enjoyed our night's repose after the fatigues of the day and wondrous sights ; not the least of which were thousands of the most beautiful stalactites, surpassing in splendor anything I had ever seen before. As our flambeaux spread their blazing light upon this formation, it was reflected back, completely illuminating the arches of

that dismal, dark spot, with constant changing of shadows, of all colors.

When I thought it would be safe for me to do so, I returned to Havana. One night the crew attacked the second mate and nearly killed him. Then they were furious to get at me. I awoke, put on my trousers and boots, picked up an iron belaying-pin, and in ten minutes had every one of the mutinous crew lying upon the deck with a very bad head indeed, I was knocked down during the struggle, and received the wound along the bridge of my nose which has left a black and blue streak there to this day.

Not a man could leave that ship until carried off next day, and then they all went to the house of the Consul and swore death to me. I went up, together with the second mate, to take part in the examination, and such a sight as we all presented ! The testimony was all in, and the Consul was about to favor the crew, when I made a short speech, and handed my log-book, which I had under my arm, to the captain of an American man-of-war, who had been called. I asked him to do the Consul the favor to read him the account of our passage from New York to Havana. He did it, and laid down the book.

“Now, sir,” said he, “Mr. Consul, you think these men have had a hard time of it, and are desirous of my shipping them on board my ship. Send them aboard, sir, and I will give each one

of them just what he deserves—six dozen lashes on the bare back ; but as for shipping any of them among my crew, it is impossible. Why, sir, one of them would breed a mutiny. Wakeman should have shot them like dogs, as they deserved, judging from their behavior on his ship.”

So I was acquitted, and the crew returned to their duty. I allude to such incidents as these because I do not wish to omit any of the details which illustrate the different phases of a mariner's career, as he sails through his rough and perilous life.

I next sailed to Denmark, proceeding to Cronstadt, in Russia. This seaport of Cronstadt is one of the most strongly fortified ports in the world, and the city of St. Petersburg is in sight from the shipping, up the river Neva—which means ice. While at this port, I fell overboard one day into extremely cold water. I swam to the steps, which were close at hand, and was pulled out, quite benumbed, and carried across the street into a large house, where I was put to bed, severely rubbed by the servants, and given drinks that soon thawed me out. In the evening, the family, consisting of two sons and two daughters, with their mother, was introduced into my room. The father had brought an interpreter with him, who spoke English, and no time was lost ; tea and toast, and the best I ever had, were served, and they seemed much amused by the picture of my own country

which I had drawn for them, and by the incidents of my life which I related. Next day, I found that the cold which I had taken had settled in one of my double teeth. As one was a little decayed, I supposed it was that one, and went to a dentist to have it extracted. He seized upon a molar, and although I told him it was the wrong one, he persisted, and broke one of the soundest teeth in my mouth off as smooth as a piece of steel. Being satisfied with this specimen of Russian dentistry, I returned on board.

We sailed from this spot and met, in the North Sea, a gale, with a bad head-sea, that detained us two weeks. We were close in with the coast of Norway, and one day a fishing-boat came off to the boat, and the head man came on board and persuaded the captain to let him take the ship into port until the storm should be over. The captain had yielded with much reluctance, as we could see nothing like a port where he pointed, but the Norwegian took charge with confidence.

“Out reefs; set main top-gallant sail,” he ordered, steering into a lee shore. As we approached the high, black and barren bluffs, with still no signs of a port, the captain grew uneasy, and suddenly shouted:

“Put down the helm.”

But the old Norwegian grabbed the wheel, and gave positive orders of “No! no!” steering the ship right among the rocks, going at least ten miles

an hour, before a gale. As we passed one great rock as high as the masthead, with plenty more in front of us, the pilot put the helm hard a-port, braced up the yards and hauled the ship sharp into the wind, in a canal, with high rocks, like walls, on each side. In a few minutes—

“Hard a starboard!” was ordered, and round she came, around an elbow in this canal, in which we had no wind, and where the headway that we had, served us; for she ran winding her way through great walls of rock which were close aboard on either side, until, as her headway was nearly done, we opened upon one of the most lovely views that could greet the eyes of a weary mariner. Before us lay a circular bay, in which was good water for the largest ships; green grass and trees were in the amphitheater beyond, shut in by high bleak mountains, making a most beautiful picture. As we caught sight of the cottages which previously were hidden to our view, sticks were driven into the ground, and the ship was hauled alongside the grassy shore and made fast, completely locked up, as it were, in a basin of water.

We lay here two weeks, during which time the highest peak of the coast range was frequently visited by our pilot with his glass, but still the gale continued.

During this time I made frequent visits to the villages, back in the interior, and as they were all

alike, I shall try to describe but one. The huts were one-story high, and low at that; the doors which led from room to room were so low that I had to crawl under; when a fire was built in the house, it was made in the "great room," and the smoke left to go out at the chimney, that being a hole in the roof.

The cooking was conducted out of doors, and I saw a girl making a great griddle of bread; it was made of rye and looked like a big pancake, made of a dark mixture of something stuck together with short pieces of straw. This pancake, which it about eighteen inches in diameter, is thoroughly dried and broken in pieces, and is their bread.

All the men were absent, engaged in taking stork-fish; this is a fish that may be compared to our own elwives—full of bones. They dry them, pound them up, and make a mess of them.

The men wear leather trousers and jackets and fur caps; the women, who appear very short, are warmly clad in thick woolen clothes. All the little fishing skiffs are called ships by these people, although not a mast is in them, nothing but a tree-nail from the blackthorn. On the twentieth of November we picked, in some valleys, ripe blackberries from the bushes, also crab-apples; but the changes here are sudden, and in one day winter drives all appearance of summer away, with a scourge of such furious gales and snow storms that it is six months before the people recover

breath, when they are again blessed with the grateful smiles of summer.

Little did we think, as we sailed out of this haven of peace and quiet, the doom that awaited us.

On the third of December, 1837, as we were scudding ship up the English Channel one dark night, we suddenly heard the cry, "Breakers ahead! breakers all round!" and the ship struck on the iron-bound coast of the island of Guernsey. It was about half-past two in the morning when we struck, and at eight o'clock there were not two timbers of the ship together. One-half of the crew perished, and the other half washed up high and dry on the rocks. We clung fast until daylight, when we were astonished to see crowds of people, two hundred feet above, looking over the cliff at us.

A love-sick swain, it appeared, had ridden out to this remote and desolate part of the island, right in the midst of the worst storm ever known, intending to throw himself from the rocks into the seething abyss below; but what was his surprise to see a ship's royal-masthead close to him, and, during the lightning's glare, to perceive that a ship was going to pieces among the reefs and breakers below. He put spurs to his horse and rode back to Guernsey, shouting through all the streets, in the dead of night, and in the pitiless storm, the news that a vessel was being wrecked at this point.

which he named, and which was well known to all the islanders as one of the most dangerous spots on the whole coast. Only the year before an East India Company's ship had been lost at the same place, and not a soul saved. And so it was that at daylight we saw nearly the whole town of Guernsey looking down upon us.

We soon discovered that by waiting until the seas ran out we could pass over the adjacent rocks and get to others that connected with the main land. Here we were met by the whole crowd of people, all vieing with each other in offering kindnesses to us.

I was dressed in a seal-skin suit of clothes, which consisted of a shirt with a hood, thus fitting tightly around my face and wrists, and a pair of trousers, which were also tight at the waist and ankles ; so I was able to go under water and come up dry. This suit I had put on the night we struck, as I had asked the captain if he would not alter his course, and haul up for the coast of England, as I had been up the channel frequently and knew that we ought to do so ; but he had told me to mind my own business, and I had dressed for a wetting, and, I need hardly say, in doing so had rendered myself an object of considerable curiosity to the Islanders ; in truth, it was with difficulty that I made my way through the throng of young people who hung around me, looking up into my face, and then at my curious clothes.

At last, after having been generously fed, and permitted to sleep upon the grass for three or four hours, we were escorted to Guernsey, the distance



being about four miles. I noticed close to me, among the many who walked upon each side, a girl who kept her eyes constantly upon me, and appeared to be much interested in me. She car-

ried in her hand a small basket. She was one of the handsomest of the girls, but was accompanied by another pretty creature, who relieved her, from time to time, in carrying the basket.

At length, after a long walk over a most beautiful, rolling country, with green grass, and apples in piles under the trees, and all kinds of vegetables in the ground, although it was December, we reached the town. Here our small party was divided among the different families; for me, I was taken to the house of an old smuggler, whose wife and daughter were very kind to me. His wife took me into a spare room, and showed me her son's coats, his shirts—in fact, his entire wardrobe, telling me that they were all at my service. So I had to take off my old sealskins, and put on these fine articles that she handed to me. When I was dressed the clothes fitted me as if they had been made for me, and the good wife adjusted her son's necktie around my neck, and declared that I looked the very picture of him, that my cheeks were just as red as his, and that she must kiss me for her own boy.

Before tea, I went to the front door, and, although the rain was pouring in torrents, who should I see but the pretty girl with the basket who had kept her eyes upon me so intently during our passage across the island. The moment I stopped at the doorsteps, she put her little hand upon my arm, and asked me if I would not be so

kind as to receive the contents of her basket. I asked her why she had come out in such a terrible night. She said that, early in the morning, her mother had told her to bestow the contents of the basket upon that one who was struggling in the breakers, who looked so like a fish; that she had kept close to me from the time I landed, and that she could not go home until she had obeyed her mother. She had been about to give the basket to me a great many times, she said, but always some other person had approached me, and caused her to draw back. So I now took her under one of Capt. Touser's large umbrellas, basket and all, and walked with her a short distance to her mother's house.

Here I found the girl's sister and their old mother, whose husband had been lost at sea. I endeavored to tell them how very thankful I was for their attention, and how very comfortable I was at Captain Touser's; but the old lady insisted that I should not remain with the captain, as her accommodations were as good as his, and as, moreover, since her daughter had been the first to call attention to a curiously-dressed man in the water, they had prior claims to me. I had to beg off on a promise to visit them frequently, after which I bid good-night to the pretty sisters, and arrived home in time for tea, as they had waited for me.

After tea I went to my bedroom, which I found nicely arranged for me. The old lady came in and

kissed me good-night, telling me that her son was just my age, and that, therefore, I must excuse the liberties she took; as, although really a stranger, to her I was her son, as she did not know if he would ever return. I told her that I was very grateful for her love and should never abuse it.

I had been but a little while in bed when the house began to shake and tremble in the storm which arose; the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the rain poured in a perfect deluge. In the midst of the tumult, a door opened that led out of my bedroom into another—that of the daughter. In she ran, and, to my great consternation, threw herself upon the bed and clasped me in the most frightened manner, screaming: “Oh, we shall be destroyed! the house will fall! save me! save me!” She appeared to be out of her head and would not return to her room. Like her mother she told me that I was the picture of her brother; that she loved him greatly, and that she had loved me before I landed, upon seeing me in the water, and that I must be a brother to her. At last the gale abated, quiet was restored, and I succeeded in persuading this frightened girl to return to her quarters, which she did after showing me how she kissed her brother good-night.

I soon found that although I had been thrown in the most abrupt manner upon this island, I had fallen among friends. Every family in the place insisted upon my staying a part of the time with

them, and I was led about by the hand, out of one house and into another, until I was glad to escape to my first home with the captain. But I spent my evenings with the two pretty little sisters, and though I stayed, as I frequently did, until a late hour, they would cry when I left; indeed, I am forced to believe that the elder, my first friend, fell quite in love with the fish which she had discovered in the sea, and that the younger always cried also, in sympathy with her sister.

These islanders spoke French and English alike, as the children are taught the two languages at the same time. After spending the winter among them, and experiencing every kindness, we were taken off, in the spring, by a steamer from France, and carried over the channel; and, after being refused aid by three different American consuls, we were given a passage home by the humane captain of a London packet belonging to New York, where we arrived after a pleasant voyage of thirty days.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BRIG FORRESTER—FROM HAVANA TO BREMEN—ESCAPE
FROM HARWICH—STARVATION ON THE HIGH SEAS.



It was during a trip to the West Indies, upon the brigantine "Forrester," that the crew formed a conspiracy to murder the captain and mate, and run off with the brigantine. The captain was one of those good men who allow the crew to do as they please, thereby keeping the mate constantly on the lookout for squalls ahead.

One of our men, named Louis, was a very dangerous-looking fellow, and, as he had a quantity of jewelry on board, I suspected him to be a thief. While we were putting out cargo at St. Thomas, this Frenchman became worse and worse, until, one day, he so insulted me that I called him out and told him that, as soon as eight bells should be struck at noon, he must go upon the beach with me; for I was going to whip him, and was desirous that he should have fair play.

So, at noon I ordered up the boat and ordered him into her, whereupon he said that he could not fight with his fists, and that, if I was anxious to

give him fair play, I would order my two swords into the boat.

“By the holy poker!” I cried, “here, shipmate, pass me my swords.” They were brought, and Louis began to look uneasy.

“Now pass me that shovel that stands against the galley,” said I to the cook. The frog-eater was now thoroughly alarmed, and demanded, “What are you going to do with that?”

“Dig your grave, you pirate,” I roared; but my man was out of the boat and into the fo’castle before I had done speaking.

At this moment, the captain came on board and said we had been robbed. I asked him of what, and he said that all the cargo had been opened, and Chinese shawls and other valuable goods had been stolen. I made immediate search, and found bundles of fine linen and other articles from our plundered cargo in nearly all the chests, although the crew professed complete ignorance. The captain went on shore for soldiers to arrest the crew, but while he was gone I whipped one man until he made a confession.

He told me that the captain and I owed our lives to him; for the man Louis had compelled all the crew to go into a scheme to take the brig, but that, on a certain night, when the captain and I were asleep at 4 A.M., Louis had come on deck with two large knives, ground on both edges, and two pistols, loaded to the muzzles, and had already

commenced descending the stairs, when he, the man who was confessing, being at the wheel, sang out :

“ Hold on, there ! I didn’t agree to murder, and if you take another step, I shall call down the skylight ; ” whereupon Louis had returned, and it had been finally agreed that the crew should merely run away at St. Thomas with the fine goods which they had secreted ; but they had been watched so closely that this had been impossible. Although I begged to punish Louis myself, he was taken out of the vessel with the rest, and they were all tried and condemned as mutineers and pirates, and sent to New York to await the brig’s arrival.

We picked up a crew of whites and blacks, some being stowed in the bunts of the sails, and went to Porto Rico, where we loaded with tobacco, and then sailed for Bremen, in Germany.

We got in among the rocks of Scilly, and, it being night, and very foggy, we took them for a fleet of fishing vessels, and hailed some of them. Before daylight a smack passed us and told us where we were. We hauled out very quick. A little after daylight, we saw a cutter with about thirty men rowing after us ; as the wind sprang up we escaped being taken under the hovering act. As we were laden with tobacco, we should have been condemned ; but we arrived safe at our destination, Bremen. While we were unloading, a

fight took place in port, in which all of the American mates were engaged. The next day, orders were issued for their arrest, and I was the only one who was not taken. Two policeman came to arrest me on board the brig, but I took a heaver, or stick of wood, in each hand, and made such extravagant menaces towards them, that they beat a retreat. But my victory was of short duration. They soon returned with four others, and marched immediately on board. Although my actions with my two clubs were now redoubled, and I acted as fierce as a Fiji Islander, threatening the first one who approached me, still they continued drawing nearer, until, while I knew that it would not do for me to strike a policeman, I made such a furious rush at them as to cause them to fall back. In an instant, I threw my clubs on deck, and sprang up the main rigging like a cat, and went up into the cross-trees. This baffled the soldiers, although one did come up until he was close under the cross-trees, when I unhooked a quarter-block from the slings of the topgallant yard, and struck such blows, close to his head, that he went down ; and after watching around the brig some time they all went away.

After dark I came down and crossed over the dyke and went out into the country, where I stayed all day in a farm-house. Next day I went farther out, and stayed with another farmer. The third day I came to a large windmill; it being dinner

time the old folks, the proprietors, asked me in. I accepted the kind offer and made a hearty meal; after which the daughter took me out to the windmill, and here I remained a week. There was a large wheel, like a ship's wheel, out back of this mill, high up in the air, and to turn this wheel was the duty of the girl, but I soon relieved her of that, and took full charge, steering the mill myself. I found this family as happy as they could be, and have often wondered what my fate would have been if I had acted on the old people's advice, and married the girl; but such was not my happy lot.

I soon learned, from the answer to a letter which I had had conveyed to town, that all was settled and I could return. So I said adieu to my kind friends, and kissed the girl who had so willingly taught me to steer a windmill, and who would, no doubt, had I stayed another week, have become Mrs. W., taught me Dutch and made me a miller.

Arriving in port I found that the second mate, who had been in prison in the town, had made a very favorable impression upon the keeper and his wife, and, more particularly upon their daughter. He was engaged to be married to her, and the nuptials were duly performed before we sailed.

It would be falling short of the truth should I pass over a most ridiculous incident which occurred at this wedding. The circle was limited to the friends of the keeper, but I was not only invited but stood as best man; at midnight most of the

guests were under the table, the drunken songs had about subsided; our second mate had long been among the slain, and the poor bride had not let go of my hand for a long while past. The fumes of lager beer and tobacco were so thick that I could hardly see across the room, and as I was anxious to escape from the sickly scene I arose and walked into another apartment, which proved to be a bedroom. What was my astonishment when the poor bride followed me, and, to my dismay, insisted that I was the man she had married. It was daylight when I escaped from this, my first experience of a Dutch' wedding, and a very curious impression it left with me, indeed.

Well, after escaping all the perils of the land, we put to sea, bound to New York, with starch, boxes of dolls, and sand for ballast, in the bottom, and a load of Dutch passengers between decks, the second mate's wife among the rest. We sailed along very well until we came to the Straits of Dover, where we took a gale of wind that soon brought us to double reefs and from that to close reefs. It was an awful night, with high and dangerous seas, and as black as a tar-bucket. I asked the captain if he would allow me to wear ship, as I was afraid we were close to the coast of England; this was about three o'clock in the morning, and he rolled over in his berth and said, in a tone of displeasure at being disturbed, that we were nowhere near the coast of England, but were in the mid-

dle of the channel, and to let her mull until four o'clock, and then to wear ship. At five minutes to four I called all hands to wear ship, as I had a suspicion, all the watch, that we were too near the land.

"Square the yards. Hard up the helm."

The next moment a big sea took us and sent us crashing among the rocks; nothing could be seen but the fearful breakers; the mast was dancing, the rudder and stern-post were gone, and the brig was half full of water. Every sea swept over the ship's stern, and rushed forward like so many demons seeking their prey. At the first shock the captain came running on deck—

"O God, O God, where are we?" he cried.

"On the coast of England," I replied, drily, and that was the last I saw of him, for he went immediately below and fastened his door. All the Dutch passengers were now on deck, upon their knees, praying to the Lord to save them; I found the second mate on his knees beside his frau, and it took considerable shaking to awaken him to some sense of our situation.

"Shake out all the reefs from the for-top-s'l."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the quick and loud response, and in a few minutes we had the whole fore-top-s'l on to her; the mast sprung, but it stood, as the biggest seas would lift her and shove her ahead; my object being to force her up hard on the land. We were lifted and forced ahead several times, the brig

broaching to, and being club-hauled off, until suddenly what was my surprise to feel her work like a basket, without striking the rocks or bottom any more; I called the second mate and told him we were afloat in smooth water; he declared this impossible, but, upon heaving the lead and discovering tall water, he was convinced, as was really the case, that we had been beating over a reef.

It was now nearly daylight, and I had just called the cook and ordered a cup of coffee, when I discovered a cutter to the westward, making all sail towards us, she having seen our light, which was a lantern that I had ordered the steward to make fast to the main-masthead when we first struck; and she soon ran alongside, proving to be the cutter "Scout," Captain Harkins (who afterwards commanded the steamship "Great Western"); he put fifteen men and a patent pump on board of us, throwing the water out at a rapid rate.

In half an hour the cutter "Flying Fish" came down and took a stern hawser, and thus, with the "Flying Fish" astern and the "Scout" ahead we were taken, in two hours time, to the harbor of Harwich; where, it being high tide, we were left far up upon the beach, so that, at low tide, the water might run out of our hold.

I should observe that when the captain heard the cries, "smooth water" and "sail ho!" he had come forward, abreast the galley, where I was drinking my coffee, and I invited him to take a cup of coffee

and the command of his brig, as strangers would soon be on board; he said that he would comply with the first request and try to do so as regarded the second. After our arrival at Harwich he went overland to London to write from there to New York of our mishap, and to get drafts to repair damages, leaving me to carry on the work of cleaning out the brig. I found the barrels of beef and pork all ground up and mixed with the sand ballast, which had prevented our pumps from being used, so I threw the pieces out into the mud, when what was my surprise to see the poor people wade out, knee deep, and pick up every morsel of it and take it to their homes. I soon found that the inhabitants were all ignorant and poor, although kind and hospitable; the men were always clothed in oil-skins and great sea-boots, and were absent from home the greater part of the time, engaged in fishing.

Harwich is on the eastern coast of England, and we were the first Americans ever seen there. The story of our escape from a watery grave had been told by the crew of the "Scout," and this made the brig the lion of the town; and, as I was the mate who had taken command, and carried the vessel over the reef, where eight vessels and sixty men had been lost during a recent storm, I was regarded as a hero, and the brig and I were gazed upon by a crowd of women and children every day. One pretty girl, who ventured on board

with her mother, asked if I was an American, and remarked that I did not look like the rest of the Americans, the crew. I told her that they were Dutch, which was another thing.

It was not long before all the girls in the village got so free that they not only stayed around all day, but a half dozen at a time would remain until an early hour in the morning. I did not know what to make of this. In fact, all the women in the place fell in love with me, and two dozen of the girls were sent up the river to Ipswich, to get them out of my way, though I could not see that they were any worse than their mothers.

The captain came back from London, and made arrangements for the brig to proceed to Ipswich and go on to the dock there to have a new bottom put in her. So up we went, and were taken out up to the head of the dock, where the jib-boom reached right across the street, close to the upper windows of a Mr. Bulwer's house. As soon as the work was fairly under way, the captain went to London again, and left me in charge of the brig.

Being out on the jib-boom one day, I saw a lady whom I had been looking at ever since we arrived at the head of the dock. She was constantly at Mr. Bulwer's window, and constantly, I felt pretty sure, looking with interest at me upon the brig. This thing went on for some days, when, one Sunday, being out on the jib-boom to take up a gasket, I saw this lady beckon for me to

come over, so I went. I was let into the house, and introduced to Miss Bulwer, who entertained me handsomely, taking me into the cellar and giving me some of the best wine her father owned. After this, being every moment afraid that her parents would return from church and find a stranger in the house, she filled a basket with fruit for me, and told me to go at once ; but that I might bring back the basket when she gave the signal, or that, upon the same evening, she would come and get it.

Although this latter proposition was acceded to, the basket found its way into the old gentleman's cellar so frequently that I was never left without something that was very palatable to the taste of a sea-tossed mariner.

We remained here a long time, and I was so charmed with the spot, that, when I came to think of parting with the different families who had been so hospitable, I was almost unnerved. However, my little friend across the street was such an adroit thief that she succeeded in making several trips to the cellar, and completely filling one of the berths in my room with wine and fruit, while the old folks were sleeping. After such acts of devotion on her part, I ought certainly to have married her, and, if I had done so, I should now, no doubt, be living in that big house with the well-stocked cellar ; but I was a young man and wild at that time, and did not know a great deal.

We were taken down the river again and went well; for, indeed, with our new bottom, new copper, and new rudder, the brig was as good as new. We were now at anchor. The captain returned from London, and took me into the cabin and told me a doleful story; that his house in New York had failed and he could not raise enough money to pay the bills; that the Dutch passengers had all left long ago; and that the authorities would not fit out the brig with running rigging for fear she might run off some night. We waited one mail after another, and, indeed, lay here all summer, the captain being most of the time in London. I was on shore every night, and at home in every house. The girls were still bewitched and acted badly; I never saw such people before, not even among savages.

At length the captain came down discouraged, and said that we should all have to be sent home by the consul; and the carpenter at Ipswich would take the brig for his bill against her. I asked him to step into the cabin, where we sat down.

"Captain, I have seen a great deal of pleasure in this brig, and some distress," said I; "I am strongly attached to her, and if you will go up to London and stay, as you have done before, until such a day, I will have the brig ready for sea, and then we can slip the cable and go, and nothing out of this port can sail with us."

"What are your plans?" asked the captain.

I answered: "You have already heard of robberies going on all around the port."

"Yes, and a large reward is offered for the apprehension of the thief; if caught, he will be transported."

"Well," I continued, "he will not be caught. If you must know, I have now enough rigging from two Swedish schooners to rig us, and on such a night I shall be ready. A crew will be picked up on that night from the different cutters, as soon as the fog sets in, which it does every night; and I shall invite old Steward, the pilot, to spend the evening with me over some half-and-half, which he is sure to do. As he has no choice he will take us out safely, and get home with that skiff that hangs there."

He looked at me a long time; at last he said:

"Can you do this and get off?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then," said he, "I will go to-morrow, and will return after dark upon the night you have mentioned."

The next day he was off. My second mate and I were busy every night, from dark until long after midnight; and at length the appointed evening arrived. As soon as the fog set in we called around to the different smacks, and took one apprentice out of one and two out of another until we had ten of them; then we pulled immediately to our own vessel, put them under hatches, and

sent for the pilot, who had promised to spend the evening with us and who was waiting at the place designated. While I went for the pilot the captain was brought on board.

The second mate and I had bent the gear early in the morning, and now I took Mr. Steward out to the windlass and showed him the chains all parcelled, ready to slip without noise, and told him that if he took us out safely he could take that skiff and be asleep long before daylight, but that if he run us aground that pistol would do the work for him.

"Then," said he, "this is a matter of life and death; very well, I will take you out, but what are you going to do at sea without a crew?"

I slid back the slide of the hatch and called up the crew. He looked at them, recognizing them all, and exclaimed, "My God!"

"Loose the fore-top-s'l." No sooner said than done. The top-sail and top-gallant-sail were set and the fore-sail already to drop. A good line from the stem to the chain that we slipped turned her right round on her heel; then we cut our hawser and dropped the fore-sail, and in three minutes we passed between the "Scout" and "Flying Fish," who were stationed to see that we did not get off without paying our debts. As the land-breeze was fresh we slid past them like a flying scud; they were bewildered for a few minutes, and then we heard the boatswain's call and boat tackle fall for their crews from the shore.

We went out, hove close to the sea-beach, and dispatched the pilot, filled away, and down the channel we flew with a flowing sheet!

We had been partly provisioned and fitted out at Ipswich, until the carpenter began to suspect that we could not pay him, when he shut down on us. We soon found ourselves on the broad Atlantic and with heavy weather, which greatly retarded us, but we continued to work the brig to the westward.

At length our potatoes failed us. We had already been on an allowance and now we had to come still lower, for as one article after another gave out we were compelled to shorten on what was left. At last our meat was all gone and our bread gave out. We had now nothing to eat, but, said I, "we have starch in the hold; we can eat that;" so we got up some boxes, and made a mess and cooked it; but it all turned into chalk and we could not eat it, for what we swallowed made us as sick as dogs.

We could stand it no longer. I went into the between decks with a mallet, a knife, and a dish; called the dog and told him that I must kill him. The poor beast laid his head in my lap and looked piteously into my face; he understood what I meant, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. I struck him a blow with the mallet, cut his throat and



caught his blood in the dish. Both the flesh and the blood were equally divided among us, and served to keep life, if not strength, in our gaunt frames for a few days longer.

A few days after this, one night about twelve o'clock, it was blowing hard, and the fore-top-gallant sail was set and the brig plunging all under forward. A volunteer was called for who would go up and furl the sail, and after all had agreed that it would be impossible for them to get over the top, I said that I would go up. Although my spirits were greater than my strength, I got up to the top-gallant mast, but the brig rolled so heavily that she threw me out to windward, and I turned a somersault and found myself sitting on the rim of the fore-top, with my hands fast to the top-sail gear on each side of the lower mast-head. I felt very weak and as though a number of my bones were broken; in fact, I thought that I had struck on the starboard fore-castle deck and broken my neck; that my ribs were protruding from under my shoulder blades, and that my legs were broken in four places. As my strength returned I realized that I was not on deck, but on the rim of the fore-top, with my feet pointing down over the belly of the foresail, so that I should have gone over the lee-bow if I had continued my fall; it was a long time before I could persuade myself that I was not broken to pieces, but when I found that I could lift my legs, I crawled into the top and prayed

from a most grateful heart. In due time I mustered courage enough to attempt to get down on deck, and by putting my arms through the rat-lines, and not trusting to my hands, I got down at last, when what did I do but cling with all my might to the spars that were lashed on deck, just as if, should I let go, I would fall up again. When I became more rational I staggered aft to the galley, which had been our rendezvous for many days.

The dog was gone, and we now looked at each other with eyes that spoke volumes. At last it was suggested that we cast lots. This was done, and the captain drew the short stick; we gave him till the morrow, when he was to be bled to death with his feet in warm salt water, as we were nearly out of fresh. The night passed over and we all looked forward to the hour of two o'clock P. M. At ten o'clock one of the men was heard to sing out "Sail ho! to the westward!" But there had been so many sails seen that had turned out to be purely imaginative that none of us moved, until the man grew so excited that I concluded to crawl out and see. Behold a top-gallant sail above the water! and the top-sail lifting all the time, showing that she was bound toward us.

We immediately brought the captain on deck, and put the ensign, union down, in the rigging. The hull of the vessel was now in sight, and as hope filled our breasts, where only despair had

previously been, we found that it had given us strength to stand erect upon the deck, which we had not before been able to do.

On came our deliverer and hove to, proving to be the brig "Freighter;" the mate came on board and silently gazed upon us, and, reading our terrible story in our wan faces and wasted skeletons, sat down and cried like a child. When he finally asked us what we had on board, we told him nothing, and that at two P. M. the captain was to have been killed and eaten; again he was so overcome as not to be able to speak; but he pulled back to his vessel and soon returned with everything they could spare, and told us that upon the next day we should have a south-west wind, and would have a pilot on board, for we were close to Sandy Hook. We were now a new set of men, and hope filled every heart but the captain's; we ate as sparingly as we could of what had been given us, drank our fill of water, and sent God's blessing after the brig "Freighter."

Sure enough, on the morrow, at daylight, it was red in the south-west and the wind began to blow; at eight A. M. we took an old gray-haired pilot well off shore, and the captain, telling him of our situation, asked him to run us up, high and dry, anywhere upon the land.

It began to blow up into a gale, and as we approached the Hook it commenced to snow and get thick; the pilot was steering us by his judgment,

and finally said: "Mate, we must be above Governor Island; go for'ard and stand by the anchor."

I took a few men and hauled up the fore-sail and got the starboard anchor ready; in the meantime a lantern made fast to the main-boom topper-lift of some schooner just grazed our side, and I heard music and saw the lights of Castle Garden, so I hallooed :

"Hard down the helm! we are going into Castle Garden."

In a minute she was brought around and the anchor let go with fifty fathoms of chain, which was run out before she hauled up. When she was brought up I went aft and found that the pilot and the captain had gone on shore in a Whitehall boat that had happened alongside, on hearing the noise of our chain. The wind now came from the north-east, bringing snow and freezing everything; I let go the other anchor, and, before daylight, the kedge also, with a hawser. At daylight we found ourselves four feet from some rocks off the Battery, the brig pitching bows under, and people flying their handkerchiefs to us, and shouting to us to be of good cheer. For four days we lay here, in peril of our lives, without communication with the shore; but finally the storm moderated and we were taken to a dock, up the East river, and made fast, after which we all went on shore.

My old friend, the second mate, and I, went

staggering up the street—for when the excitement was over we found that we had little strength—and visited all the pie-shops; as soon as the old women saw us they would ask if we were not of the crew of the brig “Forrester,” and when we replied in the affirmative all was free to us, and they could not press enough upon us—evidently anxious to console us for the pangs of hunger which we had experienced during our voyage.

We went into a pie-shop on James street, near Chatham, and whilst indulging in pastry the second mate picked up a newspaper, wherein we found it stated that the brig “Forrester” having been lost at sea, and no witnesses having appeared against her mutinous crew, which had been sent from St. Thomas to New York to await her arrival, they had been discharged; but that one had since been arrested upon new charges, and was serving a term of seven years in the State’s prison: this was Louis, the Frenchman, the one who fled the field at St. Thomas at the sight of a shovel.

Our captain did not make any more voyages, and, indeed, I heard that his mind became affected shortly after landing. I have told of our follies, our sins and our sufferings upon this voyage, and I still feel that “there is a bitter for every sweet,” and a recompense in this life for all; and that for the wrongs we committed there was a speedy and awful balancing of accounts.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY DAYS IN VICKSBURG—SMUGGLING ON THE TABASCO—
ADRIFT ON THE GULF—DOWN WITH THE YELLOW FEVER.



WAS upon the second ship that ever went up the Mississippi to Vicksburg, and we, therefore, caused a good deal of excitement. I will only say that, at this time, a duel was of daily occurrence, and I had not made the ship fast before necessity compelled me to knock a man over. Time passed very pleasantly, with the ladies of the place visiting the ship and sending us presents of pastry and fruit. I witnessed many duels and more street fights, and was presented with a beautiful, silver-mounted bowie-knife by a young man named Samuel Black, formerly from Philadelphia. Every afternoon, this young man, who was about my age, would ride down to where the ship lay, about a mile below the town, bringing a red horse for me, and we would ride together through all the adjoining country.

It was during these pleasant rides that we became acquainted with two very agreeable ladies, who lived in a cottage which was situated in a clearing near the river, about a mile below the

ship. We visited this cottage frequently, returning to the ship by a path along the river-bank. This path led us near a large pig-pen in the woods, near which a gigantic tree had fallen across the trail; a log had been placed upon each side of it, forming a sort of stile for the convenience of foot passengers, but we, upon our horses, were obliged to ride around the root of it. At length we were loaded, ready for departure, and the last night came. The vessel had been taken a little lower down stream during the day, and I was sitting, tired and listless, upon the rail, thinking of the pleasant evenings I had passed in the little cottage below the pig-pen, when the breeze increased, and brought to my ear the sound of voices from the bank. I recognized the tones as those of the man whom I had knocked down upon the day of my arrival in Vicksburg; he was now waiting at the pig-pen, intending to kill me as I jumped over that tree. This man was accompanied by a friend, who suggested that, as it was the last night, I might not upon this evening visit the cottage at all.

"Then," said the first man, excitedly, "I shall go into his cabin and dispatch him."

It occurred to me that he was as likely to kill the captain as me, and that he, the captain, was a good man, whom I should be sorry to have suffer upon my account. I arose, went into the cabin and looked at the captain, who was asleep; then I took my bowie-knife, concealed it in my breast,

and made my way into the woods, approaching the pig-pen cautiously, until, after hearing all I cared to, I sprang upon the tree and walked out between the two men. At first the murderer did not recognize me, as I came from the woods, but I looked him closely in the face for a moment, and then two blades flashed past each other; but mine had done its work before there was time for a thought, and his body fell, with a heavy plunge, into the river. His friend immediately sued for his life, protesting that he was a disinterested party, who had been brought out against his will, and averring that I had done quite right; for, if I had not killed his friend, I should myself have been murdered before morning. I told him that I already knew this, as God had told it me in the breeze, and that he could go. I did not pollute that happy cottage that night with the presence of a man who had just sent a human being into eternity with all his sins upon him, and we left upon the next day, all our friends from the town coming to see us off.

My conscience troubled me for some time, though, in fact, an eight months' residence in Vicksburg at that time would prepare any man for fighting, and I had commenced upon the day of my arrival. The matter weighed upon my mind until I told the whole story to a friend, a physician in Europe, who said that in his opinion it was done in self-defense, and should not occasion a moment's

thought; and since that time I have become convinced that it is worse than folly to grieve at that which is past.

After a two years' experience in the Mexican war, carrying dispatches in a pretty armed schooner for the Commodores Kelly and Perry, and being present at all the engagements on the coast, and several of those up the rivers, I took a prize schooner called the "Relampego," which means lightning.

She was a fast vessel, and we traded to many ports, but principally to Tabasco, about seventy-five miles up a river of the same name. I cannot describe the beauties of this stream of water, constituting a complete network of greater and lesser rivers, which traverse thousands of miles of one of the richest countries of the world. One branch leads close up to the ancient city of Palenque, where are to be found all the evidences necessary to establish the fact that this city must have been built prior to the times of the building of the pyramids in Egypt.

What a lesson is taught us by the silent remains of these ancient cities of splendor, whose teeming multitudes thronged their streets thousands of years before this country was discovered by Europeans; and to think that these vast multitudes must be swept away, and the places they once occupied come to be known no more, except to the red man of the forest, and their civilization, with

all their acquirements in the arts and sciences, be lost in barbarism.

In the rainy season, the current in the river ran strong, and we frequently hauled our schooner up against the current with a line run up to some tree, and I have been down to the bottom of the river, in about forty feet of water, as many as thirty times in a day, to clear the line of some old log, or other obstruction. I refer to this to show how perfectly indifferent to danger of all kinds we become at some periods of our lives, and to prove that I was a stranger to fear at that part of mine; for the river was filled with alligators of the largest kind, which might have seized and devoured me in a minute. One of these monsters we caught by a series of maneuvers, displaying both stratagem and valor, and found, upon divesting him of it, that his hide filled a sixty-gallon cask.

The first native to greet us, on our trip up the Tobaskeug river, a tributary of the Tabasco, was a young girl, who was rowing across stream in a canoe. This living Pocahontas, who was a second Cleopatra, stood erect for some minutes, regarding us curiously and intently, and displaying to us a form of dignity and grace, regular features, and eyes as large and soft as those of a gazelle; in short, presenting a complete contrast to her sisters. the natives upon the other side of the continent.

Upon this river I saw another model for a sculptor, about seventeen years old. It was rain-

ing, and this girl was nude, possessing such features, limbs, and graceful movements as are seldom seen. She was as proud and as graceful as was the angel that seduced Mother Eve. I will say here that in the Marquesas, at Point Venus, Tahiti, and on the Friendly Islands, I have seen surprisingly beautiful natives; in the Navigator group thousands of girls are models for a sculptor, and there are some fine figures in New Zealand, while there are but few in the Fijis, and none in New Holland; in New Guina, in Java, and in the Ladrones, few; in New Caledonia and New Hebrides, none; but in Manila, the Solomon, and Gilbert groups, many.

But to return to Tobasco, where we dined upon monkeys and rattlesnakes every day. We smuggled a great deal and were always successful. On the last trip we had a large amount of money due, and I learned on my arrival that it was all ready, for us, so I made all diligence in putting out the cargo and getting the money aboard. I must say here that during the Mexican war I had necessarily become acquainted with a great many people in this vicinity, among whom was a Polander by the name of Le Pap, whose house, situated at Frontera, near the mouth of the river, had been much frequented by the Americans. His family consisted of one wife, two children, and the wife's mother; they had made money during the war, at the conclusion of which I had advised Le Pap to sell out

and leave with the Americans. I told him that the Mexicans would prosecute him and confiscate his property, and that he could not make too great haste in canceling his business, collecting his money and his family, and leaving the country; but he replied that it was impossible that he should come to harm, as he had never committed an illegal act in his life. I represented to him that the authorities were already tying to trees the women who had extended civilities to the Americans during the war, and whipping them upon the bare back until life was nearly extinct; unfortunately all my arguments were in vain, for I now found that, in accordance with my fears, all his doors had government seals upon them, his property being confiscated, and he was in prison in Tabasco, sentenced to be shot.

I went to his wife, who was a French woman, and a smart one, and told her that I had a mind to save Le Pap, and directed her to be in Tabasco prepared to assist me. As I have already said, I then hastened to get out the cargo and secure the gold which was waiting for us; every evening I would go with my crew, which had been with me two years, to the house of the merchant, returning on board loaded with gold ounces, each ounce representing sixteen dollars, and being dropped, on board, into holes in the taffrail, which had been made with an auger specially for this purpose. We soon had seventy-five thousand dollars safely

stowed away, but on my last trip toward the schooner I heard language coming from a darkened room, that we passed, which caused me to suspect that we had been watched; the words which I overheard, spoken in the Spanish tongue, and in an undertone, were these: "Here goes another cargo;" and they satisfied me that the sooner I got off the better.

I had sent Mrs. Le Pap that day to see her husband in the prison, which was situated about half a mile from town, and to convey to him a cord, which she carried concealed under her dress, with word that I should crawl to the roof and open the thatch, when he must throw me the cord, climb up by means of it when I had made it fast to one of the rafters, jump to the ground, and run to a certain point which he knew of on the river, where he would find a canoe for his use; to go down the river and secrete himself in a pile of logwood in the yard of Mr. Shields, an English merchant at Frontera, and that I, having his family on board, and after embarking twenty thousand dollars from the house of Mr. Shields, would take him, the last thing, into the schooner.

Agreeably to my promise, then, although the night was as dark as pitch and the rain fell heavily, I went out to the prison and succeeded in getting upon the back part of the roof, where I made a small hole, put my arm down, and soon had the cord made fast; up came Le Pap, and we jumped

off the eaves together; but another prisoner who availed himself of the cord, which I should have hauled up, sprained his ankle in jumping and fell out past the corner of the building just as the sentinel came to the end of his beat: the prisoner was instantly killed with the bayonet and the alarm given.

I ran for my life, got on board safely, let go the line, and dropped down the river; as this was the rainy season, the current, which carried with it large masses or blocks of froth from great falls above the city, ran at the rate of six miles an hour, which insured us a quick trip down to the logwood-yard of Mr. Shields.

We made all arrangements for getting the money off that night, Le Pap's family being already on board, when what was our surprise, at dark, to see two soldiers from Frontera, which was a quarter of a mile up the river, station themselves, one abreast the bow and the other abreast the stern of the schooner, so as to completely prevent any communication with the house of Mr. Shields without their knowledge; at the same moment a canoe from the opposite side of the river came unobserved alongside, and handed me a letter from the English house at Tabasco. I called all hands and read to them as follows: "Captain Wakeman, you are suspected of smuggling a large amount of specie, and of breaking prison and releasing Le Pap, a prisoner under the sentence of death; if you are caught

your fate will be: for yourself, death; for your crew, imprisonment, which may be worse than death; and confiscation of all the property under your command. Ten minutes after you went out, a government boat carrying six officers and soldiers left here, with orders to get six more soldiers from Frontera and take you; the consequence of being taken you already know—death.”

I looked at my crew for a few minutes and saw that they fully understood the case. “Men,” said I, “it is evident that we cannot afford to be taken.”

“Never,” replied the crew.

“Then,” rejoined I, “it will be necessary at midnight for two men, with good knives, to put those two sentinels some place else, as that money and Le Pap must come on board at that time.”

“All right,” said the crew, “at twelve you will see no more of those two men.”

At one A. M. we were all ready to sail, the money and Le Pap being on board. It was calm, and we could not cross the bar until the land breeze set in; so we hove short with the flying-jib loosed ready to run up, and Le Pap furled in the standing jib, and with both officers and crew armed to the teeth. At daylight it was still calm, and as the sun rose we saw a large boat coming round the point of land up the river, with bright bayonets and muskets shining in the sun. I knew that unless the land breeze came we could not go

over the bar, and would have to take the whole party by strategem, which I explained to the crew.

Every eye was upon me for the signal as this boat pulled straight for the schooner; they came up the gangway, and after drawing up their men to the number of twelve, six officers came aft and asked if I was the captain; I answered in the affirmative, when the spokesman said that he had an unpleasant duty to perform, as the schooner was suspected of having a large quantity of specie on board, and he had been sent to arrest and examine her. He said nothing of my case personally, and I told him, slapping him on the back in the most friendly way, that he must not have any delicate feelings in the case; that I knew he was compelled to do his duty; and that when the land breeze came in at eleven o'clock we would make sail and run up to the dock, my only regret being that he had not made the examination before, as now we should have to take out all the cargo.

He said they had just taken twenty-eight thousand dollars out of the water cask of a Spanish brig, and had often found gold under the ballast. In the meanwhile I called the steward and ordered breakfast for all the party, and desired a box of wine to be brought up, of which they partook in the most friendly manner. The head officer continued to excuse the service he had to perform, and was as often assured that it was nothing, as he could do no less.

A land breeze crawled along down the river, and the men walked aft, and to the opposite side of the schooner, with a deck-tackle fall in their hands, with which they tripped the anchor from the bottom, so that the vessel commenced drifting toward the bar. The second box of wine was being sampled, when the time for action arrived. I threw off the coat I had worn all night, disclosing six pistols in my belt; I had one cocked in my left hand, and a new hatchet in my right, which I held over the head officer; my crew at the same moment covered every man of them, so that the state of things became apparent to them, and they saw that resistance was impossible.

“Into your boats in a minute, or I will kill every one of you,” I shouted, and they went, without their arms, thanking me humbly for their lives, and protesting that they should die my friends; for so sudden a change of matters had completely demoralized them. I ordered sail to be made, and hoisted the big jib, when I walked Le Pap, on deck, and in sight of all those gallant Mexicans.

We crossed the bar in safety, and arrived without accident in New Orleans, after a most perilous passage across the Gulf, and it is unnecessary to say that I did not return to Tabasco.

I had been so successful, and had made so much money for my owner, that he promised to make me a present of any brig which I might pick out as a good freighter; but this gentleman, who had

controlled two million dollars, failed about a week after this offer, and has been a poor man ever since, so I did not get my brig. However, he made the schooner "Relampago" into my hands, and I fitted her out to go to California.

We had fifty passengers on board, and plenty of provisions and water, but we were not out of the river before some of the steerage passengers came aft into the cabin, and swore they had as good a right there as the others, and I soon found them stowing away bread to take on shore with them in California; and my expostulations were in vain, for they were a set of villains, accustomed to the pistol and knife from youth up.

One night, while carrying double reefs, we split the breast hooks open, which caused the schooner to leak badly. Next day we anchored in Havana, and the custom-house boat came alongside. After examining our papers, the officers told us we would lay at anchor twenty days before we would be allowed to repair.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I shall never submit to such a gross imposition. When the land breeze blows out of this harbor, I shall go to sea, and shall put in at Key West, where I can have the repairs done."

"No, Captain," replied the officers; "for when you attempt to pass the Morro Castle the big cannon will sink you."

"Sink and be cussed," was my answer; "but out I go."

They went on shore, and at eleven P. M. a good land breeze sprang up, and we made sail. Just as we arrived under the Morro, a man o' war came alongside and demanded our hawser, which we gave him, and we were towed out in safety. Next day we went into Key West, but it was some time before we could get any of the boats to approach; for, as we afterward learned, they took us for pirates.

I called a survey on the vessel and got the decision of the inspectors, which was that the vessel could be repaired for a certain sum of money. This left it optional with me whether I abandoned or repaired, and I immediately decided to abandon.

The passengers came to me to know if they were to be left at Key West; and I told them that of course that was the case, as it rested with me as to whether I should go on or give up the voyage, and from what I had seen of them, I felt that they knew too much to go any further with me.

This caused hard feelings; and the passengers retaliated by representing to the wreckers of Key West that I and my crew were pirates, causing us to be looked upon with an eye of distrust on all sides. At length it went so far that the house in which I was living with my crew was attacked one night; but we were all armed, and in ten minutes there was not a man to be found in that part of

Key West, and after thus showing our mettle we were left unmolested.

I soon turned to wrecking and repairing wrecks that came in, and found that I had all the wrecks of Key West, and was making money. I soon refitted the schooner, and returned with my crew to New Orleans, where I received the thanks of the insurance company for conducting the voyage as well as they could have done it.

After declining the command of a brig to go to California, I started upon a six months' trading trip to all the ports in Mexico, where I was well acquainted; always, of course, avoiding Tabasco. I ran down the coast to the river Quasacoalcoas, and crossed the bar, going up to Minatitlan, where we loaded our cargo for New York.

About this time, my crew commenced dying with yellow fever, until only two boys and a crazy passenger, whom I had taken on at Vera Cruz, were left. I was the last to be taken, and the natives came on board and gave me their yellow fever dose, all the contents of the medicine-chest having been exhausted on the crew before I was sick. This medicine consisted of a bowl of castor oil and lime juice, in which was a quantity of red pepper and salt, and it worked most powerfully upon me. I lay for days upon the cabin floor, out of my head, until one day I heard something right over me, on deck, fall close to the sky-light, down which the last of the crew says to me :

"Captain, I am dying. I have rolled off the settee and cannot get on again."

"Then," said I, "get close to the side of the vessel, so that I can get you overboard when you are dead."

Sometime after this a man shook me, and called me loudly by name, saying :

"Don't you know Captain Foster, of the Alvarado river? I am alongside of your brig with my pilot-boat, and I have just thrown the body of one of your men from the quarter-deck, and removed another from the fo'castle, where it must have been lying a week. Abandon this brig, of which the crew is dead, and come with me."

"No," replied I; "send me the native pilot from the shore."

Captain Foster went immediately and brought him.

"What is your order, captain," this man asked.

"If ever the land breeze comes down this river," I answered, "get the anchor up, make all sail, take us out to sea, and let us go; I know that all my crew are gone and that I shall follow, but I want to go overboard in clear water."

He promised, and Captain Foster had to dispense with his plan of getting me to abandon the brig. In about a week the pilot sang out down the skylight:

"Land breeze! What shall I do?"

"Do as you promised me."

In an hour we were out in the gulf, the pilot and his men had left us, and we mustered our two sick boys and our crazy passenger for a crew, together with myself—not myself half the time. The boy, Alex. Childs, whom I had taught navigation, was the captain, and he steered while the other one cooked, and the passenger manned a capstan bar, with the rest, every time we braced the foreyard about. The weather was so hot that poor Alex. fairly fainted away at the wheel, and would fall out of the chair in which he was sitting, because he was too weak to stand. One night, upon becoming conscious, he told me that the wind was hauling so that he could not fetch the north-west pass, which he was steering for; so he and the other boy got me bolstered up against the side of the cabin and I added another piece of paper to the chart and extended it up to Pensacola. Soon after I finished the chart I became blind, and one day Alex. came to me and shook me, saying:

“Captain, there is a big white thing right ahead.”

“All right,” said I; “that is the hospital to which we are all bound; steer straight for it.”

In about an hour the boy came and said:

“Captain, here is a terrible squall from off the land.”

“All right,” I again rejoined, “let go all the halliards and let her lie.”

It came with fury but soon passed over, and in

the meantime our flag of distress had been seen, and a man o' war boat followed close on the track of the squall. They came on board, put me in the boat and started for the shore, leaving a crew to work the brig up into the river, and I was soon landed upon the dock, where I was left lying upon my back. Some officers who were walking close by remarked: "There is a poor fellow who will soon be past all trouble;" and the negro who drove the dead-cart belonging to the hospital came and put me in it, driving off, after being blasted by the officers for not putting some shavings or straw into the bottom of his vehicle for me to lie upon; but I suppose he thought it would soon be all the same with me; and, in fact, I thought so myself, for all this time I could not see a thing. Arriving at the hospital, and being carried in, the two physicians who came to examine this new case proved to be doctors who had served on men o' war during the Mexican war, and who knew me well. I was carried into the room of one of these gentlemen, and, thanks to the strict attention I received, in two weeks I was able to sit upon the side of my bed and take a supper of tea and toast with my two friends, while I thanked them for my life. In the meantime they had treated the two boys and the passenger, and had brought them around all right.

In a few days, I begged the doctor to let me go into town, which was several miles off. I received

a reluctant consent, and was directed to walk slowly, under a large umbrella, and upon the shady side of the street, down to the dock, there to enter the cabin of the mail boat and lie down upon the cushion, remaining there until she arrived in town; to all of which I agreed. I made frequent stops, even before reaching the schooner, and laid down according to promise. On our arrival, I walked very slowly up a street beautifully shaded with trees and went into a hotel, where I ate more than my allowance of a nice chicken stew, and came out feeling like a new man. Seeing a Concord coach opposite, with four horses harnessed to it, I walked over and asked the driver where he went to. He said that he went ninety miles through the woods to a river, where a steamer called and took the passengers to Mobile and New Orleans.

"When do you leave?" I asked.

"In five minutes," he replied.

"What is the fare?"

"So much;" and in a few moments I had given him his money, directed a letter to the commander of the station, asking him to take charge of my vessel until my return from New Orleans, where I had gone to procure a crew and stores with which to continue my voyage to New York, and had taken my place in the coach, where I found that I was the only passenger. We made good time through a beautiful country, but the driver, who had served as a private in the Mexican war, had

under his seat a bottle of brandy, and, because of his frequent engagements with the Mexicans, and more frequent collisions with the trees, I was much relieved to see him haul up at midnight to change his team ; for I was in hopes that the driver, also, would be changed; but this was not to be, so I did justice to another chicken stew, even better than the last one, and we were off again, over a corduroy road. As this communicative driver drank freely from his bottle after each battle that he refought for my edification, I thought every moment to be dashed to pieces; but the animals knew more than their master, and we arrived next day at ten o'clock, just in time to see the boat going out of sight in the distance; for we were an hour too late, as I found on crawling out of this coach, where I had been stowed down in the cockpit, with both big leathern cushions on top of me to keep me down; for it had seemed very evident to my mind, as she struck some of the logs, that I would have my brains knocked out against the top of the coach.

Here was a fine house, where a rich planter lived, with the huts of his slaves at a short distance from his door. I was very innocently approaching the verandah of the house, where a family of children was running about, when the master caught sight of me, and, in an ungovernable rage, motioned me away, and told his slaves to take me down to the river, and put me upstairs in a new

house that stood there; at the same time he cursed the stage-driver for bringing such a looking man, dead with the yellow fever, into his family. I had not seen myself, but I must have looked terrible, judging from the way that man acted. Well, I was conducted up a ladder into the unfinished house, the doors and windows of which had not yet been put in, and left upon the floor, where an old slave woman came and gave me a large bowl of something she had cooked for me, all of which I devoured, and then fell off to sleep, that coach having been nearly the death of me.

About midnight I was awakened by a crashing of the pine chips which lay plentifully around the house; I sat up and listened, and, from the sound, soon decided that it was some bear that had smelt me, and was now approaching me with all the caution peculiar to that beast. Nearer and nearer it came, and I realized that after all I had escaped by the sea I was about to be devoured by a bear. I was very weak and nervous, and had just finished saying my last prayer when the animal commenced to climb the ladder, and after agonies of suspense I saw his great black head, mounting cautiously and slowly; then I shuddered and closed my eyes, and had scarcely strength enough to answer to the summons: "Massa! massa!" and could hardly comprehend the fact that instead of a bear it was the old black slave with both hands full. But when I found that instead of a messenger of death,

sent to eat me in that lonely spot, it was, in fact, a black angel of mercy sent to save my life, I was truly grateful, and ate and drank the contents of both bowls, being promised as much more the next day, before the boat left.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, I went down my roundabout path, which took me as far as possible from the planter's house, and finally arrived at New Orleans, where, several times a day, I drank freely of quinine, until my head rang like a brass kettle. I finally found a man who would lend me what money I wanted, so I chartered a newschooner, put all the provisions on her, shipped a crew for the brig, and had a fifteen days' passage around to Pensacola, where I arrived, tanned up again and with some flesh on my bones. No one knew me, not even the doctors, who were my best friends. I found that the commodore had done all I asked of him, and in a few days I was out on the sea again, all well, and bound to New York.

CHAPTER VI.

I ESCAPE WITH THE "NEW WORLD"—AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE
AROUND THE HORN—ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO,
JULY 11, 1850.



ARRIVED in New York, I made the brig fast, and noticed a new steamer on the dock almost ready to launch.

"Who owns that steamer?" I asked a man who was passing.

"I do," he answered; "what do you want of her?"

"I want to take her to California," I replied.

"Who are you, sir?"

"A sailor, sir."

"Who have you sailed for?" he then asked; and I mentioned several. Seeing one of these gentlemen at that time not far off he ran to him and came back in a minute, saying: "Well, young man, you can have her."

"Thank you, sir," I replied; "then I will run for the train, as I wish to visit my parents in Westport, whom I have not seen for four years."

"Wait a moment and give me your address, that I may write for you when I want you," he

rejoined, detaining me ; after which I was off for Westport, where I spent one of the happiest weeks of my life among my old schoolmates, and was written for far too soon; but I went down and took charge of the steamer "New World."

Sunday, the tenth day of February, had been announced as the time for launching this handsome steamer, together with the "Arctic" and the "Boston;" but in the meantime my vessel had been seized by the sheriff, in virtue of an attachment by a gentleman who wished to recover the sum of fifty thousand dollars from her owner, Wm. H. Brown; she had been given into the charge of Deputy Sheriff Cunningham, a man of experience and resolution, who, with a squad of keepers, resolved to remain upon the vessel himself during the ceremony. Upon coming on board he seemed to be surprised to find that my engineer, Billy Van Wirt, had fires under the boilers and was getting up steam.

"Why, captain," he asked, coming to me, "what are you firing up for?"

"Well, you see," I told him, "we thought it would add to the interest of the occasion if the finest steamer of the three was launched with steam up ready to work; and, besides, we want to turn the engine over to work off the rust."

And the experiment, which was without precedent, was entirely successful, the launch being accomplished without accident, and amid the cheers

of fully twenty thousand people, who were crowded upon the quays, wharves and houses along East river. And thus the "New World" was the first boat in the world to be launched with steam on. At twelve M. we started on our trial trip, and with every basket of champagne that was emptied she ran faster, until she ran at the rate of twenty-two miles an hour. We returned to our dock at midnight, and all hands sought the comforts of a hotel near at hand. At one A. M. I returned on board, after an absence of half an hour, and found her in a blaze in the fire-room; but the fire was soon extinguished and the boat saved.

On Saturday, the sixteenth of February, I was ready for sea, and went on board about dark, although my register had been retained on shore. It was raining heavily, and I found several men on deck whom I did not know, but they were soon introduced to me as the officers who were in possession of the boat. I said:

"Keep out of the rain, gentlemen; no man could go to sea upon such a night as this, however he might desire it." But in a couple of hours I received a note from the owner, written in even a worse hand than my own, and I read this to the effect:

"You must go to sea to-morrow morning;" though it appeared afterward that it read, "You must not go." So I soon made all the arrangements necessary, and at daylight the weather had

cleared up inside the harbor. — At about eight A. M. she began to feel alive with warm pulsations, like a strong man getting ready to do good service against the elements. I locked myself into the pilot-house, and soon saw that our sheriff and his men were getting very anxious. Some ran one way and some another, but they could find none of the crew, the fact being that I had them all below, with the doors locked that led to them. I took off my hat, which was a signal to a man upon the dock to pick up an axe which had been placed there and to cut the hawser, which he did with alacrity. Two bells were rung, and the boat shot out into the river; and now came a great noise from the deck:

“Stop her, condemn you, stop her, won’t you?” was cried, in all keys. I called a man from below with a given signal, and placed him at the wheel, then I stepped out on deck and inquired:

“What is the matter?”

“Where have you been, and where are your crew?” cried the marshals. “Who told you to take the boat from the dock? She is in our charge, and we command you to take her back at once.”

“Keep cool, gentlemen,” I said; “you know it rained hard all night, and wet us through, and I want to turn the machinery over a little. Sometime in the future this vessel will doubtless sail for

California, and I want to see that everything is still in good order." This pacified the sheriff and his men for a while, but presently Cunningham came to me and said:

"Say, captain, don't you think your machinery has been turned over enough?"

"Oh," I replied, suavely, "don't be afraid, Mr. Sheriff, the day is so fine and we look so well with our new flags flying that I want to cruise around a little; there is no business doing Sunday, and we might as well be doing this as anything else."

My frankness again reassured the officer, and the fact that, besides his own men and Van Wirt, who was oscillating between the furnace and the engine, I was the only man to be seen, doubtless served to further allay his fears, as I do not suppose that I looked the man to run away with a steamboat.

After going up to Blackwell's Island we turned around again, and, passing the Battery, went up the North river to Canal street, and steamed down again. When off the Battery this time I was again in the pilot-house, and when, instead of going up East river, we steered for Staten Island, consternation was once more rife.

The officer shouted: "Stop her!" and ran all over the boat, but could find no one to perform this service, as my crew was still awaiting my signal below decks. They were not able to stop

her themselves, and failed to get the anchors off the bow, as they had been purposely stopped with chains running through the deck pipes into the hold. At last, when we reached the Narrows and were close in to the shore, I stopped her and stepped out onto the deck. Cunningham instantly rushed to me and said:

"Captain, you intend taking this vessel to sea!"

"My dear Mr. Sheriff," said I, "I intend to do so—if the rust comes off the engines."

The sheriff instantly seized my collar, and covered me with his pistol, as he whistled the alarm, and said:

"I am the sheriff of New York city and county; this vessel is in my charge, and she shall be taken back to the dock."

"And I," I answered him, straightening myself, "am master of the good ship 'New World,' afloat upon the high seas. This vessel is in my charge, and let who questions it beware," and I blew a blast on a boatswain's call that made the call of his police whistle sound like the piping of a canary bird.

"All hands on deck" was quickly answered by the crew, who, armed with pistols, knives and cutlasses, poured from the hold over the deck; and the utterly astonished landsmen were instantly overpowered. I gave the word, "Put the sheriff and his aids ashore," and the discomfited bailiffs were hustled over the side into a small boat. As

the first man fell into the bottom, the mate, who was an ugly-looking fellow, having a badly broken nose and deep gashes in his chin, resulting from the exploits of his younger days, grabbed him like a tiger, closing upon him so fiercely that the frightened man asked, "Where are you going to take me to?"

"To hell, if the captain tells me to," roared the mate, which completely unmanned our United States marshal; and the rest of them being in the boat, I passed a hatchet to the mate, saying :

"After you land these gentlemen, if you find anything like an incumbrance fast to the gunwale as you are backing out, clear it away with this tool ;" and then I added :

"Gentlemen, that house you see upon the hill is a half-way inn, where you can get refreshments, as you will probably be tired before you reach Staten Island ferry."

As these officers were being pitched into the sand, where they would have to wade three miles through the mud to reach the ferry, one of them asked the mate :

"Would you cut off my hands if I attempted to haul your boat up on the beach?"

"Yes, and your damned head, too," replied this ferocious seaman, and that settled the sheriff ; he jumped out, the boat rowed back and was pulled up, and away we flew before a strong north-west wind that was just setting in.

After looking after us for a long time, all the party of officers went up the hill toward the half-way house that I had called their attention to.

We had what are called hog-frames to strengthen the boat from the great iron rod, about four inches in diameter. At midnight the sea ran very high, the wind blew hard, and in the midst of the storm the rod on the starboard side broke right in two. I took a small rope in my hand and went on top of the hog-frame, which was in the form of the letter A, with its two legs fifty-seven feet long. When I got up, the end of the bower-chain had been brought aft and bent into the line, so that I could haul it up; this I did, took a round turn, made it fast and came down on it; then I put the bight through the turn-buckle, and set it up taut as the boat sprang up in the middle.

Next day it was better weather, as we got out of the Gulf Stream, enabling us to make very good time towards Pernambuco. We ran into this port in the night, and when I presented my letter of credit I was told by the merchant never to present that again, as no man could read it, and if he could, no one knew a Mr. Brown; that I could have the supplies I wanted, as I was well known on both coasts, and could doubtless get them anywhere, but not to show that letter to any other merchant. We got our supplies and left the same day, and when sixty miles from Rio Janeiro we saw a large steamship about amidships, steering right for us.

She came so near that we could see the faces of those on deck. When she was falling astern of us she fired a bow-gun for us to heave to; I had sail on at the time, and I ordered all steam on that the boilers would stand, in the meantime letting go my halliards, which caused the frigate to think that I was getting ready to bring up in the wind. I ordered the men to take as long in furling the sail as possible, and the English frigate fell quietly astern. When the engineer reported that he had all the steam he could use in safety, I commanded: "Then let that Englishman see a Yankee boat run," and she went ahead full power. The men were ordered in, and in another minute all the sails and steering sails were set on the frigate, and a constant firing was kept up until the shot fell short entirely. They chased me to the harbor, and seeing me go in, hauled off. I ran past all the old hulks and the fort Santa Cruz, all of which fired at me several times, anchored close to an American man-o'-war and got into my boat to pull ashore; but when about half way I happened to fall overboard and lose the tin box that held all my papers—except my register, which was detained in the custom-house in New York, and the absence of which would have made me a legal prize to that Englishman, had he caught me.

I went up to the consul's, all wet through, and stated the loss of my papers. The consul said: "Well, well, there is no use in grieving. I shall

have to give you papers that will take you just the same," so I returned on board to find that I should not have gone on shore until we had been inspected by custom-house officers. They were now alongside, and they abused me terribly for my ignorance, swearing that I was a blank fool, and didn't know anything, and telling me that I had twenty days in quarantine, and must go to the quarantine grounds and ride it out.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am in distress, and shall sink unless I am permitted to go into the ship-yard for repairs."

"You must lie twenty days first," said they.

"That I shall not do," said I.

"You will," said they, and pulled off.

I immediately wrote to the consul, representing the case to him and demanding to be let off, as there was no sickness whatever aboard. I also wrote to the captain of the man o' war, and the language of my letters was such as to persuade these gentlemen to use their influence all day in my behalf. Next day a government boat came alongside and demanded to know, if I was leaking so badly, how it was that I had my crew all aloft working at the mast and rigging. Although I had made arrangements with the engineer to let water into her quickly if the officers should attempt to come on board, I was taken a little aback by this question about the crew; but no time was to be lost, so I grabbed a belaying pin in each hand and

threw myself into a great passion, thumping those two belaying pins heavily upon an empty water-cask, looking furiously at the officers in the boat, and at last saying to them, in a great rage :

“Blood and wrath! you blasted land-lubbers, how could those men keep the water out of this ship? It is all my steam-donkey can do, and if anything happens to that we shall go to the bottom.”

After this they again pulled off, and I again wrote to the consul and to the captain of the American man o’ war, saying that unless I was taken out of quarantine in my distress, I should stop the steam-donkey, get the anchor up, run alongside of the frigate and sink under her bottom and leave the Brazilian government to pay for her. I also said to the consul that as they were all dying upon the shore, whereas the crew were all in perfect health, they were the proper party to go into quarantine, not us. But my threat did the business, and caused the captain and the consul to annoy the emperor so much by reading him all of my startling letters, that upon the third day he flew into a rage and ordered all the quarantine flags in port to be hauled down, so that every one was let out.

I now went on with my repairs, as she was very much strained ; I took down the A frame and put it into the hold of the steamer and fastened her off, caulked her down below the bilges on both sides,

cleaned her out and whitewashed her all through below.

In the meantime the yellow fever was raging on shore, every house being filled with the sick and the dying ; twelve thousand people died in the hospitals in three months, and at the foot of many of the streets were piles of coffins stacked up, waiting for night before they should be taken away for burial ; that is, to be cast into a big hole dug in the ground.

The custom-house was closed and business at an end. The crews of all the ships in port were dead, and if any of the captains had survived, it was because they had gone well back into the country. The ambassador who had come with us as a passenger was sent back into the mountains, but death found him just the same ; and I buried eighteen of my own crew and officers, most of this number dying in one night, and nearly all with my left arm supporting their heads. I was entreated by my agent, who came into the city occasionally, to go into the country with him ; but I objected, and worked on, getting my ship ready for sea.

At last she was coaled, and I had a new crew shipped, at one dollar a month, from men who had come on board and begged me, on their knees, to give them a passage out of this graveyard. Old Mr. Maxwell came into town to see me off, and told me, in a speech which he made at dinner,

that if any other man but I, making absolutely no exceptions, had been captain of the "New World," she would never have left the port; a compliment for which I thanked him.

It was a happy hour when I found myself again out upon the sea; but two more of the crew died after getting away from the land.

One day when I went into the lower cabin during a gale of wind, I found that I was wading in water upon the floor. I immediately knocked down all the joiner's work around the rudder casing, and found that the water came in at that point; we soon fixed that, and got the water out of the ship, after which we proceeded without accident.

In going through the Straits of Magellan we had two visits from canoes from Terra del Fuego. The natives had fires burning in these bark canoes, and they all called aloud, "tobac, tobac," meaning tobacco. We received them on board and gave them everything we could spare, as they were naked and the weather was very cold.

The custom among these people when short of food, which consists of dead seals and fishes, or blubbers from the whale, is to take the oldest woman that they happen to have on hand and hold her head over a fire until she is suffocated by the smoke, the young folks all the time pinching her throat to hasten the operation; then they eat her, and console themselves with the thought that

she was the woman who was of the least use to the tribe, and hence no loss to speak of. An English commander who had been on this station three years told me that they were brutes. We saw many Patagonians ; but they are another race entirely, averaging six feet in height, whereas the Fuegians are only about four feet high. The Patagonians are a race of hunters, and have a tolerably good country to live in, and are generally honest, and can therefore be trusted. They have had the reputation from early navigators of being all the way from seven to twelve feet high ; but in these latter years the refraction that affected the eyesight of all the first navigators has disappeared from the atmosphere, from the fact that the warm rays of light and knowledge that have shone upon the latter-day barbarians, as we are called, have enabled us to see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and judge in accordance.



We were informed, as soon as anchored in Valparaiso, that we should have to perform a twenty days' quarantine, to which I immediately objected. The officer said that the quarantine laws of Valparaiso had never been relaxed, and never would be ; I told him that I would never stay twenty days in quarantine, but he replied :

“Cappy, you stay twenty days.”

I immediately wrote to the consul, but he answered that he could do nothing. I wrote to the American minister at Santiago, and he answered that the laws had never been relaxed in regard to quarantine, and in all probability never would be.

I then hoisted my flag union down, to signify that I was in distress, and boats from all the ships in port hastened to come alongside ; the guard-boat warned them off, but they insisted and demanded the nature of my trouble. I told them that I must have two casks of fresh water, and a captain in one of the boats answered :

“ You shall have them in an hour, if I have to kill all those dagoes in the guard-boat.”

After some further conversation, which greatly annoyed the guard-boat, they departed.

We were compelled, when in communication with the shore, to put our letters into the little boat and drop her astern the length of a deep-sea line, or one hundred and twenty fathoms ; then the guard-boat would go alongside and the officer, with a pair of tongs, would take the letter out, dip it in vinegar, which he kept in his boat, in a hole for that purpose ; and then take it to the land, where it was dried and read.

Every day my flag was union down ; every day a fleet of boats would come in great haste to know if I had mutiny on board ; and every day I

would have some most grievous complaint to make. In the meantime my correspondence continued with the American minister, Mr. Bailey Peyton, ninety-six miles in the interior, at Santiago. On the eighth day I was turned out of quarantine in disgust by the authorities, who swore that I was the "blankest" fool or rascal they had ever seen.

I found that the steamer came around without straining, and that she was in good order, so I was soon coaled and again on my way to California.

I afterward learned that the authorities at Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso quarantined us because the crews of all the sail vessels that had touched at these ports with passengers for California had given them so much trouble by their conduct on shore that they had resolved in future to keep all California-bound vessels twenty days in quarantine ; and thus they had endeavored to punish us for what others had done.

We left Valparaiso on the eleventh of May, during a norther. We had not a drop of fresh water on board, but next day we had plenty, as we condensed more than we used.

We went into Callao, and I went up to Lima, the capital, and saw Mr. Foster, the head of Alsop & Co.'s house. He told me that I could have what I wanted, but I noticed that he scarcely took his eyes off me ; he watched all my movements,

until one day he called me into a private room, and asked :

“Wakeman, what is the matter with your boat?”

I told him that she was very strong, and as tight as a jug—did not leak a drop.

“No, but,” rejoined he, “what was the matter in New York when you left?”

I had forgotten that little affair, but now I told him all I knew of it. He informed me that two U. S. marshals were waiting at Panama, and had been there for a month, waiting to arrest me on a United States bench-warrant for piracy ; and that I would be returned to New York in chains, and the steamer prevented from proceeding. All this his letters from New York via Panama had acquainted him with, and I was told that the very greatest excitement had prevailed in New York after the officers returned and told their story of our escape. A great newspaper controversy, as well as a lawsuit, had sprung up out of it, and altogether, it was a very unfortunate affair ; but, said my friend, since he knew me, he had determined to trust me with what I had ordered. I told him that, now that he had informed me of how matters stood, I should need twice the amount of coal I had ordered, so as to be able to pass Panama, should it be necessary so to do ; he assented, and in a few days I was ready, and sailed with Lady Mary Westley Steward, daughter,

and two ladies in waiting, as passengers, to be landed at Panama.

We ran into that harbor in the night, and kept behind the island of Tobago, with no lights in sight. I pulled right into Panama dressed in a red flannel shirt and Scotch cap, as were all my boat's crew.

I went into every house in town, and found that there were but two men there from New York waiting to seize me, and that but ten soldiers belonging to the government were stationed there, while, on the contrary, the place was full of passengers willing to pay from three to four hundred dollars apiece for a passage to California. I returned to the steamer, and at sunrise we anchored right in front of Panama, took off the covers from the gilt name on the wheel-house, and listened to the cheer, which went up from the crowded battlements of Panama, from one of the most motley crowds that was ever huddled together. All expected to be able to go up in the steamer. I got myself ready, and landed, walked up to C. K. Garrison's store, made my arrangements and stepped out into the street, when a man came and put his hand on my shoulder, saying:

"You are my prisoner."

In a second, both himself and companion were covered with pistols, cocked, which I had held all the time in my coat pockets, one in each hand.

"Move a muscle, you villains, and you die in a

second. You have branded my name as that of a pirate, and now you may take the consequences, blast you."

It is unnecessary to say that both ran for their lives. Such a noise as went up from the overcrowded streets! I was highly applauded by Tom Hyer, Country McClusky, and a large party of their fraternity and others, who all offered their services to tar and feather the "two villains." But I said :

"No, gentlemen, I will take my own part. I am obliged to you, but I prefer to deal with those rascals myself, as I have an account to settle with them, if they will give me a chance without obliging me to shoot them in the rear."

These two valiants soon saw how the land lay, and tore up their documents, going up to California on one of the P. M. S. S. line that came along.

We sailed from Panama on the twentieth of June, with two hundred and seventeen passengers at three hundred dollars a head, and succeeded in carrying them up safely, though we had a very narrow escape. We had been stopping at Acapulco, and took a south-east gale of wind on coming out. We scud with it until we were up with Cape Corrientes; at least, so I judged, but we could see nothing, as the sea was high and the wind blowing hard. At daylight, the engineer reported the steam-chest cracked, and the necessity of stopping her. I told him that if we should stop

we should go to the bottom in a few minutes, as the boat had already four feet of water in her hold, and the amount was increasing. In a moment, all the berths were pulled down from in front of the steam-chest, when we saw three sides of a square cracked, and steam issuing with considerable force.

"Open your valves. Draw the fires. Pass up that chain."

Three turns were taken around the chest, and iron wedges driven in, so that, with moderate steam on, the piece could not blow out.

"Put on steam again."

In the meantime, her head had been hauled right in shore for any shelter that might offer. It blew so hard that I had to put all the passengers down off the upper deck.

At ten A. M., in a dense fog, all at once high rocks were seen on the starboard bow, although the old mate had just declared these rocks to be eighty miles astern, and me to be out of my reckoning. In a few moments a little bay opened to our view.

"Hard a-port the helm." And we ran our bows right up on the sandy beach, and took out three hawsers to as many trees, and made the "New World" fast. We backed the engine until we had pumped about five feet of water out, which was all she could hold without foundering.

We lay here four days in New World Cove, or Bull Bay, as some of us called it, from the fact that

we one day killed a wild bull here, in the thick underbrush, where it had got so caught that it could not escape us. We refilled all our water vessels from a fresh water lagoon just back of the beach, and dried all the provisions and clothes on the ship, starting out on the fourth day with a new ship under us and fine weather above. We crossed the gulf, and kept the shore of Lower California a-board, going into San Diego, where we found that no fuel could be procured. In the meantime, two passengers came on board. One was a lawyer, and I asked him who gave him permission to board my vessel. He told me that I was a common carrier, and that he was a lawyer, and that he would compel me to take him to San Francisco. I need hardly say that he was landed in double-quick time, being assured that it was not upon that voyage that I would be compelled to carry him.

His companion was a German and a gentleman. He apologized for coming on board when we were already overcrowded, and I asked him to take tea with me. In the course of conversation I learned that he was from San Pedro, that there was a ship at anchor there, and that she had in her bottom, underneath all her cargo, some forty tons of coal. I excused myself for a moment and went on deck to alter the course for San Pedro; as it was a very dense fog we went slowly, for we were strangers, and the charts good for nothing.

At five A. M. we found ourselves alongside a ship at anchor, and made fast to her, the fog being so thick that we could just see the ship that we were fast to.

Coming aft, I saw my friend, the German, crawling up the side of the ship to see his old friend, the captain, with whom he had spent the week before. I pulled him gently down again by the coat tails, informing him that he would confer a great favor on me by remaining on board until I had had the first interview with the captain. I went on board, and, as I saw no one on deck, went down into the main cabin, and as there was no one there, proceeded into the cabin on the starboard side, where I saw the captain asleep in his bunk. I put my hand on him and shook him gently ; he opened his eyes, and asked :

“Who are you?”

“Don’t get up, captain,” returned I; “I am the commanding officer of a vessel alongside, and hear that you have forty tons of coal aboard.”

“Yes,” he replied.

“What will you sell it for?” I asked.

“Forty dollars per ton,” he answered.

“I will take it all,” said I. “Give me your hand, captain; that binds the bargain.”

“Very well,” he said, “you will have to lie alongside several days, as it is at the very bottom of the cargo.”

“But, captain,” I replied, “I have a steamer full

of passengers, and cannot think of waiting; just let me assist your crew in getting out the cargo."

"Well, go ahead," said he, calling the first mate and giving the proper orders.

In a few minutes, his ship was full of my men, even the passengers having volunteered, and at two P. M. we had our forty tons of coal on board, and had paid the forty dollars per ton which it had cost us, instead of the one or two hundred dollars which I would have been obliged to pay if that German had succeeded in getting into the ship first; as I had not fuel enough to take me to San Francisco, and must have taken the lot at any figure. We took our departure, the captain exclaiming that it was the greatest day's work at sea that he had ever seen. We soon lost sight of him in the fog, and ran along the Santa Barbara channel, carrying our fog all the way to San Francisco. At seven A. M., being still in a dense fog, I told the mate to hoist all the flags. He was astonished at the idea of hoisting all our flags at sea in such a fog; but I told him that I had determined to run into the first half-inch auger-hole I could find, and if it was not San Francisco, it ought to be; for we had been looking for it long enough.

In a few minutes more, I saw, for the first time, the mile rock in the entrance of the harbor; next, old Fort Point came in view, and then the fog lifted, the sun came out, and our eyes were greeted with the sight of one of the finest harbors in the

world. I took a good look at all that I could see, and came to the conclusion that I would finish the roving life that I had led by settling in this spot. We ran up around Clark's Point at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, and found the ships so thick that we could not anchor and swing, so we made fast to a ship, stem and stern, that being our only alternative, as we were close to the rocks at Clark's Point, and could go no further. At high water, we ran a line out, and hauled into what was Cunningham's dock. The first piles were being driven, and we went close up to the shore and made fast, and then we put out a gang-plank, thus arriving at our destination on the morning of the eleventh day of July, 1850.

In a few minutes, the shore was crowded, and soon a young man came on board and asked:

"Are you captain of this vessel?"

"I am," said I.

"Then," rejoined he, "give me five hundred dollars retaining fee, or you will be thrown into prison in half an hour. I come from McAllister, the Judge of the Marine Court, who knows your owner well, and it is your duty to retain us at once by giving me five hundred dollars. If you don't, we shall go over to the other side, and you will be deprived of your liberty."

This he repeated several times, and appeared to dwell with great emphasis upon the loss of my liberty.

“Young man,” said I, “I have not got the vessel fast yet; moreover, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance; and, for you and that other man, as far as your going to the other side is concerned, you may go right down to the hot regions if you like. As to my liberty, there is not a freer man under the seal of California than I feel myself to be; but, if you and your friend take any special interest in seeing me deprived of that liberty, you had better come here, with some fifty of your friends, and make the attempt, and you will have a good chance to find out how long it will take me to kill that number of people.”

The young man went on shore, amidst jeers from the crowd who had been listening to this harangue, and it is not necessary for me to say that I have not been deprived of my liberty yet, although, at this moment of writing, eighteen years have elapsed; and my friend, the judge, to this day, thinks that I have never received my deserts.

CHAPTER VII.

A LAND VOYAGE EXTRAORDINARY—ENCOUNTER WITH GRIZZLIES
—ALL NIGHT IN A TREE—CRAWLING UP HILL AND SLID-
ING DOWN—RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.



I WILL not attempt to describe the exciting times that prevailed in San Francisco in particular, and in the whole of California in general, at this period. Suffice it to say that I took a lively part in all that I thought would conduce to the future welfare of the State. Of course, I joined the Vigilance Committee, and acted as sheriff at the hanging of Jenkins and Stewart. I have stood many and many a night's watch in the streets of San Francisco, and at one time had a large fleet of boats afloat on the bay. At this time, I was sometimes called the Emperor of the Port, as all vessels coming in or going out were under my orders and subject to my inspection, the revenue cutter "Polk" being specially at my orders. It was not very long before all the thieves and murderers left, as they found that we were determined to make it unpleasant for them.

I ran the "New World" up to Sacramento for nearly a year, and then took a stroll up into the mountains, where I saw gold-washing in all its phases. Leaving Long Wharf, San Francisco, at four P. M. (Feb. 25, 1851), on the steamer "Confidence," in company with the steamer "Senator," we reached Benicia at half past six, the "Senator" getting in twenty minutes ahead of us. At nine P. M., I took the steamer "El Dorado," and, after one of the most disagreeable passages I ever had, was landed at Stockton at six A. M., on the morning of the twenty-sixth, being almost suffocated with steam and smoke, and shivering with cold, from the fact that the horse-blanket which is afforded each cabin passenger happened to be a little too short to cover me. After I had endeavored in vain to persuade the important personage who filled the place of clerk on this smoke-boat that my name was Captain Wakeman, and that I came aboard at Benicia, he consented to let me off on a consideration of ten dollars, which I gave him. I now flattered myself that I was in good condition to accomplish my intended tour into the interior of the country, being well steamed, well smoked and well frozen, all of which qualities I had become unexpectedly possessed of on board the "El Dorado" for the trifling sum of ten dollars.

During the day I strolled over about twenty miles of the same kind of a plain as that which Sacramento city stands upon, and which my com-

panion, a man who had traveled through all the southern mining country, told me had an extent of more than five hundred miles to the south, and being about thirty miles broad.*

We took breakfast at the Stockton Hotel, where we had a good breakfast for one dollar each. After breakfast, we dispatched a man to catch our horses, and as he had not returned at dinner-time, we embraced the opportunity to dine at a French house, kept by a female, where we were waited on with French airs, and eased off in a sea-man-like manner for the small sum of twenty dollars; after which we took French leave, and returned to the stables, where we learned that we should have ample time to fortify the body with that which never fails in California, and so adjourned to El Placer, where, after faithfully testing



*The paper from which I am copying the account of this trip was written in 1852, at a time when such references to the topography of the State were probably of more value and interest.—ED.

several brandy-toddies, we concluded that Stockton was not a bad place, but that business was rather dull for the time, as they charged us only twenty-five cents a glass. As I had not my sea-tack aboard, I left the city without determining either latitude or longitude. At last, our horses being ready, we mounted and shaped our course for the eastward, over one of the most beautiful plains a man ever rode on, and as level as a ship's deck.

We passed, at a distance of a mile, several neat ranches under cultivation by men from the Western States, who intended settling where they were for life. At eight p. m., we saw a light, and in a few minutes hauled up in front of a very comfortable ranch, kept by a Mr. Caldwell, from Missouri. After seeing to our animals and bracing ourselves with a good milk-punch, served by our worthy host in front of his house, we entered, and were soon served with supper in the presence of his wife and family of eight children; and in less than half an hour I became satisfied that our host had shown great wisdom in his selection of such a wife for a new country, for her venison steaks, hot rolls and freshly-made butter spoke volumes in her behalf.

After supper, the table being cleared and the house swept out, our party, including five or six mountaineers and miners, gathered around the fire to spend an hour or two in conversation. After

listening to some frightful encounters with men, and hair-breadth escapes from grizzly bears, I fortified myself with another milk-punch, and, after giving them time to wind up their engagements with the bears, I opened on them with a sea fight, and, after one well-contended engagement with the enemy in the Gulf of Mexico, and a number of battles in the country, in all of which the enemy suffered extreme loss, my listeners expressed themselves ready to meet all the bears in the country rather than to take my chances in any one of the battles which I had so narrowly escaped from. I led them through the East and West Indies, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Africa and Asia; Germany, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; France, Spain, Greece and Australia; Portugal, Peru and Patagonia; Sicily, Denmark and Chili; touched at England, and came down to an island in the south seas. Here I gave them an account of all that happened on the island during eighteen months, reinforcing with milk-punch after each perilous adventure with natives and wild beasts, and soon leaving my gaping auditors far behind, where, with bated breath and staring eyes, they watched my progress through jungles and deserts, hurricanes and whirlwinds, through the lairs of wild animals



and across the war-paths of painted savages, through encounters with winds and waves and tigers and whales and men until two o'clock A. M., when I begged off, and proceeded to stretch my weary bones upon a beast's skin in the corner, with my arm for a pillow; not, however, without promising my friends to relate to them at breakfast the details of my mysterious escape from the island in the brig of a pirate.

Next morning, after eating a bountiful meal and drinking a pitcher of fresh milk, we paid our bill, amounting to fifteen dollars, and proceeded on our way, striking the hills at about ten A. M. The ride was now more romantic, as we rode up steep ascents and down deep gulches, winding our way around some frightful mountains. During the afternoon we came to the Mountain Gate, kept by four Missourians who had settled in this wild and lonely place, fit only for thieves and cut-throats. Here we played for an hour with three young grizzlies which the proprietor of the ranch had succeeded in taking after a severe struggle with the mother, in which engagement he was more than once obliged to haul off to repair damages, having suffered severely in the hull; but after a running fight of an hour and a half the Missourian was completely victorious, having one man wounded, while the enemy's camp was completely routed, old bruin dead, and the three cubs prisoners of war for life. After shifting horses with my guide, by which I was much the

gainer, we continued to wind through narrow defiles along the mountains. My companion, who was a man of few words, looked frequently to his fire-arms, which led me to think that we must be in a dangerous place; after awhile he pointed out to me a spot where a murdered man was buried, and remarked that it was well enough to keep a good lookout all around, as we were in a part of the country frequented by robbers. I agreed with him exactly, and looked to all my arms, while appreciating the wisdom of the robbers in selecting such a spot as this in which to cut a man's throat. As we passed along a narrow ravine running at the foot of mountains twenty-five hundred feet high, and so close together that there was hardly the width of a wagon between them, I confess that I felt a little startled at the sight of three men lurking in the bushes, and who, judging from the quantity of silver trappings upon their animals, were either gamblers or robbers. I felt that the time had come for me to show myself a brave man or a coward, and consequently took the precaution of cocking my six shooter, so as to be able to get the second shot any way, when suddenly, on coming around the bushes, we found them dismounted and in anything but warlike attitudes, whereupon we passed them quietly, leaving them to follow the bent of their own inclinations, while we continued to urge our weary animals, with their still more weary riders, through the dark glens and passages

of the Blue Mountains. As the sun was setting in the west, we came upon what I took to be the highest elevation of this range, and although my in'ards said plainly, "This is dinner time," while my whole body was fatigued with a ride of ninety miles since seven A. M., still I could not refrain from halting for a few minutes to admire the most beautiful view ever unrolled to the eye of man. The Sierra Nevadas, covered with snow, which looked like so much silver, appeared to be close to us; while blue-tinted hills extended on each side; while below and behind us were the outstretched level plains reaching south to the head-waters of the San Joaquin, west to Mount Diablo, and north to Scott's river. As the sun sank, we remounted and prepared to descend into ravines to which I could see no bottom. I proposed to my friend to get off and lower the animals down, but he objected on the ground that our ropes were not long enough; so we kept our places in the saddles, and in a few minutes were safely arrived in the lower regions of this haunt of the beast and robber.

Being much fatigued and very hungry, I proposed to my guide to hurry the animals, that we might reach our destination as soon as possible, as well as to get out of this horrible spot. I was informed that we might expect to reach our ranch at seven P. M., if we were not stopped on the road. While my companion was speaking we heard a brisk movement in the brush, and at the same time our

horses commenced to snort and tremble in a frightful manner; although it was now dark, these evidences convinced me that we were in the immediate vicinity of bears, and we immediately forced our horses forward at the height of their speed. In another hour, from a rising ground, I perceived at a distance the light which my friend informed me was the haven of our desires.

I was in so disabled a state as to have some difficulty in dismounting, but I partook of a hearty meal from a bear lately shot, and the sweetest venison I ever ate, retiring immediately afterward and remaining unconscious of all around me until daylight.

This settlement was, as nearly as I can judge, about one hundred and thirty miles from Stockton, and was composed of some half-dozen huts or log-houses together with scattered tents in all directions, belonging to the miners who had torn up the earth far and near. As I had nearly recovered from the effects of our journey, my friend proposed that we walk to the mines and over his claims. Here I saw mining in all its various forms, long-toms and cradles, dry diggings and wet; here is a shaft or hole about the size of a frigate's main hatch, cut two hundred feet into the mountain through rock and ore; here is a quartz vein through this mountain full of gold, which is surrounded by water-courses, from which millions have been taken and which still yield in abundance.

I was here introduced to the chief of a tribe of Indians known as the Digger Indians, from the dexterity they show in digging the graves of their enemies. They resemble the Fuegians in appearance, and also in their custom of burning their departed friends. They are friendly, but in a most degraded condition.

The house of my friend was the finest and largest in the place, and is readily distinguished from the others by the heads of thirty-two deers, with their horns on, which are placed at regular distances along the eaves in front. The house was one story high, and otherwise ornamented with the skins of numerous grizzly bears, deers, foxes and coyotes, sundry heads and arms of grizzlies, and the heads of various kinds of birds. But this is only the outside appearance of this most hospitable mansion; within were to be found as fine a set of fellows as were ever gathered together, from different parts of the world; and, after dinner, all hands prepared for a bear hunt. At one P. M. we set out, with some of the old hunters in the lead, as this is rather a dangerous pastime.

We passed hundreds at work at all the different forms of mining, and were told by the majority that they were making about eight dollars a day. Poor fellows! They were earning more than twenty, in mud and water all day, and laboring harder than slaves.

As we penetrated into the glen which our leader

was following, we came upon the camp of a wretched-looking set of Indians, who were quite dainty in their choice of food. They live principally upon dead horse, and are frequently to be seen maneuvering for the capture of some poor, deserted mule or jackass, and are never known to steal for food any but unfortunate animals, that are nearly dead with age, or brutal treatment. They see the Americans beat their mules in such a manner that they take it for granted that if the animal be old, he has been beaten enough to make him eat well. Their chief, a bold brave, had possessed himself of an old pistol with no lock, which he wore proudly on his rump; the squaws, with their pickaninnies, looked like beasts or insects of some strange, large order, crawling upon the ground. They had all hideous faces, and were clothed in the cast-off rags from the miners' tents, having, before the advent of the whites, and notwithstanding the cold nights and mornings, gone entirely naked.

Leaving this mass of human misery, we commenced ascending a very precipitous mountain that overlooked one of the most convenient lurking-places for wild beasts that I ever saw. Three P. M. found the party very much fatigued, so we seated ourselves and passed around a flask which our Texan private had not forgotten to provide himself with. Feeling very much refreshed, we resumed our ascent of this dangerous mountain,

following in each other's footsteps along an old bear trail, until, about four o'clock, we came upon what appeared to be a cave. We approached it, and found that it was, indeed, a cavern, and one that would afford shelter to fifty men, but that it was now deserted, or, in other words, there was nobody at home. We decided to enter, and after venturing some fifty feet, to the far end, without finding anything, we proceeded to hold a consultation as to whether we should return for the night, or remain here and go on next morning. Feeling a sort of presentment that we had gone far enough, I advised that we return forthwith, whereupon the whole party agreed, when, as we were again passing the flask of our Texan friend from hand to hand, preparatory to our homeward tramp, we were thrown into the greatest consternation by the sudden appearance at the entrance of the cave of two enormous grizzlies, who, judging from the manner in which they entered, had been paying the rent of this house for years. In a moment every pistol was cocked, and we were ordered by one of our company to divide our fire ; as soon as they saw us they rushed at us, but the order to fire sent them both back for a second, but only to approach again with redoubled fury, foaming and frothing, and with eyes like fire. At the order, "Fire, and draw your knives," we gave them our second barrels, and the next moment two of our men were thrown to the ground by one of the ani-

mals, but the knives of the rest deprived him of all power before he had done any damage to them beyond having knocked them senseless with the first blow he had given them.

Our retreat brought us into the far end of the cave, with the second bear in our midst, although it was so dark that we could not see him, and were in danger of cutting each other as we struck around us, in momentary fear of our deadly enemy. A horrible cry from the Texan soon told us in what direction the beast was, and, feeling that there was not a moment to be lost, we all rushed forward, some to be cut by the knives of their companions, some to be torn and mangled by this most dreadful beast of any country ; and all already covered with blood and froth, and fragments of the in'ards of the first animal, which we had been so fortunate as to disable at the first attack.

I ran, knife in hand, to rescue my friend, concluding that he must already be much damaged ; in a moment I felt that a man was a plaything in the hands of a bear, for he struck me with such force, notwithstanding the fact that he had in him the contents of half a dozen barrels and numerous holes made by our bowie-knives, that I found myself piled up on top of several men who had been served in the same way ; but we rallied again, and after a bloody scuffle, lasting ten minutes, we succeeded in laying the fierce animal powerless at our

feet, having cut him literally to pieces before he surrendered.

We dragged our wounded to the mouth of the cave, and discovered to our joy that they were only stunned by the severe blows which they had received during the contest; so we administered a good dose from the flask all around, and proceeded to collect our force, when we discovered that the six of us could scarcely roll one of the beasts over; but after several trials we succeeded, with the help of limbs of trees, which we used as levers, in getting them to the brink of the cave, where we gave them a sort of a gentle toss, and they went rolling down, crashing through all the branches and bushes in their path, and crushing them like straws until they came to the foot of this nearly perpendicular mountain, and directly in front of the Indian wigwams, whereupon the Indians fled in great confusion, and it was some time before we could get down and persuade them to return. By dark, we had succeeded in securing the assistance of the whole tribe, consisting of about sixty men, and with their help we got the beasts to our ranch. We cut one bear into pieces of about one hundred pounds each, and dispatched twenty men with the balance, after leaving half on the ground for the Indians. This one we judged to weigh about two tons; and the other animal we served in the same manner, but, he being the most enormous of the two, it took all the men on the ground to carry

him, and, after toiling for two hours over a rugged road, we all arrived at the ranch, where, after depositing the loads of bear meat, we sent word to all the tents in the vicinity that we intended to hold a meeting that evening and requested their attendance. Accordingly, at nine o'clock, about two hundred white men and Indians were assembled on the ground, and, while some of us were busy in preparing a supper from our late enemies, others were clearing the place for a great fandango, in order to celebrate our brilliant victory over two of the most formidable and desperate bears ever conquered in this country or any other.

After a gale, a calm; after a battle, peace; and after a famine, a feast; so, three hours after facing the most frightful death a man could suffer, the fiddle is heard, and is in such expert hands that danger and fear were forgotten, and we were instantly whirling around, now in an Indian dance, now in a break-down, and now in a polka *a la* backwoods, until eleven o'clock, when we went to sup upon as fat, as tender and sweet a grizzly as was ever served, from the very first day old bruin roamed over these hills and vales, now taken possession of by the most fearless race of men on earth.

I should like to describe the company present on that great occasion, but am not able. Some with bandages over an eye, or large scars upon their noses; many, lame; all but a few in rags; and

all with huge hearts and disheveled hair; altogether,



as savage a set of men, in appearance, as I ever saw; although our fiddler was an accomplished performer, who had played in many a large théâtre, and, no doubt, a goodly number of the wild-looking men dan-

cing to his music had gone through the same figures at great balls in Washington.

The next day, March 1, I awoke at sunrise, and found the assembly of last night dispersed. I partook of a hearty breakfast of young venison, spun a yarn, and mounted, bound to Murphy's Diggings, and on a cruise through the mountains. I took my departure at eight o'clock, in company with my former companion in arms, and we proceeded to wind our way along the side and near the base of a steep range of mountains, four or five thousand feet high, and following a stream of water about twenty feet wide. Everywhere here was a deep red color, which I found existing on half the mountains in that region, and it is invariably admitted among miners that where the earth is of this color gold is plentiful. We found the river turned from its course in many places, and the gulches being worked by men who were making six or eight dollars a day, in a country which, they told me, had been worked three times before.

We came, about noon, upon Murphy's Diggings, situated in a valley divided by a stream and surrounded by high mountains. Here I met some of my old crew from the "New World," and it was some time before they could believe that I had wandered so far into the wilds of the country. We took lunch, and otherwise secured ourselves against fatigue, and then continued our journey, until we reached Gold Hill, about three hundred feet high, and being completely torn up, the earth paying three hundred dollars per day. Here, just hoisted out of a hole one hundred and fifty feet deep, I saw another of my old crew, who was overjoyed to see me. After a short yarn, we continued our voyage to the south and east, and crossed a range of mountains about four thousand feet high, following a deer-track until we came to the heighth, and then commencing to descend into a valley called Sullivan's Flat. It would be impossible to describe the view from the summit, the weather fine and warm, and the whole country clothed in verdure, the valleys being surrounded by mountains as green as a leak—which leak is a leak of water gushing from their sides and keeping the grass always green. Here we saw a ledge of fine granite and marble in mountains as white as snow, and a quartz vein full of gold running through the country north-west and south-east.

After examining the wonderful extent of works in Sullivan's Flat, where the river has been turned

for miles, and millions of money taken out, we continued through the mountains to Coyote Diggings, which is a country possessing wealth beyond description; and the diggings, together with the country between, being worked by hundreds of miners. We went one hundred and twenty miles in a team from here, crossing mountains and valleys, going through meadow-lands and passing frightful, overhanging rocks. After this we followed a trail which we knew must lead to some habitation. We passed a tribe of civil, but hideous Indians, tramping after each other for half a mile along the trail, and at four P. M. came to a bear trail. Our horses began to snort and tremble, and almost immediately we saw a bear of about a ton and a half coming down the hill in awful strides. We soon perceived that she was an old bear returning to the den with three full-grown cubs. We were on the edge of a precipice ten or twelve feet high, so we dismounted, and slung and lowered down our animals and then slipped down ourselves, and had just hauled our ropes from around the tree as the terrible beasts came to a full stand on the brink of this ledge of rocks. We hastened into the saddles, the horses being so terrified that we could not hold them. Quick as thought, the bears fell off of the ledge, all in a heap, and came rolling down the side of the mountain after us; the horses, in the meantime, leaping and plunging, and trembling in every

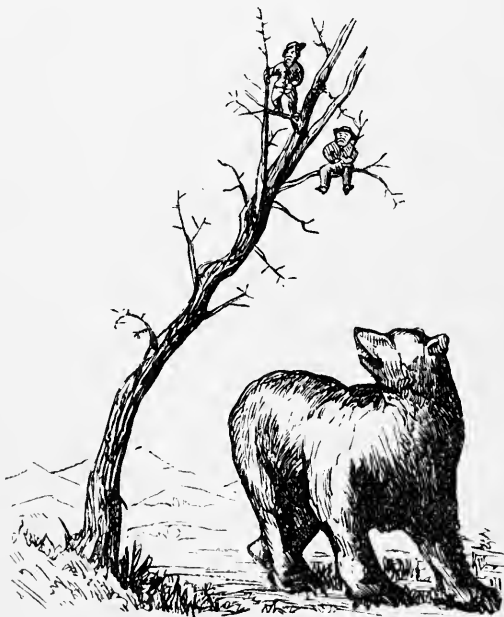
limb, rushed headlong into a canyon, the lowest part of which I could not see. However, in a short time we all came to the bottom together, when the bears immediately commenced the attack. In ten minutes three lay dead, and it became necessary to dispatch the fourth with knives. He rose up and extended his arms to hug me, and in a moment all was over; we had conquered; but as I could not dwell upon the danger of our situation without painful feelings, I dragged my companions away from the spot, only stopping to secure the fore-paws of one of the cubs.

We caught our horses with some difficulty, after running after them an hour and a half, and, once mounted, as they were willing to leave the spot inhabited by such beasts as those they had seen, we gave them the rein, and at sundown found ourselves on the top of another mountain in the vicinity. Here my guide, after a deliberate observation, became satisfied that we were twenty miles from the range which we ought to be upon, and as the fresh impression of a broad hand gave sufficient proof that bears were numerous hereabouts, and as it was already dark, my companion said :

“We must tree ourselves to-night.”

Accordingly, and without supper, we got into an oak-tree, and made fast for the night. During the first part of this night, we were disturbed by the immediate vicinity of coyotes, and other dumb beasts; during the middle part, it grew colder, and

another kind of animal, known by the name of tick, became very troublesome; and during the latter part, about daylight, several overgrown bears passed us, carrying under their hides, hog-fat weighing two and a half tons each. As the sun rose, we got down out of our tree, and measured the track



of one of these animals, finding it to be two feet broad by a foot and a half long; according to our estimate, therefore, these animals must have been enormous; and indeed, their backs had been close under us as we sat in the tree, which was what we took to be a tall one, as it had taken us three-quarters of an hour to get to the top of it.

After taking up three holes in our belts, which answered instead of a meal, we walked down, or rather slid down, the side of this mountain, when lo! and behold, arrived at its foot, we found that it was the very mountain situated back of the Deer-head house, the animals at home ahead of us, and a good warm breakfast upon the table.

Having done ample justice to a grizzly steak, and about two pounds of juicy venison, after feeling the cold chills which had taken hold of me gradually disappear, and feeding our animals, we took a fresh departure, shaping our course for the Natural Bridge, and finding the trail to lead us over, if possible, mountains more rugged than any we had seen before. We passed several claims, being worked and all paying well; one hill was paying from three hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars per day, although the dirt had to be carted an eighth of a mile. In these wilds, we found a gentleman from the South, living with a good-looking colored girl, whom he had brought all that distance.

On Sunday, the second day of March, I was informed by my companions, who were Col. Ward, Mr. Scribner, and Mr. Nelson, that we should come to rough work; and sure enough, at ten A. M. we found ourselves in a gulch, at the bottom of a precipice, which no animal, even, could have crawled up. But our guide immediately hauled himself up and over the brink, throwing back his tackle, when we proceeded to sling and hoist up

the horses; here we discovered the convenience of weighing four hundred pounds, which was our average.

At the top of the precipice, we found quite a good track, principally traveled by bears, which led us through some of the most delightful valleys and romantic canyons I ever saw. At meridian we caught sight of the Natural Bridge, composed of limestone; but I will not tire myself now, by traveling that road over again upon paper; suffice it to say, that we crossed a mountain where the trail was so steep that we had to dismount and crawl up, three miles, upon all-fours; and after making this ascent came the tug of war, for, to get down the other side, we were obliged to seat ourselves and slide. Heretofore, I do not know but that I have chosen my terms a little freely in speaking of what I saw upon this trip; but now all looseness of speech ceases, the truth, in the part of country now reached, being fully sufficient.

We had been on foot and in the saddle since breakfast, and at three P. M. by my watch, the guide told me that it was not the right trail we were on; and I believed it, for we had been on no trail at all for hours. However, we had been traveling through one of the wildest and most picturesque countries in the world, and if I had not been so out of breath and in such a state of perspiration that I could hardly breathe—in short, if I had been less than as tired as I had never been before, I

should have made notes of what I saw. At any step, if I or my horse had slipped a single foot, we should have fallen more than a thousand feet into a ravine lined with rocks; the mountain we were on was at least five thousand feet high, and the top of the next one, opposite us, was not more than five hundred feet away, with this deep and rocky ravine between. My God! where won't a man crawl!

At five P. M., after passing many Indian settlements, where we stopped a few minutes to see them pound acorns with stones, making a sort of coarse meal, upon which they principally subsist, we continued getting down as best we could, toiling like wild beasts, until we came to a large Indian camp, where the dwellings were constructed by digging holes into the side of the hill and making banks over the top of them, like a bake-oven; where the ground is level enough, they pile up the branches of trees until they have a hut twenty feet in circumference and four feet high in the middle, which they cover with the barks of trees. They live like the bears, on acorns, worms, insects, and all sorts of dead carcasses, and move their residences once in about six weeks. No beasts in the world look so beastly as they do; one of them was said to be one hundred and fifty years old, and looked like an Egyptian mummy; the little cubs were all lashed on to pieces of the bark of trees to keep them straight.

Being rested, we continued to descend, and in half an hour were down, and, after drinking from a rivulet two feet wide, with mountains five thousand feet high over us on each side, we were compelled by fatigue to lie down ; and as it was sun-down, and the animals were given out, we concluded to remain where we were all night. Finding a deserted wigwam, we crawled in and coiled ourselves away, after rolling a big stone in front of our door to keep out the grizzlies and other animals, allowing our horses to remain where they had fallen.

During the night we heard our horses stampeding up the gulch, and did not doubt that bears had caused the commotion among them. We could feel the ground tremble under us, but we lay still, nearly frozen, and did not venture out till daylight ; then we saw a drove of some ten bears going up the opposite hill, and waited until they were out of sight before we started for our animals. We found them huddled together, terrified by the run the bears must have made at them. We mounted and continued up the gulch until we came to another mountain. Here we had to take off our boots and leave our horses, crawling with fingers and toes up one of the steepest mountains ever crossed by white men. At noon we came to the top, and after tearing up our shirts to bind up our toes and fingers, as they were so chafed away as to bleed, we took a good observation, and then

made a long rope fast to a tree, and began to back down the perpendicular and rocky wall.

At last we were all safely landed at the bottom, and had the satisfaction to learn that we were close to the mouth of the cave known, from its having an entrance at each end, as the Natural Bridge. We found an old Indian, who had just worked two dollars of gold dust out of four pans of earth, and he led us to the mouth of the most curious of all caves in the world. We had arrived in a great perspiration, but upon entering were immediately chilled by the cold atmosphere.

We had to stoop to enter, but, once in, the cave was twenty feet long and thirty broad, being arched overhead, and ending in a hole as large as a man's body. Through this we crawled, or, rather, swam, as it was half full of water, and in a few minutes came to the north entrance, which baffles all description. At this entrance, is a vestibule one hundred feet high and twenty feet square, with the most perfect seats of crystalized quartz and granite arranged upon each side. Extending from this room, is the great hall, arched overhead, and with pillars at regular distances along the sides. Here, also, are water reservoirs, linked into each other, and formed and placed by nature as regularly as they could have been by art. The inside of St. James' Palace, London, is the only interior with which I can compare this most wonderful cave, or bridge. The stream passes through

this beautiful place, and water gushes out through the side of the rock in many places in the cave. Here we drank; and, after being filled with admiration at the wonders of nature, we began to get up out of this almost inaccessible place; and, as my watch was run down, my pistol lost, and my body nearly starved, I resolved, if I should ever get out, I would never get into it again.

At length, we found our animals and mounted; but, after several hours' riding, being tired and lame, and reaching the top of a mountain a little after sundown, with no possibility of descending in the dark, we selected a tree, and, after eating all the acorns we could find, made fast for the night.

Before morning we were very nearly frozen to death, being already starved, and at sunrise we got down out of our tree, to find the ground underneath all torn up by bears. As we had been in a tree two hundred feet high, and pretty well up, we had not seen them, though we had noticed, during the night, two balls of fire in several places, which must have been their eyes.

We found that our horses, mad with terror, had taken the fatal leap, and could now be seen, far down, at the bottom of this steepest of all hills. In two hours' time, we were down, and found them to be nothing but skin and bones, having worn all their flesh off in rolling such a frightful distance. When we got them upon their feet, we

saw that they had slid so far on their sides as to wear a hole right through; so we bound our saddle-cloths tightly over these holes, to keep the in'ards of our unfortunate animals from coming out, and then, although much fatigued and worn down by hunger, resumed our journey, traveling on over hills and through gulches until nearly dark, when suddenly our horses all rushed, at the top of their speed, through an underwood, tearing through holes that stripped off every soul of us, but keeping on, like wild horses.

As it was dark, we took to a tree, and were just making fast when we saw what it was that had frightened our horses so much; it was a drove of grizzlies, any one of which was much larger than two oxen, and with eyes as big as flour-barrels.

Next morning we could scarcely walk, but were informed by an Indian that our horses had been seen ten miles further on, going home, having struck a trail which they knew.

At noon of this day we came to an Indian camp, where we were given some baked acorns, and left quite refreshed. At dark we came to a mountain which we recognized as being between us and our long-sought ranch. Coming in sight of the Deerhead-house at ten p. m., we quickened our steps, and in a few minutes we found ourselves sitting before a bountiful supper, with our horses in the stable, they having arrived the day before. Both we and our clothes being entirely worn out,

the latter, in reality, being nearly torn from us, we retired almost immediately; and next morning, the fourth day of March, we found, from the date, that we had lost one day in the mountains, and must have slept over that length of time, from sheer fatigue, in the wigwam or up one of our trees.

I should say here that while sojourning in the Deerhead-house I saw much lynching, hanging, shooting and whipping, for all sorts of crimes, from murder to horse-stealing, but principally for the latter. I kept a shark-hook rigged outside of the house, and succeeded by this means in taking a California panther, and the newspapers of the day reported that Capt. W. had caught two grizzlies with a fish-hook.

After my return from the Natural Bridge, upon the fourth of March, I decided to return to the city as soon as possible, and got into the saddle again at seven A. M., having been through, across, over, under, and around one thousand miles of California, since my departure from San Francisco.

At noon, we came to a double spring, where we halted, having come thirty miles since breakfast. Here I took leave of my former companions, who had kept me company this distance, and went on alone, being mounted upon an Indian pony. At dark, I put up at a ranch on the roadside, where, during the evening, a very curious company came in. Although I can guess at their trade, they

were so social with me, that I refrain from criticising them. We enjoyed ourselves as much as if we had all been robbers together; but when they had left for the road, I did not sleep much as I did not know at what minute a grizzly might haul me out of the hut for a parting hug.

At daylight, I started on with a good appetite, and after forcing my animal forward for eight hours, I stopped at the ranch of Mr. Caldwell, my former host, and his hospitality compelled me to remain all night; during the evening, the family gathered around me, when, after explaining a little of the mystery of a miner's life, I related to them my narrow and numerous escapes from Old Grizzly and all his retinue.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BANQUET OF MARCH 8, 1853—A SAILOR'S COURTSHIP—

A FALL OF EIGHT THOUSAND FEET.



AFTER my return to San Francisco, much benefited by my voyage into the mountains, I had the pleasure of commanding a little expedition from San Francisco to the Farallones, the group of small rocky islets guarding the Golden Gate, about fifteen miles from the harbor. The trip was made in a large, open launch formerly belonging to the British iron steamship "Sarah Sands," a vessel renowned as having made the longest recorded trip between Panama and San Francisco. She made, as well, a long trip around Cape Horn, and the sea-grass growing upon her bottom, impeded her movements so, that, carrying a full head of steam, she could only make a speed of from four to five knots an hour; and she consumed a frightful daily amount of coal, having to touch at various ports all along the coast, and purchase it at, frequently, from one to two hundred

dollars per ton. The expenses caused by the long passages out made by the "Sarah Sands" and the "New Orleans" (of which I subsequently had the command) were the causes that led to the failure of the owners, J. Howard & Son, of New York ; although, on the other hand, the same causes led to the founding of the fortunes of Mr. C. K. Garrison, at that period located at Panama.

But to return to our trip in the launch : Leaving San Francisco on Friday evening, we headed out our little craft under sail, and were nearly run down by the steamer "Columbia," on her way in from Oregon. Reaching the main island about daylight, we landed and "gammed" with the parties claiming to own the islands under pre-emption right, and by them were conducted to the haunts of the fur-seals, at that time not entirely exterminated in that locality. We killed a dozen, and succeeded in bringing three alive with us to San Francisco. Hunting, fishing and lunching on the desolate, rocky islands, we enjoyed ourselves hugely, and returned safely to the city, arriving at sundown, Sunday evening, and separated, going, T. Shillaber, R. R. Carrington, F. S. Hanks (for such were my companions) and I, each our own way.

My new steamer, the "Independence," had now arrived from New York, and was waiting for me. According to a daily paper of that date, not less than twelve thousand people were assembled on

Long Wharf to witness the hoisting of a beautiful satin flag, made by the ladies of San Francisco, and presented to me, in a kind and eloquent speech, by F. A. Woodworth. Such a hurrah, with cheers that I never shall forget, as went up from that crowd of twelve thousand, most of whom had belonged to the Vigilance Committee, and had done good service in clearing society of the most desperate set of villains that ever infested a community. The next day I sailed amid the booming of cannon, which were saluting the flag at the fore all the way out of the harbor.

After making a few voyages to San Juan del Nicaragua, and being the recipient of a large gold ring and belt-slide, both of the finest material, and approaching, in value, a thousand dollars, I took the steamer "New Orleans," a large vessel, and ran her also to San Juan and to Panama, carrying passengers both ways. I went over the San Juan route, and saw some of the finest scenery in the world ; Lake Nicaragua, sixty miles by fifty, with its two great mountains rising out of the midst of it, their evergreen tops six thousand feet above the sea, is considered to be as fine a sight as can be found. The river is so beautiful as to be beyond my powers of description ; monkeys are abundant, and parrots fly about in thousands, and the trees are filled with parroquets and birds of highly-colored plumage, while the prettiest insects on the globe are seen in the greatest variety.

Brazil does not surpass this country. Its soil is very rich, and the inhabitants are very indolent.

I was blown high and dry in the "Independence," up in the woods in the harbor of Realejo, but launched her again without harm. It blows with great fury in the hurricane months, and rains a deluge, and the lightning sometimes makes a noise like red-hot iron plunged into water, when the rain is thus copious.

Monkeys, weighing from forty to sixty pounds, were shot from our deck one day; one of these unfortunate creatures died by my hand, and I have regretted it ever since, as they looked too human to shoot, unless one were in Vicksburg, where he does not scruple much who or what he shoots.

We one day took an enormous leopard-shark; he was twelve feet long, and of such dimensions otherwise that the largest man on board passed through his jaws, after we had cleaned them, without touching them.

Thousands of passengers at this time found their graves, by both the Panama and the San Juan routes, being a prey to the prevailing fevers. But with the remembrance of these trips from San Francisco upon the "New Orleans," comes the recollection of the incidents preceding and leading to that step, important in any man's life, his launching into the joys and sorrows of matrimony.

It was sailing-day, and I had steam up, already to start for Panama, when my agent came on

board and gave me orders to blow off steam and lie quiet until seven o'clock next morning, when a merchant with all his family would come on board, and I could go immediately after.

It seems that at this time a little girl lived with her mother in Happy Valley, and that during this evening the brother of the merchant who desired passage upon my vessel, who was an acquaintance and friend of my little girl's mother, called at her house to observe to the mother :

"Now is a capital chance to send your daughter to Boston to finish her education ; my brother, whom you know, with his family, is to sail to-morrow, and has offered to take charge of her." So it was that before midnight a very small trunk was packed, and at one A. M. a large party passed over the plank and came on board of the "New Orleans," and with them was the little girl with her little trunk from Happy Valley.

The hawser was let go, and away we went out upon the sea, where we soon found that we had the very worst quality of coal, and, consequently, must go slowly. Every day found my merchant passenger in my room, conversing sociably, and telling me that he should make this my last voyage by steam, as he intended putting me in command of a clipper-ship; and every evening found me in his big state-room, taking tea with him and with his wife and sister-in-law.

Thus the course of events flowed smoothly on,

until one day, while going the usual round of the ship's inspection, with the doctor and the purser, at eleven A. M., in passing around the quarter-deck, I saw something that I had never seen before, asleep in a big arm-chair. I took but half a glance at the occupant of this chair and was already gone past, when I stopped suddenly and asked the purser :

“Who is that?”

“That,” said he, “is a passenger whom you have not seen before, as she has been confined to her berth with sea-sickness.”

I took a good look at the pretty thing, with her hair stuck up, and then, being impelled by a sort of mysterious presentiment or spirit of prophecy:

“Gentlemen,” I replied, “that is my wife; if, when she opens her eyes, she be not swivel-eyed and with all her head-rails rotted out, I shall marry that girl, if I kill eleven men before breakfast to get up an appetite.” They both laughed, so I rejoined:

“Don't laugh, but stand here a minute and I will soon settle the matter.”

I approached the sleeping innocent and beautiful young girl and put my hand upon her shoulder; it had the desired effect, for she opened her eyes and looked up into my face. Good God! what eyes! But one thing remained to settle my destiny: her mouth must be opened that I might see her teeth and hear her voice. So I asked her if she knew me.

She exposed the most beautiful set of pearls, and replied such in a voice as is heard only among the angels. I held her by the dress at the shoulder, and now told her to follow me, keeping my hold for fear she should escape me. I led her into the main cabin, and sat down beside her, and asked:

“Are you engaged to marry anybody?”

She replied: “No, sir.”

“Then,” I continued, “I wish to marry you; turn the matter over in your head for three days, and at the expiration of that time let me know your decision; good morning.” And away I went to join Purser Hawes and Doctor Hopper, not seeing the young thing or speaking to it during the three days. She used every day to sit in a chair, near the door of her state-room, for an hour or two, but always during this time the skylights were so crowded by gentlemen looking at her that I could not see her.

When the third day arrived I made the inspection of the ship at eleven A. M. as usual. The young girl from Happy Valley sat aft in the chair where I had found her first, but she was not now asleep. I approached, requesting her to follow me, and again led her to the main saloon, seating her upon the sofa we had occupied before. I looked at her, but she could not look the old weather-beaten mariner in the face; she looked down.

“Well,” I commenced, “what conclusion have you arrived at in regard to that proposition I made you three days ago?”

For some time she continued to look down, but at last she said :

“The last words my mother spoke were to tell me not to engage myself to anybody.”

“That,” I replied, “was very natural and proper advice for a mother to give to her daughter under the existing circumstances ; but, as you and I are the parties most directly interested, and as your answer will decide my destiny for weal or for woe, I want to know your own sentiments in the matter.”

She continued to look down, but I did not even think that she could say “No ;” nor could she, for at last she looked up with her serious expression and let me know, in a whisper, “that to her it was perfectly agreeable.”

Now, thinking all the time that I was on an island, and that no one but God saw me, I kissed her more than once, and was about to fly from her presence, as I was filled with sufficient happiness for that day, when I discovered a circle of ladies and gentlemen standing directly in front of me, and in close proximity to us, too, bad manners to them.

“Well,” said the first, a gentleman from San Francisco, reaching out his hand, “I congratulate you ; whom have we here ?” I answered, “My

wife; allow me to introduce you," when it struck me that I did not know the name of my affianced; I asked it in a whisper, and then continued, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your kindest attentions my wife, Mary Lincoln," and never did I see ladies enjoy kissing so much as when they pressed around, with, as I thought, an undue amount of it, this poor little girl from Happy Valley, wishing her all the happiness in the world.

We consumed much cake and wine on the ship that evening, but no one understood how such a little, serious, innocent thing had captured the captain of the vessel, whose look alone was enough to intimidate any but an undaunted spirit.

Before we arrived in Panama I found that no less than six others had offered themselves and been refused, and some Southern gentlemen, all armed, called upon me the day they left Panama, saying that one man on board had acted badly since being rejected, but that they understood the matter, and should see that neither my intended nor the family of her escort should be molested this side of New York. And they kept their word, but they had to chastise one fellow severely on the route around, and another on the boat bound to New York. Poor fellows! just the look of Mary Lincoln had set them crazy.

Indeed, while in Panama, a young man from the shore happened to catch a glimpse of her, and

the next day the ship was surrounded by a flotilla of boats, bringing mothers and their daughters, coming to see this poor little thing, who little thought what a commotion she left in her wake as she quietly passed along on her way to Boston.

On my return to San Francisco I one day exhibited a gold locket, in which was the shadow of this maid from Happy Valley, with her hair stuck up, to a gentleman, who exclaimed, excitedly:

"Where did you get that?"

"Given to me by my wife," I replied.

His arms dropped, he turned pale and fell back against a convenient counter, for he had expected to marry her himself; and he was not alone. On another occasion a gentleman said of this picture: "That is Mary Lincoln."

When I replied: "It is my wife."

"Good God!" was all he could say.

In fact I soon found that I had raised the devil, for everywhere I went armed with that locket, which was equal to a six-shooter, the young gentlemen on whom I drew it turned pale, staggered, and fell before me, right and left.

I now received orders to fit out for Australia, and it was not long before the steamer was rigged into a complete ship, with three r'yal top-gallant-s'ls, top-s'al courser, spanker-jib, flying-jib, and plenty of large steering-sails; and with so much coal on board that the decks amidships were down to the level of the water in the barge. As the

ship lay in the harbor, ready to sail on the morrow, I was waited on by a committee of three gentlemen, G. W. Ryckmare, F. A. Woodworth, and C. R. Bond, and requested to make my appearance at eight P. M. that evening at a dinner that had been prepared for me by the merchants of San Francisco.

When I saw that immense dining-room, with a table so long that I could scarcely see the end of it, and the guests all seated before that board groaning with delicacies, I thought that I could never face such a display of kindness, coming as it did, from so many of our most prominent citizens; when F. A. Woodworth led me up to the head of that table and introduced me to the whole assembly, I found that it required all my nerves to control my feeling; and when Mr. Woodworth set forth the object of the meeting, and spoke of the kind feelings entertained toward me by the friends gathered before me, the salt water came to my eyes in spite of all I could do.

A cluster of nine large diamonds, elegantly set, was pinned into my breast; a large and heavy silver speaking-trumpet, appropriately inscribed, put under my arm; and a gold watch—full chronometer, with double cases, magic, and a large diamond in the stem—was placed around my neck by means of a heavy chain, seven feet and four inches long, to which were attached a massive anchor and a large ring of California gold. It was

not strange that so much kindness should completely overcome me; but after all the generous speeches, the dinner was discussed and toasts were drank until after midnight, when I was escorted to my hotel in safety by a large concourse of my friends, where, finally, I retired amid so much jewelry that I almost thought that I had strayed into the store of my friend, Mr. Tucker.

The presentation speech of Mr. Fred. Woodworth was embodied in the following words:

"In behalf of a large number of your fellow-citizens of San Francisco, it becomes my pleasing duty to tender for your acceptance these testimonials of their sincere regard and esteem, and their just appreciation of your many noble qualities as a man, your abilities as a skillful and experienced navigator, and your generous devotion to the cause of public safety as a citizen.

"In the time of common danger you were among the first to contend for and manfully support the great moral principle that, "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and though none regretted more sincerely than yourself the painful necessity of appealing to this higher law, none were more faithful and fearless in the discharge of the repugnant and imperative duties attending it. The moral good which has resulted therefrom is too apparent to us all to need any further comment; and allow me to assure you, sir, that your fellow-citizens of San Francisco duly appreciate the value of the services you have performed, and the purity of motive which governed you in their performance.

"You are now about to embark upon a long and perhaps perilous voyage, and many months must elapse before we can again welcome you in our midst; but while tossed in your frail bark upon the bosom of the deep, the prayers of many grateful hearts of wives, mothers and children will be offered up for your safety and protection. We part from you with feelings of deep

and sincere regret, but with the liveliest feelings of pleasure we commend you to the kind offices and regards of all good men, wherever you may go.

“Accept, then, these few mementoes from your friends in San Francisco, and allow me, at the same time, to express to you my warmest feelings of personal regard. Wishing you a safe, prosperous voyage, I trust that we shall soon have the pleasure of welcoming your return.”

The following is a synopsis of the reply I made :

“Allow me to return to you, sir, and to the gentlemen in whose behalf you have addressed me, my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the overwhelming honors which you have seen fit to confer upon me. My feelings, sir, are too big for utterance, and I am fearful that my lips cannot give expression to the promptings of my heart. When I look around upon this numerous assemblage and see the character and standing of the gentlemen composing it, and when I look at the rich and costly presents which have just been tendered me, it seems to me, sir, that I must be in a dream, for it is difficult for me to believe that any conduct on my part should have merited such reward as this. I have been nearly all my life, sir, a sailor, and have plowed the ocean in every quarter of the globe, since I was thirteen years of age. I have had but little opportunity for the cultivation of refinement, but God has placed within my breast all the feelings of a man, and I am sure you will believe me, sir, when I tell you that those feelings are beyond the power of words to express to you.

“I can only thank you, gentlemen, with my whole heart and soul, for this unexpected, and I am fearful, undeserved, manifestation of your kindness. I shall treasure these valuable tokens most sacredly to the last moments of my existence, and shall hand them down to my children, and my children’s children, as household gods. And, now, gentlemen, in taking leave of you,

permit me again to thank you, and assure you that I shall ever look back to the present moment as the fondest and happiest of my life."

The next day my friend, F. A. Woodworth, assisted me to select two diamond rings, to be sent to my little girl who wore her hair stuck up in front. Mr. Woodworth thought that no creature could withstand me after this present, and after knowing of the honors with which I had been dispatched from the port.

On the eighth of March, 1853, the "New Orleans" steamed out of the harbor, all the colors flying, and the new satin flag at the fore. We were saluted by all the ships in port, and felt that it was a day not to be forgotten by many who had participated in the troublous times which we had just emerged from. We ran down, under a full pressure of canvass, to the Marquesas Island, having a short and pleasant trip, and remaining four days. This is a high and bold island, covered with verdure, having good harbors and a fine population of natives. At the time we were there the French government had sent a man o' war from Tahiti, to take possession and charge of the government of this group. The day I left, the lieutenant of the man o' war was sent aboard to collect port charges; he presented his bill; my anchor being up and steam on. I told him that I did not recognize his authority nor that of the French government over these islands, and ordered him into his

boat instantly. He jumped over the rail, and burned his hands in sliding down the painter ; he went on board and told his captain that he had narrowly escaped death, as I had been upon the point of killing him. This I learned from Captain Wilcox, who was in command of a whaler at that time in the port. The French captain had sent for him, as soon as I was out of the harbor, to ask him if I was a sample of Americans.

We ran down to Tahiti, the great island of the South Pacific, where we remained a week, took in coal and water, and had Queen Pomare, with her eighteen sons and daughters, to dine with us.

The natives were handsome and industrious before the French took the island, but now they are a ruined, indolent, and depraved race of people. Most of the oranges we get come from this island; and it has always been noted for its broom road of forty miles, one of the pleasantest drives in the world.

It was at this island that I met with an adventure that I must relate. Several miles back of the town was a place of resort, where hundreds of people went in bathing in a pretty stream coming from the mountain, the banks being thickly studded with green trees. The native girls were perfectly at home in the water, and were the most graceful of swimmers; they would frequently climb into the tops of the trees, upon the bank, and then dive off into the water. They all expressed great

astonishment on seeing an American lady, a Mrs. Fisher, who used to swim daily among them, and who showed herself a most accomplished water-nymph.

In sight from this spot was a mountain eight thousand feet in height, shaped like a cone or sugar-loaf, standing in a ravine, and being, on either hand and in the background, surrounded by ranges of still loftier mountains. Upon the top of this conical mountain the French had built a fort, after cutting a road to the summit, which was just wide enough to allow one foot-passenger to go up at a time. On one side of this passenger would be the steep wall of rock, and on the other a deep, dark chasm, that received the spray of the river that poured itself over the top of the conical mountain, and fully eight thousand feet into the abyss below. It scarcely touched the side of the mountain in its fall, and was poured out of a basin, or natural reservoir.

It was a grand and awful sight, which we kept almost always in sight as we toiled up the steep and dangerous path. Upon the day of which I wish to speak we at length reached the peak itself, as we had a full view of the back range of higher mountains, down which came tumbling the river, falling at three different points, in arrowy falls, or rapids, at angles of forty-five degrees, into natural reservoirs about fifty feet in diameter, but of great depth ; and then pouring out its volume again,

which was about twenty feet in width, of deep water, and forming a sight which fully repaid us all for our labor. The third and last reservoir that we could see, we all took to be the one that we had watched with such interest on the way up.

On the right-hand was a column of rock, through which we could see the water run from the reservoir above, and the whole of the fall at this point was filled with rocks from the other side of the stream. Of course, all the rocks were wet or damp, and I ran ahead of my companions, pulled off my boots, and told them to do the same, for fear the stones were slippery. Being anxious to get close to the edge of the water that we all thought poured out over the side of the mountain in its final leap here, I ran in my stocking-feet quite to the stream, which was running almost as fast as it was falling from the last basin.

The moment my feet struck the wet rocks, which were covered with a substance like soft-soap, they went from under me. I struck on my seat, and bounded right into the water-fall. All was consternation for a moment, for I was lost sight of in a second, and all thought I had gone over the great fall, as I thought myself; but I was reserved for other purposes. I was precipitated twenty feet down into a last, unperceived basin, passing through a cut with fourteen perpendicular columns of rock on either hand, and roofed over with the same material. How deep into this final basin I

was carried, I do not know, for the shock and the belief that I had already gone over the great fall, had had their full effect on me ; nevertheless, I swam out from the influence of the fall of water, and approached the rocks forming the sides of this, the last reservoir. It was about thirty feet wide, and in front were the great lips, like those of a pitcher, out of which flowed the river that fell eight thousand feet perpendicularly, and lost itself in mist before it arrived in the great, dark chasm, into whose hidden recesses even the daylight had never penetrated.

As all the rocks about this spot were filled with cracks, I soon had both my hands into one, which enabled me to hold on while I recovered my breath, and took a little survey of my situation. My companions could not see me, and all was silent but for the roar of the water ; again I can imagine myself clinging to the rocks, lost in that abyss, swallowed up in that immense solitude.

None of my party dared approach the edge of the water to get a glimpse of the roadway rock, through which this river empties itself into the last basin. However, word was given and passed with telegraphic quickness, that the captain of the American steamer had gone over the fall. The natives soon came, the women, strange to say, first and most daring, and climbed, by the assistance of the fissures in the rocks, to a point where they could see me.

The native women threw me the end of a rope, made by themselves from the bark of some tree, which I made fast around my breast, and was hauled up by those mermaids into safety, much to the joy of my friends, who had given me up for lost. On our arrival in town we found the report was in every mouth that, "The captain had gone over the fall." I rewarded those creatures, who were certainly as much at home in the water as out; and have, in Tahiti, the honor of a man who has fallen eight thousand feet, and escaped unhurt.

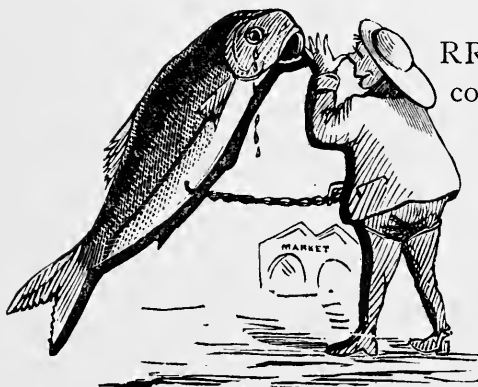
I visited a garden in this place, owned by an eccentric Scotchman, who had in a pond three eels, of enormous size. The big one would come to him at the ringing of one bell, the second at two, and the third at three bells. They were all much larger than anything of the kind I had ever read of, the largest being about three feet around.

We bade adieu to this beautiful island, and sailed down past many more, and anchored at Tangatattoo, the residence of King George. Here we found a race of men about six feet high, light copper-colored, and both sexes very handsome. On leaving this island we were presented with many canoe-loads of fruit by the king, who is a very good man.

We were scarcely under way when we found that our coal was of the worst quality, and our favorable winds also failed us, and so we hauled up for Morton Bay, the nearest point upon the coast of New Holland.

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTRALIA—A SQUARE TROTTER—IN TROUBLE—A DUTCH SKIPPER.



ARRIVED on the coast of New Holland, or Australia, we found that we had not coal enough to take us to the right entrance, some thirty miles to the

north, so we ran into a narrow and dangerous passage at the south end of the island, which would lead us to Morton Bay.

We were obliged to creep along with the boats ahead, sounding our way, but at sundown we anchored in four fathoms of water, in a bay which was large and beautiful, but full of shoals. Being close to a point of land, my passengers, who were using their glasses, soon saw that something of interest was going on, as a large number of natives appeared to be busy in that spot.

I permitted two boat-loads of passengers to land

and witness an operation which is called tattooing on the other islands, and accomplished by means of needles and dyes, but which is here performed by cutting the person all over with sharks' teeth and sharpened shells, and then throwing hot ashes and embers into the wounds, thus burning the patient all up into the most horrible of sights—no signs of anguish or pain, meanwhile, escaping the lips of the sufferer—who, in this instance, was a woman.

Many natives came on board, and they were an awful looking set of savages. They stick the quills of some large bird through their scalps, and pitch them around with the gum of some tree until it grows fast between the quills; then they tie their woolly hair up into bundles, like fingers, by winding strings around, until their heads look like the devil. They spear fish in water so muddy that we cannot see one-fourth of an inch into it; they track a white man on a solid rock; and they throw the boomerang, which is a most remarkable science, or, rather, the last science of the world.

The next morning after our arrival we started in a whale-boat, with a crew of nine, all told, to look for the mouth of the Brisbane River, which empties into Morton Bay. On leaving the steamer a porpoise, with his back-fin bitten half off, came up frequently, so close that I could have put my hand upon his back. Relieving each other as we tired at the oars we pulled until three P. M., when we

discovered a fleet of several large ships, lying at the mouth of quite a large river, and as they all hoisted their colors we did likewise. They were all English ships; and as we approached the nearest one, I perceived, with the aid of a good spy-glass, that there was some excitement on board; that the crew were running to and fro, and several spy-glasses were leveled at us. However, we continued to pull right at her gangway, I being desirous to board her, in order to gain information as to where we could secure the services of a pilot, knowing that one resided somewhere near this end of the bay, which was thirty miles long, and in places twenty miles broad. As we neared the English ship, we perceived that the excitement increased, and that the people on board seemed in great consternation; we forgetting that we were all armed with pistols and bowie-knives, as we had become accustomed to wear them in California, and now, being in a strange wild country, we had of course buckled them on as we left the steamer. We were soon hailed from the ship, and ordered to lay on our oars at a respectful distance.

"But, captain," said I, "I have business with you and wish to come aboard your vessel;" and in another minute my boat was under the stern and then alongside, and, without going further, I sprang up the mizzen and on the deck, where I saw the captain and all his crew at the gangway, fully

armed and ready to repulse us. Ordering my people to remain in the boat I asked for the captain, and a large, burly man answered from the open-mouthed crew that he commanded the ship.

"Then, sir," I replied, "I am the commander of an American steamer, now lying in the lower end of the bay; we have just anchored, and I desire you to inform me where a pilot can be found; and I wish to procure some water and fresh provisions."

"Well," he answered, if you will promise to leave my ship and never return, I will give you what you want; but then, steer off, for I want no Yankee tricks."

"Captain," I replied, "above all, I shall expect that courtesy that one true sailor always shows another, no matter when and where they meet; but I will leave."

The steward was then called to get some provisions into our boat, the captain all the while insisting upon my crew remaining in the boat, and reminding me frequently of my promise to leave as soon as my business was completed.

"As for the pilot," said he, "do ye see that sand-patch on the mountain-side, away there, on the north side of the island? Well, he lives at the foot of that hill; it is thirty miles from here."

"Never mind," I rejoined, "we've pulled thirty miles to-day, and don't mind thirty more; we will be there soon after dark. Now, captain, many

thanks for your kind hospitalities, and, being about to leave your ship, should like to drink your health in some British ale or porter; and, in addition, let me ask what is the cause of all this excitement, and your singular reception of us?"

The ale was promptly brought, though no reply was elicited; but we bade them a hearty good-bye, and pulled away for the sand-patch on the mountain-side. We all had a hearty lunch, and plentiful draughts of excellent water, and at dark were not far off the coast. At eight P. M. not seeing anything that looked like a house or landing-place, we ran our boat upon a smooth, white beach, where we pulled her up high and dry, and by means of the sails made a comfortable covering, and soon had a hearty supper, washed down with excellent hot coffee. By means of their immense bowie-knives, our men soon had a plentiful number of tree branches off, with which we kept up a roaring fire. We found plenty of fresh running water in the vicinity, and after thanking a kind providence, soon sank into a deep sleep, made sound by the fatigue of the day. At daylight we were all up again, and in five minutes everything was again in its place; the boat was launched and we were pulling around an adjacent point of land, where we soon discovered boats, boat-houses and a civilized landing-place—and through a valley, a path up the hill-side.

I took the lead, and we were all in high spirits,

expecting soon to be enjoying the hospitalities of the gentlemanly pilot, and perhaps soon to be drinking a cup of hot coffee with him. To my dismay, I soon ran upon the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun, held by a fierce fellow, who peremptorily ordered us to "Halt!" We came to a full stop in double-quick time. The leader was backed by six others, all armed with weapons presented and on full cock, all of them looking as if they were seriously in earnest, and intended business.

"Go back to your boat," was the order.

"But I want to see Watson, the pilot," I answered.

"Well," said he, "I am Watson, and you will get the contents of both barrels of this gun if you move; and when I fire, my men also pull trigger in the same direction."

"But," said I, "what's the matter? what have we done? why do you treat us thus?"

"Blast you," he rejoined, "you are the same crowd, the very same number in the gang, who were here last week and stuck me up and robbed me. I watched you all the afternoon; you have been robbing the ships again. You said you would come back in a week and cut my throat; but we have watched you all night, and could have shot you all while asleep, only we would rather let the authorities do that; now go!"

"But I can't," said I; "I am an American ship-master, with a steamer under my command lying at the bottom of the bay."

"How did you get in there with a steamer?" he replied.

"Felt my way in," I answered, "with two boats ahead, and the lead going all the while."

"That won't do," said he, "that channel has not been used in nine years, and what you say is impossible."

"Now, Captain Watson," I said "just put down the muzzle of that gun, take us to your home, give us something to eat, and then get into the boat with us, and go down and bring up the steamer, in order that we may refit and get enough coal to carry us to Sydney, for we are entirely out of fuel."

At last we were received as friends, having convinced Captain Watson that we were only what we represented ourselves to be; and when once we were placed upon a friendly footing we were taken to the pilot station, and treated with real British hospitality; nothing could be too good for us, and with intense interest they listened to the recital of our adventures. It seemed that a party of nine convicts, in a whale-boat, had, several days before, visited that locality—had robbed the ships and pilots—and when they left had vowed, by all the saints in the calender, that in another week they would return and murder all hands. Of course we were taken for the same party, particularly as we were not only nine in number, but were also in a whale-boat. Armed as we were, with long

beards, and the rough appearance gained by a long sea voyage, it was not unreasonable that we should be taken for the party of ruffians; though it took much conceit out of us that we should be mistaken for a set of piratical convicts, and it was anything but a compliment to us.

In a short time we started back for the "New Orleans," carrying the old pilot with us. As we came near the steamer, who should welcome us but the same porpoise with the broken fin, hereinbefore mentioned, coming again very near our boat, being apparently wholly without fear. I could almost have put my hand upon him, and I called out to have the boat-hook passed to me, seeing that I could kill him. To my surprise the old pilot seized the boat-hook and threw it down in the boat again, saying that he would never allow the porpoise to be harmed.

"Why, my men," said he, "Porpus is a human being. I knew him well; he was one of the Australian natives, and he died here about two years ago; he had a hump-back, and in every respect I can see in the porpus a likeness to the man, as I recollect him; only see how very tame he is. His brother lives just across the bay, and if this poor fish should come to harm all your lives would be sacrificed, if the tribe of natives he used to belong to could get at you. They would be more severe in their revenge than if you had hurt one of themselves in the human form. They all know this

fish, and he is not only free from harm, but, in addition, is regularly fed by his own tribe."

Of course there were many smiles when the old pilot made this astonishing statement, and at the time I looked upon it as only a sailor's superstition; and here, I will say that no race of people are more superstitious than sailors, for they are all strong believers in ghosts and disembodied spirits. However, the old man was right about the imprudence of our harming the porpoise, for the natives are exceedingly warlike and implacable in their revenge when their customs are infringed upon by strangers. While we lay in the bay we saw many fish and animals, and birds, all treated by the natives with the greatest kindness, they claiming that they recognized in them the likeness of departed friends.

Finally, arriving again on board our steamer, and generally acknowledging the oft-stated truism that "There's no place like home," we got under way next morning early, and under guidance of our now friendly pilot, who was more than astonished to find that we had worked our way through a channel so intricate and unknown, we ran into the Brisbane river. Our first step was to dispatch two boat-loads of armed men with orders to thoroughly search the vicinity, and, if possible, to find the gang of nine convicts who had committed such outrages, and to bring them in, dead or alive. They were gone an entire week, but were unsuc-

cessful, and made no captures ; but the governor of Brisbane sent me a written letter of thanks for the prompt and energetic means I had taken in trying to clear the vicinity of these ruffians.

After a time the steamer was run up the bay in regular order, and made fast alongside the bank of a beautiful, clear river (name now forgotten,) adjacent to a fine, smoothly rolling country, like an English park, grassy as a lawn, with here and there a tree, exhibiting nature in her holiday attire and most pleasing aspect. The next day a party was formed to ride about one hundred miles into the interior, to an inland town named Harwich—singularly enough, the same name as that of the town where several years before I had spent a considerable period after having been so nearly shipwrecked while on my way in the brig “Forrester,” bound from Bremen to New York.

About daylight we started, all well-mounted, and arrived at midnight, having ridden so hard that we were completely worn out, and two of the poor horses died before morning ; one of them being the one I rode. After a substantial breakfast we strolled out to see the town, which possessed much natural scenery, and was charmingly situated among the hills, surrounded by vestiges of ancient volcanoes. Upon the outskirts of the place we found encamped two tribes of Australian natives, and they treated us with great kindness. The most wonderful thing for us was to see them throw

the boomerang, a piece of hard wood, crescent-shaped, half an inch thick, flat upon the under side, and rounding upon the side held uppermost, sharp at each point and each edge. They are wonderfully skillful in throwing this missile from the hand, it assuming a rotary motion equal to that of a circular-saw. It goes to a certain desired point in the air, pauses a moment, attains another point, again pauses, and then returns close to the feet of the thrower. Thus, in the hands of the semi-skillful it would be likely to do himself the most harm. It is capable of various movements; in some instances the thrower stands with his back to the object he desires to hit, and throws the boomerang from him. It skips along close to the ground, then takes a right angle straight up into the air, and returning with terrific force, goes many feet behind the thrower, and seldom fails to hit the thing at which it is thrown. In fact, the boomerang is a wonder to all civilized observers, and puts to flight many of our preconceived ideas of natural forces. Travelers who first discovered Australia were laughed at when they told of the boomerang, and even in our own day, when one is suspected of telling something after the style of Baron Munchausen, he is told: "Oh! that is a boomerang story."

During the three days we remained in this place we saw the regular races of the year, attended by people from many miles around. The people

seemed like their brethren in Old England, passionately fond of racing, and bet heavily upon the result. One poor fellow, who had been a gentleman of handsome fortune but a few days before, lost his entire means and became a raving maniac. The day after the races terminated we started back for the ship, I being supplied with a new horse, in place of the one that had died from hard riding and over fatigue. This animal was brought from the pasture and handed over to me by the owner, with the promise that if I could get him out of the town of Harwich he should become my property. It would appear that this horse was a celebrated character, for soon a large crowd gathered around to see the fun, which commenced as soon as I had fairly mounted the beast. The first movement was to rear up so straight that he nearly fell over backward; then he wheeled suddenly around and caught himself on his four legs. This nearly did my business, and elicited immense applause from the crowd. Then he threw his head to the ground and kicked his hind legs so high in the air that I very nearly came off, and the crowd roared with delight; but they did not know the clear grit of Yankee sailors in general, or the staying qualities of E. W. in particular. They expected to see me violently thrown off, perhaps killed, for it seemed that the animal had been engaged in many such encounters, and had invariably come off the victor. Now he jumped sideways, first one way, then the

other, and came so violently on his feet that it made me fairly grunt, and almost took away my breath; then he tried to bite my leg, and did succeed in tearing away, with his teeth, half of one of my boot-legs; but I gave his bridle such a fearful yank that it was his turn to grunt, and then off he went sideways, across the road, his body going one way, bent in the form of a crescent, and his neck turned in the opposite direction. In this style he took me out of sight of the crowd, and gave me the advantage of no longer hearing their jeering laughter, which at times greatly aggravated me, and made me almost demoralized. However, by main strength, I finally got him back to the starting-place, being fully determined to conquer him or break his infernal neck. After nearly an hour of this work, during which time I was all over him, but always outside of him, he finally made a fearful leap into the middle of the road, and striking into a square trot never relinquished that gait until he brought up under the shed of the hotel, at Brisbane, at eight p. m. the same day; having kept the lead throughout, and always trotting, though many of the other horses galloped, and were constantly urged forward in order to keep up, but were always some distance astern. My party all bore testimony that as a square trotter this animal excelled anything they had ever before seen in the horse line. I was highly complimented upon my victory, as well as upon my

exciting display of horsemanship; I having greatly contributed to the amusement of our crowd during the journey. The next morning I was grieved to learn that my square trotter had died during the night.

We found the "New Orleans" all coaled, and ready for sea, and the same day proceeded to the mouth of the river, tying up to the bank during the night. A tribe of Australian natives were encamped near us; and when moving about their camp-fires with savage voices and gesticulations, the forest in the background, we could not help likening them to our ideas of what demons would look like in certain hotter climes.

Early next morning we took our departure, after an affectionate farewell from the old pilot, who had become our fast friend. We stood down the coast, and in due time arrived at Sydney, passing up that most beautiful harbor in the world, having made a very pleasant trip from San Francisco in forty-one running days. Here I ought to mention that on this trip, in crossing the equator, in accordance with the ancient and honorable nautical custom, we stopped to let Old Neptune come on board, out of his chariot of fire, in the night. No less than sixty of our passengers were shaved and initiated into the mysteries of Neptune's saline regulations. For two hours the ship was given up to fun, and a scene ensued that I am unable to describe. At four bells, or ten p. m., order was restored, and next

morning there was nothing to denote that we had been honored by the presence of such distinguished royal guests. One of the young men had objected to the manner of his initiation, and did not like the style of Old Neptune's lather, nor the size of his razor, having been rather roughly handled, but he soon forgot his moderate punishment and enjoyed the fun as much as the others.

Immediately upon our arrival at Sydney all the passengers and part of the crew departed to seek their fortunes in the gold mines, which had but lately been discovered in Australia, and were very rich; while the balance of my crew were painting and putting the steamer in order. A few days after our arrival the "Sydney Herald" came out with an editorial, stating that Captain Edgar Wakeman, of the American steamer, lately arrived, had assisted in murdering in California some of their best citizens; that he was a most dangerous person, and should have but twenty-four hours in which to leave the country. This alluded to my having taken a prominent part in the action of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee in 1851, at a time when the city was overrun by convicts from the British colonies of Australia. These men, murderers and assassins of the deepest dye, banished from England for the most outrageous crimes, had come to California, where they robbed and murdered right and left. They were so murderous as to overawe the weakly-constituted authorities,

and the citizens found that they must go to first principles—seek the higher law, and take the administration of justice into their own hands, or the country would be given up to lawless ruffians, and the fairest country in the world would become uninhabitable by quiet and respectable people. In such an emergency, I felt it my duty to take the responsibility, and stand boldly to the front; and in this way I came to take a prominent part in clearing California of the scoundrels, and my name has since been frequently mentioned in referring to the doings of those troublous times.

The next day my servant went to the office of the “Herald” to get a copy of the newspaper, and upon stating for whom he wanted the paper, the editor said :

“Oh! your captain don’t want a paper; he has fled the town, as he was ordered to do.”

“I rather guess not,” replied my man, “I have been with him a long while in California, and he is not the man to flee from anything in this country.”

The newspapers of Sydney frequently, after this, published articles calculated to bring me into disrepute with the public; but I continued on in the even tenor of my way, minding my own business, until one day, being in a ship-yard where many men were at work, I heard them make remarks insulting to me. To this I paid no attention for some time, but, with my crew, continued to roll a

stick of timber, for which I had come, toward the boat, until a number of the men had approached me with disrespectful remarks and threatening gestures; when I thought it time to corroborate the oft-repeated statement of the Sydney newspapers, that I was a dangerous man and a murderer, and so I drew my revolver and bowie-knife, and started toward the crowd. In two minutes not an unfriendly Currency Lad (as the Australian-Englishmen term themselves), was to be found in that ship-yard. I had only advanced toward them, when the cowardly wretches fled like so many huddled sheep.

The next day the "Herald" contained a long and vituperious account of the murderous assault committed upon the peaceful citizens of Sydney, by the armed and ruffianly commander of the American steamer. A few days after, as I was going to the office of my agent, a large crowd gathered right across the street. My resolve was taken in a moment, and drawing my weapons, I rushed at them; but an Englishman can't get up the courage to face a Yankee bowie-knife, and so they scattered—each man running as if for his life—and I went quietly and unharmed about my business. Not many days after this several of my former passengers came on board the steamer, in great haste, and told me that several hundred men had just met in a hotel up town, and had vowed to come on board ship and hang me to the yard-

arm. I immediately called all hands, armed my crew with muskets and pistols, loaded two cannon belonging to the steamer, and got ready to repel boarders. By this time the adjacent wharves were crowded with people, and all the boats in that vicinity were manned, ready to come alongside, and were yelling out at us all the horrible language the depraved wretches could lay tongue to. In the meantime all on board my vessel was silent, and our very silence had for them something ominous, and many of them, after getting into the boats, hesitated, and went on the dock again. Some of our passengers had gone ashore and told of the preparations we had made, no doubt exaggerating our warlike condition; and so after waiting awhile, and giving us three groans, the crowd dispersed. It was evident they feared some Yankee trick, and Yankee tricks always operate unfavorably upon the Britishers.

The next day my agent sent me word that I had best not come ashore as the people were very unfriendly to me; but if I did come, not to pass through the cut in the hill, as they had sworn to throw down rocks and kill me there. When I did go ashore it was by another route. I had not seen my agents for several days, and when they saw me enter their office, with my bowie-knife and two pistols buckled about me, outside all my clothes, they turned pale, and perhaps thought, that, after all, I might be the ruffian I was painted.

"Why, captain, it is fifteen years' transportation to carry weapons in this country, and all our influence can't get you out of the scrape, if you are indicted for such an offense against the laws."

"Gentlemen," I replied, "your public journals have incited your mobs to take my life; now, I tell you, I came here to stay, and I am able to protect myself, and if the citizens of Sydney think the contrary they deceive themselves. If I am ever attacked I shall defend myself to the utmost, and before I fall I will promise to make at least a dozen of my assailants bite the dust. I wish to go along quietly and mind my own business, but I will protect myself at all risks. Self preservation is the great law of nature, and no true Englishman will blame me for protecting myself."

I then left for my ship, taking good care to avoid the suspicious cut through the hill, and to pass through a more respectable part of the town. When I had gone about half way to the dock an elderly gentleman, mounted on a white horse, his own locks white as the driven snow that clusters on the peak of Mauna Loa, rode up to me, and giving a military salute, which I returned with equal respect, said:

"I presume that I have the honor of addressing the captain of the American steamer?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Then I trust you will pardon me for reminding you that, by our local laws, you are forbidden

wearing arms, particularly in a manner so open and dangerous."

"Sir," I rejoined, "I acknowledge your extreme courtesy; but permit me to say to you that at this moment I recognize no law but the law of self-protection. My life has been threatened by a ruffianly mob, and vituperious attacks have been made upon me by your public journals; and if I am attacked, you will have a chance of seeing how dearly an American can sell his life."

"Sir," said the noble old gentleman, "I respect your actions and admire your words. Allow me the favor of shaking you by the hand. In future, you will be allowed to wear your arms unmolested; and all the officers and soldiers at the different stations will have orders to guard and protect you. They will recognize you by a salute after this manner" (putting his hand alongside his face, the palm outward), "and you may fully rely upon their good offices; and we will see if in future you cannot be treated a little more civilly."

Then, grasping my hand, he rode away, after I had renewed my thanks for his kindness.

Thus ended demonstrations that had lasted over the period of three weeks, and had caused great excitement in Sydney. Thus have I passed through many stormy scenes; and, though personally kindly disposed toward my fellow men, I have often met bad people, whose conduct has forced me to take aggressive steps for my own safety, though greatly against my own inclination.

By this time, our steamer being put in good condition, her name was changed to that of "The Governor General," and we commenced making trips along the Australian coast, between Sydney and Melbourne. Upon our first trip, we encountered a terrible storm, that lasted three entire days and nights, and, though we were upon a lee shore, we got safely out, though nearly one hundred vessels foundered in our vicinity in the same gale. I ran commander of the steamer upon this coast for about a year, during which time I carried as passengers many of the prominent people of the colony, who acknowledged that they had misunderstood me, and that they had been prejudiced against me by the continuously-unfriendly articles that appeared in the "Sydney Herald." Many of them apologized, and wished me every future success.

At Melbourne, I took passage on a Boston ship bound for Peru. The captain was a Dutchman; and before leaving the bay, I told him that his ship was insufficiently ballasted, and that I would rather not go in her in that condition.



"Oh! that's all right," said he, "you are a

steamboat man, and I am a regular salt-water sailor-man, and you'll find that I understand my business."

I replied that no man had served in a better nautical school than myself, as I hoped to prove to him before we reached the coast of Peru. This Dutch skipper was extremely religious, said lengthy grace before every meal, and sang psalms to nigger-minstrel tunes. However, we got along very well until we had reached the latitude of fifty-five degrees south, when I came on deck one morning and found the ship running before a very high sea, with the main-royal set, both main-t'gallant stuns'l-booms rigged out, with their tacks unrove, and the starboard clew of the mains'l down, yards square. I observed to a Scotch captain, who was also a passenger, that this was a new way to scud ship; that, in order to have things ship-shape and Bristol fashion, the mains'l ought to be furled, and the ship put under double reefs. Our Dutch captain, who had been leeward of the house, and heard my remarks, came around, and, addressing me in the most insulting manner, told me I was only a passenger, and begged that I would mind my own business, and not interfere with the working of his vessel.

"Captain," I returned, "permit me to kindly thank you for your courteous words and no less courteous manner, and to express my obligations to you for telling me what I am and what my duty

is. Now, in the mildest and most polite manner in the world, excuse me for saying to you, in return, that I consider you a "sojer," and no sailor, and such was my impression before I had been fifteen minutes on board your craft. I felt then that your ship was too crank, as I then told you; and I felt that, for want of a little more ballast, you were going over this stormy route with a vessel that would roll so deep down that it was a question if she could right again. Now, sir, were you a sailor, this ship would be under double reefs, that lee clew of the mains'l, instead of being down to catch a sea that is liable to roll into it and break off your mainmast, would be snugly furled, and your ship would be under safe sail and perfect control, and she would go just as fast. There, sir, you have my private sentiments publicly expressed."

By this time he found I could sail to windward of him, both in using my jaw tackle and also in my nautical knowledge. So he hauled off, and commenced abusing his mate, who, by the way, was much the better sailor of the two.

After this conversation, and while we were waiting the sound of the breakfast-bell, a big sea rolled into the mains'l, and brought such a heavy strain upon the mainmast that it broke in the truss-bands, just as I had expected, but not quite so soon. The mast fell forward until the backstays and braces brought them up, though they were liable to go

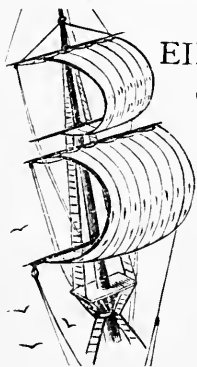
over at every lurch the ship took. After looking on for about five minutes, the Dutchman not saying anything, I went to him and asked him why he did not take command of his ship and give the proper orders, as a sailor should do under such circumstances. The poor fellow burst into tears. "Oh, Captain Wakeman," sobbed he, "I have never lost a spar before ; please take full charge, and fix things as you think best." In five minutes not an idle pair of hands were to be found on board the vessel ; sailors, passengers and cook were all set at work. Tackles were put half way up to the top, carried to the backstays, and hauled taut into the mizzen ; all sails were got down, and every proper nautical step taken to get things into the best possible shape. By supper-time all was repaired so that easy sail could probably be carried during the remainder of the passage. I had worked like a Trojan, and rubbed the skin off both my hands, performing feats of strength and wonders of seamanship such as no man on board that ship had ever seen performed before. The Dutch captain thanked me with tears as large as horse-chestnuts in his beautiful violet eyes, and begged my pardon for his rude conduct. That evening, while talking over the affair with the Scotch captain, I regretted that it could not have been the fore or mizzen mast.

"Oh, captain," said he, "even if it gives out again, we shall still have a big lump of a brig under our feet."

Captain Adams, who was also a passenger on board this ship, used to annoy our Dutch skipper when saying grace before meals by jingling the glasses and plates, putting him out of his routine of words, for he had it all by heart, and when he once lost his place he was completely upset, and had to go back to the commencement, or give it up in despair ; and he looked upon Captain Adams as a perfect barbarian, and a lost sinner. When we arrived at Callao I noticed that he did not remit any part of my passage money for my services, but he did me the credit of reporting to everybody that I was a great sailor, but that he would never again carry any American shipmasters as passengers. While I was aloft putting things straight, I had found the ship's foremast and several of her yards to be sprung, and the result was that he had to get a new set of spars, at a great expense, which nearly broke his heart, for he was an economical cuss, and said grace over his beans twenty-one times every week. May he rest in peace.

CHAPTER X.

I AM LAUNCHED INTO MATRIMONY—TAKE CHARGE OF THE “ADELAIDE”—AM TAKEN IN CHARGE, WITH THE “JOHN L. STEPHENS,” BY CAPTAIN DANA—THE AUTHORITIES AT ACAPULCO ATTEMPT TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE “AMERICA.”



BEING now in Lima, the principal city of Peru, I took up my quarters with my hospitable friend, Don Carlos Fluca. While here I was introduced to the President of the Republic of Peru, and entered into a contract with him to go to New York and fit out a steamer, and in the course of five years to introduce four hundred emigrants into Peru, by way of the Amazon river; and for my services was to have millions of acres of land, anywhere I saw fit to locate the same, east of the Andes mountains. I went to New York, where I found myself without money, and so wrote Mary Lincoln, releasing her from her engagement to splice her fortunes with mine. But suddenly my prospects brightened; a company was formed, called the Amazon Steam Navigation Company. I consulted Mr. Pierce, then President of the United States, in regard to it, and he told me to go ahead, congratulated me, and said I was inter-

ested in one of the biggest enterprises of the age, and that he took a lively interest in it. The stock sold rapidly, a steamer was bought, and over four hundred passengers took passage, and paid their passage money in advance, and the steamer was about ready to sail, when, one afternoon at 3 P. M., just when the President and officers of the company were about to leave the office, at No. 16 Trinity Building, Broadway, an envelope was put into my hands, marked, "Adams & Co's Express." I expected a letter from Mary Lincoln, so what was my surprise on opening the envelope to find a long, narrow slip of paper, a telegram, which read as follows :

"President Franklin Pierce to Captain Edgar Wakeman:— You are hereby commanded to disband your organization and abandon your expedition upon the Amazon, immediately, or be arrested as a fillibuster."

We looked at each other in utter dismay and consternation on receiving this unexpected blow to all our prospects. We paid back the passage money and sold our boat at a heavy loss, and so proved ourselves to be honest men, while we had full proof that our President had sold himself to the India-rubber interests of New York, which were willing to pay a big sum to retain possession of the Amazon trade.

Thus ended, in the greatest excitement, this enterprise, in which were interested many of the best men in the United States; and I again found myself

on my oars, and once more as poor as a church mouse.

Shortly after this, Commodore Vanderbilt sent me word that he wanted to see me. "Does he," said I, "well, I don't want to see him; I remember writing him a long and not very respectful letter some years ago." My friends, however, urged me to see the Commodore, and so I waited upon him, going up Broadway to a club-room, where the gentleman soon arrived—a tall, noble-looking person, quite portly, with a high forehead and an intelligent countenance, and an extraordinarily large pair of hands. I was introduced, and I found him very friendly, never mentioning the subject of the impertinent letter. He appointed me to the command of his steam-yacht "North Star," then the finest steamship afloat, just returned from carrying the Commodore and a select party of his friends to Europe. So here I was, one day a beggar, and the next day commanding a magnificent ocean steamship, with orders to go to the Commodore's office and draw whatever money I needed.

"Now," said I, "is the time for me to go to Boston to see Mary;" when the very next day, as I went out of the back door, a United States marshal came into the front door. The old U. S. bench warrant for piracy, for running away with the steamer, "New World," in 1850, had been revived. That night I went to the residence of Commodore Vanderbilt, No. 10 Washington Place,

and told him the whole story, and said that I would be obliged to decline command of the "North Star," as I should be arrested and thrown into prison, causing him vexation, annoyance, and probably delay. After a few moments' deliberation the Commodore took his pen and wrote a short note.

"Take the midnight boat to Staten Island, hand this letter to the person whose address it bears; and when the California steamer passes Staten Island to-morrow morning, he will place you on board of a small boat. As you near the steamer hold your hat upon a boat-hook, and the steamer will stop and pick you up," said he.

Returning to the noble old Commodore my heart felt thanks I took my leave, and followed out his instructions to the letter; joining the California steamer, off Staten Island, the next day, and was conveyed free to California. When I arrived there Com. Vanderbilt's agent waited upon me, and told me that the old gentleman considered me in his employ; from the day I engaged to command the "North Star," that my pay continued. "And, by the way," said he, "captain, no man in the employ gets such a high rate of compensation." I was told to amuse myself until a vacancy occurred in the Vanderbilt's steamship line, between New York and San Francisco, via Nicaragua, and that I was to draw my pay regularly, a privilege of which I did not fail to avail myself; as, with

matrimony ahead, I concluded that I ought to become more prudent and economical.

Speaking of this new steamship route, via Nicaragua, Mr. I. W. Raymond, owner of the steamship "New Orleans," and my ever kind and reliable friend, said a good thing about it. It seems that though the company advertised that elegant Concord coaches would be in readiness to convey passengers across the narrow strip of land, between ocean and ocean, no such coaches were ever found by the passengers; instead, it was a rough road to travel. So Mr. Raymond named it the "No carriage-way route," a very cutting remark under the circumstances, as there were absolutely no conveyances; indeed, no road whatever, "No carriage-way" (Nicaragua). Singularly enough Mr. Raymond, who at first was agent of the opposition route, and worked hard against the "No carriage-way" line, finally accepted its agency, and for several years I took my orders from him. He was the best steamboat man that ever went to the Pacific coast—a perfect gentleman, a true friend, and the best agent Mr. Vanderbilt ever had in his employ.

So, while I lost command of the commodore's steam-yacht "North Star," I did not lose employment. I now had fine prospects before me, and lost no time in renewing my matrimonial engagement with Miss Mary Lincoln.

Soon after my arrival in California I had an at-

tack of neuralgia in the head, which confined me to my room for several days, during which time I suffered untold agonies, and was wretched indeed. The very first day that I went out I met William H. Brown, formerly owner of the celebrated (at least, renowned in this narrative,) steamer "New World."

"Why, man alive," said he, in an excited manner, "where have you been for a week back?" (not for a weak back!) "I have been looking everywhere for you. I want you to go directly back to New York and bring out the new steamer "Surprise;" that is, if you are not going to die, for you look very ill, indeed—do you think that you will live?"

"Yes sir," I replied, "many a long year of pain and sorrow, of grief and happiness combined, will I yet survive to punish my enemies and reward my friends."

"Then," he continued, "how much do you want to go home and bring her out?"

"I want \$500 per month, and every expense paid from date; and, beside, I want an interest of \$10,000 ownership in the boat, being convinced that it will be a paying speculation."

The old man struck his cane down, by way of emphasis, upon a log that lay handy upon the wharf, and rejoined that he could not give it to me; that I was at present unemployed, and ought to bring her out very cheap.

"Well, Mr. Brown," I replied, "then no smoke-boat will I bring out for you. I have resolved that I will never bring another out unless I have some ownership in her, and as for doing nothing, let me tell you that I am on pay, and the biggest pay, besides, given to any ship-master on the Pacific coast, with authority to draw all the money I wish for my personal expenses." This seemed to startle him, and his eyes distended with surprise; but he congratulated me, and said that he much regretted that he could not secure my services.

I thought the affair settled; but it seemed that he was not going to let me go thus; he walked up and down the dock awhile, muttering to himself, and finally said:

"Confound you, if you must have it, why, I suppose I will have to give it to you."

So we stepped into an adjacent office and drew up the agreement. I took it to Mr. Harrison, then acting as Commodore Vanderbilt's agent.

"This is, indeed, bettering yourself," said he, "but do you think you can get her out here?"

"Certainly," said I, "what man has done he can do again; and after my experience in sailing river-steamboats on sea voyages, I think I could bring a market-basket around Cape Horn." I got my trunk ready, and by two p. m. the same day, was on my way to New York, via Panama, where we arrived after a pleasant, uneventful passage of four and twenty days. I immediately took charge of

the "Surprise," and gave my attention to fitting her for sea.

At this period I concluded to take the long deferred trip to Boston, and the very next morning after my determination found me there, for I have always held it right to act as soon as my mind is made up, considering Davy Crockett's saying, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," an adage full of wisdom.

Through the kind offices of my friend, Captain Glidden, I discovered the whereabouts of Miss Lincoln, and soon found myself knocking with palpitating heart at the door. It was opened by a young girl of about sixteen, as pretty as a pink—yes, a whole bouquet of pinks, roses and violets as well; who, upon seeing me, gave a little scream, fainted, and would have fallen to the floor had I not caught her in my arms, a service which I hastened to perform. We were soon seated in conversation, though after a close observation I could not discover in this young creature any resemblance to the little girl of Happy Valley. An elderly lady soon came in, and I was relieved from my awkward position. Together we entered an adjacent sitting-room, and there stood Mary Lincoln in person—no mistake this time. The first-mentioned young lady proved to be Mary Webber, who had been brought up with my Mary, and in many respects resembled her, and of course had recognized me, and was so startled that she had

fainted. The kisses I had from her were so much clear gain, and I cannot say that I ever regretted having stolen them from her ruby lips. A few days after this, it was arranged that Mary, with her family, should return to California in the vessel commanded by Captain Glidden, going around Cape Horn. I had the most comfortable quarters in the ship fitted up for them, that they might make the passage with as little inconvenience as possible.

They sailed a few days before the "Surprise" was ready to haul out into the stream. Just as I was about to take my departure, I was arrested on that old "New World" affair. The charge against me was for being a pirate, and for contempt of the orders of the U. S. District Court. Accusation had been held against me all this time, and was never forgotten, and the honor of the court was bound to be vindicated, though so many years elapsed before I could be brought face to face with the offended tribunal. The next morning I furnished bail. A few days after I went into court with my bondsman, who gave me up on the bonds. With the crowd, I passed out of court, and when my name and case were called, the bold Edgardo was not to be found. My bondsman, of course, was not responsible, for he had yielded me up, and they had no claims upon him. It was a Yankee trick, and a very cute one, too. When the officers were sent to bring me into court, they were in-

formed that I was half way to Sandy Hook, with a wet sheet and a flowing sea, a fine wind and a full head of steam, bound once more for California. Then the Judge said to the bondsman :

"I shall require you, sir, to enter into new bonds."

"Excuse us, Judge," the proper lawyer replied, "we deny our further responsibility in this matter; our liability ended an hour ago, when our man was turned over to the court, and, with expressions of our profound respect, we bid your Honor a very good morning;" and out they went.

I carried the "Surprise" out under sail and easy steam, in about four months, entering the heads of the Golden Gate in a furious south-west gale of wind and rain. While making fast to the wharf, Judge Walker, Mary's father, came on board, and asked me if I had not entered port ten days before. He told me that the papers had reported the arrival of the "Surprise" some ten days before, saying that she had gone right out again to avoid further legal proceedings. He then told me that, if I wished to see Mary Lincoln alive, I must go immediately over the bay; for, when she had heard, ten days before, that I had arrived and gone out again without coming to see her, the poor girl was taken sick, and had kept her bed ever since. I lost no time, and found the dear child in bed; she had been so greatly disappointed when she found that I had arrived and gone out again with-

out visiting her. I appointed myself physician-in-chief to Mary Lincoln, and found her a willing patient. My first prescription was a daily carriage ride in my company; and, when she became stronger, I provided horses, and we took many long horseback rides together.

One day, as we were riding up the mountains back of Oakland, her horse stumbled, and she was thrown violently to the ground, while the horse ran away like a racer. In a moment, I was by her side, grateful to find that God had preserved her from harm, and that she had sustained no injury excepting the shock; as, fortunately, she had landed in a soft spot, which was remarkable, as the ground in that locality was very stony, and had she fallen almost anywhere else, might have been seriously injured. I called her attention to the cottage, embowered among the trees, as far as we could see in the distance.

“Mary, that is your good father’s home,” said I, “and if ever I get you there safe and sound, I am going to marry you without any delay whatever. I am going to run no more risks.”

I then caught the runaway horse, with the aid of some men working in a field near by, and we were soon at home again, I riding the refractory steed myself, not being willing to run any more risks with my affianced.

According to promise, we were married on Christmas eve, of the year 1854, by Judge Walker.

The ceremony was performed in Mrs. Walker's sitting-room, we being in our usual daily clothes, no particular preparations being made by either high contracting party. A fortnight after, the San Francisco papers announced the marriage, and gave general notice that the wedding reception would be held at the Oriental Hotel. Cards were issued, and the hotel parlors were crowded by kind friends. Thus Mary Lincoln, by her own act, became Mary Wakeman; and, as the old boatswain's mate said, "she tied a knot with her tongue, that she couldn't untie with her teeth."

Through the dishonesty of certain unscrupulous persons, I lost my promised \$10,000 interest in the steamer "Surprise," which ought to have made me \$20,000, and so I got nothing but my salary, which they couldn't very well cheat me out of. Soon after, I took command of the steamer "Sea Bird," and carried her down to the Sandwich Islands, where we passed six weeks, residing with Mrs. Dominis, a charming old lady, who lives in princely style. I might tell you much about these interesting islands and their delightful climate, the kind-hearted native inhabitants, and the intelligent and hospitable white people who have taken up their residence in this distant little kingdom; but all this has been written by scientific and intelligent literary men, far more capable than myself of writing up this subject. I would only mention one noble gentleman, Captain John

Meek, formerly an American shipmaster, but for the last fifty years located at Honolulu, where he lives a truly patriarchal life, surrounded by children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children; surrounded, also, by immense landed estates, flocks and herds almost innumerable. His house is never closed from the beginning to the end of the year, and all comers are welcomed and treated with princely hospitality. This old prince is now about ninety years of age, and the handsomest man I ever placed my eyes upon. He still retains the healthy vigor of his mind and person, and bids fair, as the Wall street broker said, "to go to Parr" (100).

Upon our return to California, I took command of the steamer "Pacific" for a few trips, running again upon the "no-carriage-way" (Nicaragua) route, and then myself and wife went to New York. During our last trip we had a large crowd of small children on board, and they all seemed to have the greatest affection for Mary, and would daily come and stand in a row near her, and never go away contented until she had kissed them all in rotation. When we arrived in New York, we went up to my old homestead in Connecticut (Westport). From here we took a long jaunt through the States, touching at Saratoga, Niagara Falls, Montreal, and so on to Maine, where we again visited relatives. The weather now growing cold, we retired to Westport, where it was not

long before I received a letter directing me to come on and take command of the three-decked clipper ship "Adelaide," 1800 tons, the finest ship ever built in New York. I found her to be new, elegant, and well fitted in every respect; and my wife and I had the most delightful and commodious quarters that I have ever seen on board ship, even in the finest Liverpool steam packets. We had a delightful passage, and when we arrived in latitude twenty-eight degrees north, Pacific, what was our surprise and delighted happiness one morning to find that, during the night, old Neptune had paid us a visit, and left us a beautiful little angel, which we called Adelaide Seaborn Wakeman. It was a perfect little beauty; in fact, too beautiful for this world, and, when about six months old, God called her back to heaven.

The ship went from San Francisco to Peru, where we loaded guano, and thence to New York. On this voyage we made the quickest time from New York to Cape Horn ever made, thirty-eight days.

The "Adelaide" again loaded for San Francisco; went thence to Elide Island, which lies fifty-four miles north-east from the north end of Ceroe Island, on the coast of Lower California. Here we lay eighty-five days, getting a cargo of guano. While lying here, Father Neptune again came on board the "Adelaide," and again presented us with a little angel. A large fleet of

vessels were lying at Elide Island, and they hoisted all their flags and fired a series of grand salutes in honor of the distinguished arrival, so that any ship passing would have supposed there was a naval engagement going on in the bay. This little stranger we named Minnie, and she went with us three voyages around Cape Horn, sailing thousands upon thousands of miles across the boundless ocean. Thus, for about two years, we sailed to and fro in the beautiful 1800-ton clipper ship "Adelaide." We then visited my old home in Westport, Connecticut; and in that old house, built then over one hundred years, and which had once sheltered General George Washington, was born, one cold winter night, during a fearful snow storm, a second little girl, herself as pure as the snowflake.

Shortly after the birth of this little one, I disposed of my interest in the ship "Adelaide," and after selling the old homestead, upon whose site a church was erected, removed, with my family, to California. My parents had died, both good christians, who no doubt have earned the great reward in heaven. My father lived to the ripe age of eighty-seven, and my excellent mother was seventy-eight when she died. And thus I was obliged to sustain the loss of my parents, who had reached the great change we must all pass through. It gave us regret to leave our beautiful ship, on board of which we had passed many happy hours,

and where we had been presented with two charming little turtledoves, which made it still dearer to us. In point of beauty, speed and comfort our ship had no equal. I sold out at a great sacrifice, urged by the other owners, some of whom were church members in high standing, as well as members of New York's best society. "An honest man is God's noblest work"—nothing can be more admired and esteemed than a man whose word is as good as his note, and who scorns to do a dishonest or untruthful act, or to take one penny's advantage of his fellow-man.

So we embarked for California, and were glad enough to find ourselves once more snugly located in the cosy cottage in which we had been so happily married. It was summer when we arrived, and all the flowers were in full bloom, and their fragrance filled the air with a charming perfume. I soon devoted my time to building that little cottage which I finished in about eight months—my own work, entirely unaided. My little girls, with their mother, were accustomed to spend most of the time out with me, watching the progress of my labors, and viewing the gradual development of our future home. I had the whole completed, and painted outside with three coats of paint, before the rainy season came on. I then devoted all my energies to completing the inside work; and devoted my time early and late until I had it finished, all but the plastering, which job I let out to a

regular mud-dauber. At this time, in 1862, I was offered the job of wrecking the clipper-ship "Sea Nymph," that had been wrecked on Point Reyes, just at the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco. I lived there in charge of the wreckers for eighty-five days, during which time I had a visit from my wife and children; and it almost broke my heart to find that neither of the little girls, whom I loved so fondly, knew me. When the "Sea Nymph" went to pieces it was young flood tide, and all there remained of the cargo came ashore right in front of the tents and was saved. Had it happened to be ebb tide all would have been swept out to sea and lost. I was indeed favored by my lucky star, for only two days previously I had bought the wreck for a very trifling sum, as it was supposed that little or nothing more of value could be saved. As it was we secured enough to load two schooners; and so I abandoned this moist style of life, which I had pursued for over two months, and, with a happy heart, sailed for San Francisco and home. After closing out all my plunder, and paying off my wrecking crew, I found I had done a very profitable business, and had made several thousand dollars. The new house I found all finished, and we moved right in; and it was with feelings of great satisfaction that we took our first meal under our own vine and fig-tree—a happy and never-to-be-forgotten event. Soon after this I was again appointed to command a

steamship, and for nearly five years ran out of San Francisco to Mexico, and northern ports.

I shall proceed to narrate a remarkable adventure that happened to me while I was running to the Mexican coast, during the time of the war between France and Mexico, when the Emperor Napoleon was trying to gain a foothold upon the American continent, in which intention he was foiled, and finally had to withdraw his troops, utterly discomfited. I then commanded the steamer "John L. Stephens." One very dark morning, about three o'clock, we anchored off Cape St. Lucas, the extreme southern point of Lower California, and, as usual, dispatched two large boatloads of freight for the shore, each with a crew of four men and one officer. Shortly after, a large boat came alongside and approached the gangway. It happened that I was on deck, and hailed them, when they replied that they were passengers. In the gloom of the early morning I could distinguish but three or four men in the boat, but when they came up to the side I found there were nearly twenty persons, all wrapped up in their serapes, or traveling-wrappers, and wearing broad-brimmed sombreros—a villainous-looking set of adventurers. At first, I concluded that they had just come down from some of the numerous mines in the interior, and were bound up the coast to spend their money in gambling, horse-racing and cock-fighting.

When all had reached the deck, a tall man, wearing a sombrero of far wider brim than the others, stepped up and said:

“The captain, I understand; if so, I desire a few minutes very private, and very particular conversation with you.”

I replied that I was only too happy to serve him, thinking that he wanted to make arrangements for a cheap steerage passage up the coast for the “honest miners.”

“Captain,” said he, “feel of that,” for it was yet very early in the morning, scarcely daybreak, and I could not see things plainly.

“That is the muzzle of a pistol,” continued he; “its effects are very sudden; keep perfectly quiet, or you will die before you have time to say your prayers.”

At the same time two other men stepped one to each side of me, and placed the muzzles of their dreadfully icy-cold pistols to each temple, and peered up in my face with their villainous countenances, telling me to obey orders, or prepare to die. You may be sure that I preserved a rigid silence under these circumstances; though I did much thinking, and my heart went up in gratitude that my dear little flock were not with me, as they had been the previous voyage. I was marched to the upper deck, then into my room, and a guard of three was placed over me with strict orders to kill me if I broke silence; all communication was interdicted

between myself and any other person, and all was soon as still as death. It subsequently became known that the pirates had entered the steamer's bow-ports where the mate and two sailors were waiting the return of the freight-boats, in order to load them again. They were immediately arrested, and the boats sent ashore had been captured on touching the beach, as had been Captain Richie, the U. S. Consul, and our agent at Cape St. Lucas. During this time Captain Dana, who commanded this squad of eighteen of the most villainous-looking rascals I ever saw, was engaged in going from one stateroom to another, and putting one hand on the throat of the sleeper, would suddenly awaken him to look, by the light of a dark-lantern, right into the muzzle of a revolver, that was pointed directly at him. "Silence, or you are a dead man; give up your arms and your money," would be demanded. So he went right through the ship—no noise, nor a loud word spoken. In fact, they had done their work thoroughly, and had confined all the passengers to their rooms under penalty of death if they even put their heads outside their doors. At last, Captain Dana came up to my room, and announced that he had found \$40,000 worth of contraband of war on board the ship as cargo, and that this was confiscated according to maritime law, and that the American steamship was legally his prize, and gave me notice that he formally took possession of her. Then he went off again, and was gone several hours, and when he returned, he said :

“Captain Wakeman, here are my instructions from General Corvona.”

I took a copy of them, and they stated that he (Captain Dana) would “proceed to Cape St. Lucas, and there seize the steamship ‘John L. Stephens,’ and convey her to the port of Altata; the captain, officers, crew and passengers to be held as prisoners of war, and the vessel and cargo to be delivered to the proper authorities.”

Upon this I called for writing materials, and wrote out a solemn protest against such illegal proceedings, stating that a body of armed men had, by night, clandestinely gained entrance to my ship, without bearing or showing a flag, and in the waters of a neutral power. I also protested against going to Altata, as it was not a safe port to enter with so large a vessel, and even were he a legal and properly authorized prize-master he had no right to force me beyond the nearest safe port belonging to a friendly power, which, in this instance, was La Paz; that I never would convey the ship to Altata; that if he attempted to cross the Gulf of California with the steamer, he would find himself on a floating island, unable to control her movements; that I had a crew of seventy-five men on board the “John L. Stephens,” and while he might compel me to go to La Paz, he never could force me to Altata.” To this he replied that he was desirous of avoiding violence, yet if his orders were not promptly and fully

obeyed, he would use all the force at his command.

“Captain,” said I, “you may shoot me, but you can never get this boat to Altata.”

He looked fixedly at me for a moment, and then went aside and held a hurried and whispered conversation with his men, and returning, told me to get my anchor up for La Paz. In compliance, we got under way, and ran along the coast until about sunset, when I asked Captain Dana for permission to confer with my chief engineer, as I had to regulate as to the speed of the ship in going through a dangerous passage that we were now approaching. My request was granted without demur, and sending for the engineer, Mr. Hueston, a Scotchman, he soon came to my room. As the sentinel neared my window, I talked about regulating the ship's speed, and as the sentinel walked away from my room, I grasped Hueston by the arm and whispered to him: “Are you ready to die?” and explained to him that I intended to retake the ship that night. He turned pale, his lips quivered, and he answered that it seemed hard lines to fight against such odds, and against such a lot of blood-thirsty pirates, who seemed to care nothing about taking our lives. I then further explained that during the night they intended to alter the ship's course for Altata, and that he was to go below and cut bars of iron, of a proper size and length—enough to arm the crew, or at least every

trustworthy man, and when he had done this to let me know. The engineer then left my room, and the chief mate, Mr. Hart, came to me. To him I gave instructions to procure the bolts of iron from the engineer, and to arm himself and the crew, and at half past seven to send Captain Dana to see me in my room; that as soon as the bell struck six the pirates would be called to supper in the mess-room, and after they got fairly at work eating, a man standing behind each pirate would hit him with his bar of iron on the head, at the same time possessing himself of the pistol that protruded from his belt. As for Captain Dana, I was to take care of him, and we trusted to good luck, strong hearts and a kind providence for the success of our plans, which seemed to be all well laid. But luckily, the engineer came up, pale and trembling, and gave me signs that all was discovered, and about this time I saw Dana's men running to and fro about the forward deck with their weapons in hand, and forming in line. Then Captain Dana came very coolly to my room, and I quite as coolly asked him to take a seat. When he had seated himself, he began :

“ Well, Captain Wakeman, all your plans are divulged to me, and if you make any more, I will kill you, and everything that has life on board this steamer; our trade is to take life, and for two years past we have eaten and slept with our arms in our hands.”

As he said this I had my hand under a mattress, holding a cocked pistol, which the boy, Jimmy, had smuggled into my room, and I could have blown Captain Dana into eternity as he sat in front of me, but I considered it discretion to take no such step, which could only result in a general fight, and perhaps in sacrificing the lives of defenseless women and children. The time to retake the ship by one grand *coup de grace* had past.

Looking him square in the eye, I said, "Captain Dana, I am informed that, at midnight, you are intending to alter the course of this steamer for Altata. Now, I have before told you, and I tell you again, that you will never see Altata in this ship; now tell me, upon the honor of a man, whether, after your promises to me that we should go to La Paz, you are intending treachery toward us?"

Looking at me, he hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Captain, if you will let us alone to-night, we will let you alone," and we shook hands upon it; but we never slept a wink that night, expecting every moment that they would break faith.

Daylight finally appeared, after one of the longest and most unhappy nights I ever passed, and we found ourselves close into La Paz, where we soon anchored. I then sent for Captain Dana to come to my room, where I was still held a close prisoner.

“Captain,” said I, “you told me last night in conversation that, at La Paz, you would get fifty recruits, and run the ship over to Altata; there you would get five hundred liberal soldiers, and, putting them below deck, you would run down to Mazatlan, lay alongside the French admiral’s ship, and capture her in five minutes, as all but a quarter-watch are out of her on shore service; then you would go to Guaymas, and take a French frigate lying there; all to be done under American colors. In faith, a well cut-out project; but I must tell you that this is impossible; for, during the fifteen minutes since we anchored here, I have had the steamer’s engine so fixed that no earthly power can get steam on her again, so you can never go another mile in this ship. You have made a large haul of arms; and now, if you will take my advice, you will take that schooner that lies off there, and clear out from this before an American man o’ war, now momentarily expected, heaves in sight around the point.”

This set him to thinking, and he said, “I will take the schooner; but you must tow me to a good offing in the gulf.”

“Impossible,” said I, “the ‘John L. Stephens’ is now so disabled that a gang of engineers with proper tools will have to come from San Francisco and work ten days on her before she can get up steam; and, besides, it will require considerable ship-carpentering to repair a certain hole that is so

prepared that, if I say the word, she will be full of water and on the bottom within half an hour."

Of course, I was telling some big stories; but the end justified the means, and caused the piratical captain to do some rapid thinking within a very short space of time. The result was that he went on shore and sent off about one hundred soldiers to relieve his gang of eighteen fillibusters. They took out of the ship all the arms and the hay, and then sent for me to come on shore to bond the ship in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. But I would sign nothing; and, after spending four hours, and exhausting every threat and argument, and consulting with the collector and other officers of the port, we finally came to a settlement. He promised not to hang the three French passengers we had on board, who had been taken to the beach for execution, and also promised to withdraw his forces to the land, agreeing not to harm the ship, crew, passengers or cargo any more, leaving us free to sail at our convenience; and I, in turn, agreed to pay him five hundred dollars in gold. These terms he only accepted after a great deal of bluster, and after loading his schooner full of assorted plunder from the steamer. The forces were finally all withdrawn, and before Captain Dana took his departure he gave me a final interview.

"Wakeman," said he, "you must not take me for a coward, or for a fool, but I have actually

given up to you this fine steamer and most of her valuable cargo, which I would not have given to any other living man; and I beg you will accept this pistol as a token of my respect for a brave and determined man."

I was anxious to terminate the conference and get rid of him, so I thanked him for the polite (?) and gentlemanly (?) manner in which he had conducted the whole affair.

When we had left the steamer and had reached his schooner and stood out at sea I felt greatly relieved, for he had told the consul that he would fire the steamer before he left if he heard any insolent or disrespectful language.

The next day the citizens of La Paz caught the sparks of bravery and patriotism that had become contagious from their intercourse with the victors, who had held out inducements for these same people to join them when they were en route to the Cape San Lucas, a few days before, for the purpose of capturing our vessel. They had learned how easily it had been done by eighteen men, and now they resolved to organize a party of fifty and capture her as she lay at anchor. The collector of the port had sent for me to call upon him, and I was debating with myself whether or not to go when I observed some of our passengers, who had gone ashore, to run down the wharf in great excitement; they rapidly pulled off and warned me of what had been plotted, and begged me on no

consideration to go on shore, saying that if I landed I was to be immediately thrown into prison; and that fifty men were under arms, under command of this same redoubtable captain of the port, to capture us and to finish the plunder commenced by Captain Dana and his men.

Upon this I wrote to the U. S. Consul that I had discovered among the cargo two cases of Henry's repeating rifles, each capable of firing sixteen rounds, with plenty of cartridges, and that with these and my two ship's rifled cannon I was in a condition to repel all attacks, but that I wanted the ship's papers as I should go to sea at five p. m. precisely. To this communication excuse after excuse was sent, the final one being that the clearance papers of the steamer could not be made out, as the collector had gone to his country residence. As the time for sailing approached I fired, as signal, my large rifled cannon, heavily loaded, which made such a tremendous report that the captain of the port (as I afterward learned), who was making a warlike speech to his noble compatriots, jumped and ran away, dreadfully frightened, for they did not know we had any ordnance on board, and he thought the American man-of-war had surely arrived, and would make short work of them. My papers, finally, came off and I set sail, glad enough to get away. From La Paz we went to Guaymas and thence to Mazatlan, where the circumstances of our seizure were made generally

known. I received numerous letters from my passengers, and from merchants owning the goods I had on board, and others, complimenting me in the highest terms for the prudence and bravery with which I had managed this affair, notwithstanding the disagreeable and difficult position in which I had been placed.

Upon our return to California I was there, also, complimented upon my management of this affair, and all the merchants of San Francisco, who had read the accounts in the journals of that date, added their praises. My owner, however, was not pleased with my course; I had used five hundred dollars of his money, and he would make me pay it back—every cent. I told him he could never do that, I being master of the vessel and authorized to act according to my judgment, in critical cases, for the benefit of all concerned; that if I had made any mistakes no one was so sorry as myself, and that I regretted he was the only person in California who disapproved of my management in this affair. Through the whole case he treated me with the discourtesy for which he was notorious, and, in consequence, I left his employ. Going to town next day to see Captain Eldridge I received two good offers, but decided to go to New York; and on the trip home I invented the best detaching gear, to let go a boat from the davits, that has ever been invented.

While in New York I was appointed to com-

mand the steamship "America," under the California agency of my old friend and patron, I. W. Raymond, one of the finest gentlemen and truest friends I ever met.

Upon one voyage in the "America" we broke our shaft on the upward trip, and went into Acapulco to get coal, of which we would require a considerable quantity, as we should be a long while going up with our damaged shaft. We arrived at five A. M., and was visited by the captain of the port. I told him that we had arrived in distress, and should protest against paying port charges. He replied that he should require the vessel to pay but three dollars and a half, and we could sail at any time we chose, to which I did not demur. We worked all night to get the buckets of the wheel, and the wheel itself, secured. I called upon the agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, he being the only party who controlled any coal in the place, and stated my case to him. Both the agent and the U. S. consul urged the necessity of my holding a survey upon my vessel, they insisting that she was not seaworthy, repeatedly saying that if I went to sea with her in that condition the other shaft would break, she would be lost, and I would be ruined, even if I saved my life. I urged the necessity of my having a supply of coal, but was met with the statement that I ought to have the ship towed up to San Francisco, and the passengers forwarded by

other boats, to all of which I most strenuously objected. As I rose to go, the agent said that in the morning he would decide if he could supply my ship with coal or not. Next morning at seven o'clock I called again upon him, and his first remark was: "Captain Wakeman, have you yet ordered a survey upon your ship?" To which I replied that I had not brought the "America" into the port of Acapulco to ask a lot of ignorant negroes if she was, or was not, seaworthy.

"Then," said he, "you can have no coal from me."

"Very well," I replied, "then I can go without it. I have enough for an ordinary passage, and only wanted from you enough to guard against a possible long passage, with a damaged shaft. I will go to the U. S. consul's office and enter a protest against your conduct." Then I turned my back upon the agent of the great Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and went to see the consul, and entered my protest. Just as it was completed by the clerk, in came the consul himself, and looking over the document, which I had myself worded and dictated to the clerk, he said:

"Captain Wakeman, this is pretty forcible."

"Yes," I responded, "it is severe, yet true and just."

"Oh! excuse me," said the consul, "but you have never deposited your ship's papers in my office."

"No," I answered, "nor do I intend to deposit them with you ; it is but a matter of mere form, and not one steamship in a dozen, entering this port for supplies, ever does deposit papers with you; it is a custom, as Shakspeare says, "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

"Well," responded the consul, " then I will not clear your ship, nor give you a clean bill of health, and you will have trouble when you reach San Francisco ; and further, if I had the power, I would issue a compulsory order of survey on your vessel. However, the captain of the port possesses that power, and I understand he is intending to exercise it."

"In that case," said I, my next step will be to see that official." And sure enough, I soon learned that the documents had been issued, and the captain of the port stated that he should remove some piece of machinery from my ship to prevent my slipping out to sea until I had complied with his requirements. This was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky to me, and the consul and the P. M. Co.'s agent and the captain of the port all called on me, and said that it would be best for me to yield to circumstances, and that they would draw up a document, and all sign it, relieving me from all responsibility in the matter.

"Gentlemen," I said, "if you are all of this mind, my course is to go right on board the 'America,' and have the fires put out and things made snug."

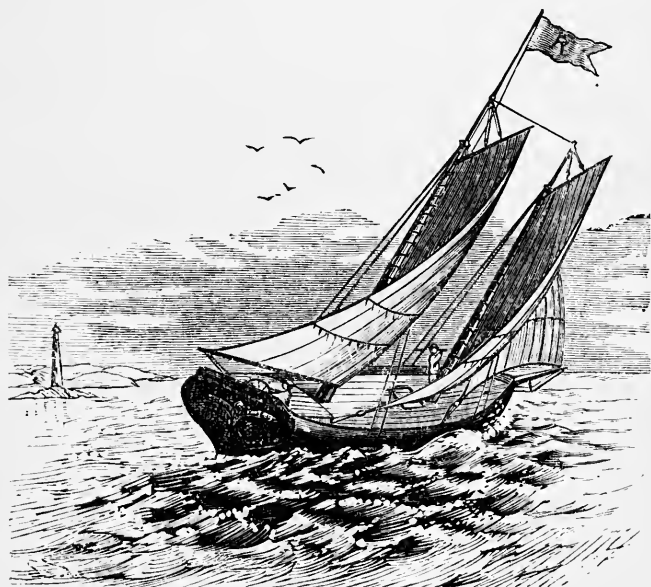
The gun had been previously fired for all passengers to be on board, though they had been told on shore that they would be detained in Acapulco for forty days. I then went on board, and found all the passengers there, hoisted up my boat, let go the hawser from the buoys, and was soon standing out at sea, away from the inhospitable port of Acapulco; and the captain of the port did not get his three dollars and a half, as he did not give me clearance; nor did the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. make one hundred thousand dollars by towing the "America" to San Francisco and conveying the passenger to their destination, as we did all that ourselves. After we got out, it transpired that about two hundred of the steerage passengers had been induced to sign a protest against going up in the ship, declaring her to be unseaworthy, and this precious document had been placed in the consul's hands. Had their prayer been granted, they would have been landed in Acapulco in a penniless condition; and I doubt if one-third of them would have lived to get away from the town, as it always is sickly there for strangers, and at this particular time it was exceedingly unhealthy, and natives as well as foreigners had been dying off at an alarming rate. Without money, none of these poor wretches could have procured the necessities of life, of which, in fact, there existed in the place no more than was required for the inhabitants themselves.

There would have been no accommodations for such a multitude, and they would have been compelled to sleep in the streets. It looks like one of the most cruel and inhuman acts ever contemplated, to endeavor to procure by such vile means the condemnation of a fine ocean steamship, and to sacrifice the lives of three hundred inoffensive passengers, merely for the purpose of bringing a few thousand dollars to the U. S. consul, and a few more thousand to the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.; and, of course, the captain of the port, an illiterate and ignorant Mexican negro, would have come in for his share, as the three worthies mentioned all messed together, and were, to use a gambler's phrase, "all toads of the same puddle," or, to use a sailor's simile, "all tarred with the same brush." But the best laid plans of men (not mice, as usually quoted), often fail, as was the case in this instance; for we ran up to San Francisco, with only one wheel revolving, in twelve days, and the day we got in we scudded for twelve hours before a terrific south-easter. At 6:30 P. M., we found ourselves about one hundred yards from Point Lobos rocks, and the fog so thick that we could not see, even at that short distance, the Pavilion Hotel, located thereabouts. But we passed safely through the breakers, to the great delight of all on board, and found ourselves in smooth water, while just outside it was a howling tempest. To have been outside during that terri-

ble night, on a rock-bound coast, would have, doubtless, been our destruction before morning, particularly in our crippled condition. So we came to anchor until daylight, when it was still so foggy that we could almost cut it with a knife, but with lead and line and a bright lookout we felt our way up the harbor, and anchored off Meiggs' wharf in five fathoms of water, and proceeded to set the watch, all being grateful enough to be once more in safety after such an exciting voyage. Feeling very poorly, having been out for twelve hours in a pitiless rain, and being wet to the very skin, and chilled to my very marrow, I went to my room to change my wet clothes, and to lie down, when I found six gentlemen in my room who had been appointed a committee on the part of the cabin passengers to thank me for having safely conducted the "America" into port after such a terrific storm, for violence never before equaled on the California coast.

And only to be imagined is the joy I experienced at once more escaping all dangers and finding myself again in the bosom of my family, surrounded by all the loved ones so dear to me. Never has lived a man so blessed as myself with a family so affectionate and interesting. I am, indeed, grateful to God for all his goodness to me, and in particular for having given me such a loving, devoted, and intelligent family—all blessed with health, none infirm or lacking in mind. How my

heart overflows with joy and thankfulness when I find myself in the midst of these angels, after having passed through the dangers, hardships, and vicissitudes of a long and stormy sea-voyage. I seem blessed beyond other men; certainly, far, far beyond my deserts. May God, in his infinite goodness, long spare our loved circle unbroken.



CHAPTER XI.

PARADISE VALLEY—YARNS AROUND THE CAMP FIRE—STAGE
DRIVING OF NEVADA.

IN the year 1868, the steamship, "America," was paid off, and the crew ordered to San Francisco, after having lain at anchor in the Bay of Panama for a period of eight months, during which time I was contracting the Panama fever, from which I have since been such a sufferer. I arrived home in the Spring, very feeble and weak, having undergone the pains of the damned, notwithstanding the unrelenting kindness during the voyage up, of Captain Sutton and Purser Leslie C. Hanks, of the steamship "Oregonian." Not long after my arrival home, being one day in San Francisco, corner Montgomery and California streets, I observed a dark swarthy gentleman pass me several times, each time looking very intently at me, and finally halting in front of the lamp-post, against which I was feebly leaning; he said:

"Pardon me, sir, but am I not addressing Captain Wakeman?"

"Yes," I replied, "this is Captain Wakeman himself."

"Good heavens!" he answered, "can it be possible; how changed you are; how thin and wasted! Come along with me and I will make a new man of you; you saved my life once and now I will repay the obligation and save yours. I am Colonel Karge; don't you remember me?"

"Certainly, colonel, now that you speak and I observe you more particularly, I do remember you; though you have grown very stout since I saw you last."

"Indeed, Captain Wakeman, I can never forget you, for I once made a passage with you in the little steamer 'Independence,' and was very ill, and you took me into your own room and nursed me, and took such good care of me that I recovered, and have ever since enjoyed the same robust health as you see me enjoying now."

"But," said I, "Colonel Karge, where will you take me?"

"To Paradise Valley," he said.

"Paradise Valley!" I thought, "that must be on the road to Heaven;" and I said, aloud, "I will go with you;" for his manner was so cordial, and his invitation so pressing, that I felt immediately at home with him, and could see that his invitation was real and not a complimentary one; for he

looked and acted in earnest—"on hospitable thought intent," as W. Shakspeare said. Then he told me that to reach Paradise Valley I must take the Central Railway to Winnemucca, then a wagon for fifty miles further, and I would find myself at my destination. Said he: "the nearest station is Camp Scott, where I command a company of the regular United States army, and will take such good care of you that in a very short time you will be a new and well man."

On my way down the street I met my old friend, James Laidley, who stopped me and bluntly said: "Wakeman, you look like satan himself, and if you don't take good care of yourself I shall soon be called upon to attend your funeral." I told him of my contemplated trip, whereupon he wanted to know how I was off for money. "I have not a great deal," I replied, "but guess enough to provide me in that quiet and naturally inexpensive place."

"My dear fellow," he answered, "there is nothing so handy as to have enough money," and thereupon he placed a buckskin bag in my hand, and before I had time to thank him, he said:

"It is a long road that you are going to travel, and if you ever get beyond your Paradise Valley, you will probably meet St. Peter at the gate, and it will be necessary for you to fee him liberally," and he walked rapidly away, and then I found that he had left me richer by one hundred dollars,

the kind, generous and considerate friend ; and may he be rewarded for his goodness. So, with a grateful heart, I passed on to the office of the Central Pacific railroad, where I met Col. Gray, who presided over the affairs of that road in general, and over the affairs of Leland Stanford in particular, and I told him where I was going, and he ordered free tickets, out and return, to be made out for me. He also gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Hopkins, in Sacramento, which document would ensure me good care and every attention along the entire line of the road. Thus did I receive kindness from every one of these noble Californians.

Being so well "fixed," I went home and told Mary Wakeman to pack up my modest little carpet-bag, as I was off on the morrow, and to engage little Tommy Kelly to carry my baggage over to the wharf of the steamer "Chrysopolis," for up the river. My wife protested that I was in no condition to undertake such a journey ; that I was comparatively helpless, and that it would result in my death.

"Go I must," said I, "for my mind is fully made up ; here are my passage tickets, and here"—showing my buckskin purse—"the sinews of war, and you know that my plans, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are unchangeable." So, with tearful eyes and a heavy heart, this excellent woman saw my things got ready, and, with little

Tommy Kelly in tow, bearing the carpet-bag, I was soon on board the steamer, and next morning found me safe and sound, and in excellent spirits, at the capital city of our Golden State. Soon after taking my seat in the cars for Winnemucca, Mr. Hopkins came in search of me, having been notified that a certain decrepit old salt had been consigned to his care, and he did not stand upon ceremony, and, kind gentleman that he was, he soon made me feel perfectly at home with him, and presented me an open letter to all conductors and agents of the road.

Five hours after we were at Summit Station, surrounded on all sides by snow, and many of the young travelers, Californians born and bred, had never seen snow before, and now experienced the novel sensation of a snow-balling match at a height many thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Next day we reached Winnemucca, and then I took what is called the mud-wagon, which was to convey me to Paradise Valley, and there we finally arrived about sundown, I having had the very liver and lights jolted out of me on the rough roads. "Jordan was, indeed, a rough road to travel," and we came along at a rattling pace, drawn by magnificent horses, and driven by a man so self-satisfied and proud of his position that I verily believe he would not have relinquished his avocation to be governor of the State of California. At the station at Paradise Valley I was

received by a military officer, who treated me with the most agreeable cordiality, saying that I was expected, and that he had instructions to do all in his power to make me comfortable, his first step being to order a substantial supper for me, when he seemed delighted at my hearty appetite. After supper we spun a few yarns, and had a long discourse concerning biblical lore. I found that he had a very imperfect understanding of the times in which the Good Book was written, and was obliged to explain to him some of those historical facts which we children of a benighted century hastily term miracles. He frankly owned that he didn't see how a prophet could pray down fire on to an altar, or how men could be lowered into a pit of fire without being singed; how the children of Israel could walk dry-shod through the Red Sea, nor how Daniel could come unscathed from that lion's den, and I enlightened him in regard to all these things. I showed him how the prophet took advantage of the resources of the country to pour coal-oil all over his altar, when the people thought he was pouring water upon it, and how easily he had applied the match afterward; I explained the tides of the Red Sea, which the children of Israel and their parents, too, for that matter, understood thoroughly. "As for Daniel," said I, "that, like all these other little histories, need only be read carefully, and the whole thing will become clear as daylight; doesn't it say that

the king 'labored hard until the going down of the sun,' in Daniel's behalf? He called up seven of his slaves, and told them to take seven sides of beef and throw them to those lions; when they came back and reported the famished lions' eagerness, he shuddered, and called up seven more men, and told them to carry seven more sides of beef to the lions; when these men came back and reported the lions' diminished appetites, he smiled, and called up seven more men, and sent seven more sides of beef, and so on, until the lions shook their heads and retired from that eating-tournament in despair. Then the king called up Daniel, and threw him down among the beef-bones, and the very sight of him made those stuffed lions as sick as dogs, so the king had him hauled out again."

After a little further conversation we became better acquainted, and he told me that wherever I should meet him I should be by right entitled to half his rations; and he only regretted that in a few days he should be obliged to leave me for duty on a distant post, in Arizona. After passing three days very agreeably in Paradise Valley, Colonel Karge joined us, and the captain left us. I was made to feel perfectly at home, and by every one was treated with the very kindest cordiality. Colonel Karge was accompanied by his son, a gentlemanly and intelligent lad, fourteen years of age. Here were stationed a part of the sixth regiment U. S. cavalry; most of the officers and

men having come up with me in the "America," it seemed like being with old friends rather than with strangers. Every morning, before sunrise, a horse, saddled and bridled, was brought to my door, and along with the Colonel and his son I took a long ride, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another; every morning a longer ride, until, finally, we rode out to the mountains, twenty miles or more away, before breakfast at eight A. M., so that the exercise and sharp mountain air gave us rosy cheeks as well as wolfish appetites.

One day a party of young officers rode over from Camp McDougal, and we enjoyed their visit greatly. Another day we hitched up the team and a score of us rode over to the Big Humboldt river, forty miles away, to have a week's picnic. Camp Scott is situated upon the Little Humboldt river, a small stream but well stocked with trout. Paradise Valley is about fifty miles long by fifteen miles broad, having three rivers running into it: Big Humboldt, Little Humboldt, and the Martin rivers. It is mostly covered with sage-brush, excepting where a colony of enterprising farmers have located, and by clearing the land and raising two or three crops of beets, have now got the land into good condition, and can raise, alternately, wheat and hay, as fine crops as are to be seen in any part of the world, and that in a spot where it was said that nothing could be grown. The soil is sandy, and only requires irrigation to "make it

blossom as the rose." Upon our trip to the Big Humboldt we were accompanied by a young farmer from New York State, who settled here a few years ago, and has made twenty thousand dollars in supplying vegetables and "garden sass" to the neighboring military camps. He also supplied them largely with barley, oats and hay, for their horses. His name was Thomas Burns, an intelligent, indeed, witty young fellow, who was intimately acquainted with every foot of the surrounding country. Another humorous character was with our party, Pat Flynn, who knew just where to find the big trout, and who also knew how to catch them. These two witty customers supplied our party with an abundance of fish; indeed, they would regularly bring in twenty to twenty-five pounds of fish every afternoon, more than all the rest of the party, put together, could get; and two and three-pound trout were common. We had a delightful time hunting and fishing, and would sing: "O! we'll hunt the buffalo," though never a "buffler," as the trappers call them, could we probably find within a thousand miles of us. Colonel Karge was an excellent shot, and frequently would fetch seven birds out of a flock of canvas-back ducks, on the wing; and he also furnished us with abundant supplies of excellent eating in the shape of sage-hens, quail, teal, snipe, cranes, geese, plover, and jackass-rabbit; and as our cook frequently dished us up some deli-

cious Welch rare-bit, we had rabbits in every style and every description and variety. With all my argumentative abilities Pat Flynn could not be brought to believe that when I shot at the ducks they sank to the bottom of the lake with the weight of the lead I had put into them ; and that when he thought he saw the flock flying forward, undiminished in number, it was but the feathers carried forward by the momentum of their rapid flight.

Here was a hot spring with the water running away from it in quite a good-sized brook into a large, circular basin ; and as the brook ran along through the grass, its course could be seen by the smoke therefrom arising. The water was quite tasteless, and had a temperature of about ninety degrees.

While encamped here a brother of Tom Burns one day rode in and surrendered himself to Colonel Karge, having just killed a noted desperado who had attacked him. After hearing the evidence the Colonel fully exonerated Burns for this act, and, indeed, thanked him for ridding the country of one of the worst characters ever known in the locality.

After spending about a week very pleasantly upon the Big Humboldt, we broke camp and returned to Camp Scott, all very much delighted with the jaunt. Here I will mention that I rode in the saddle all the way back, although frequently

solicited to exchange seats with some one in the wagon.

Being at home again, and our party of visitors having left us, we settled down again into the quiet and regularity of a camp life. The station at Camp Scott is made up of barracks for the soldiers, mess and sleeping quarters, a cook-room, sutler's quarters, mashers' building, hospital, guard-house, surgeon's dispensary, and two large buildings with cook-house and dispensary for the officers. These quarters were all comfortable and convenient, built into the form of a square, and kept in a state of perfect neatness, delightful to behold. About a third of a mile distant were quartered some fifty Indians, the young men and warriors being absent most of the time.

I will not comment here upon our keeping up a large force at a great expense to guard a reservation where are located but a handful of Indians. No matter what you give them, or how kindly you treat them, they treat you with scorn, and look upon you with disdain. The Indians at this reservation are mostly Piutes and Washoes, whose principal occupation is to hang about the railway stations in hopes of making a raise of whisky or tobacco.

Colonel Karge is by birth a Pole—a most remarkable man, speaking no less than thirty-six languages, tongues and dialects. He fought with the Poles against Russia, being captured and sent,

with his brother, to Siberia—endeavoring one moonlight night to escape upon an officer's horse; he was recaptured, and, to prevent any further attempts to escape, the soles of his feet were cut open and hair from a horse's mane introduced to keep them so sore that he could not walk. Many months after this the opportunity recurred, and this time, owing to the darkness of the night, he succeeded in making good his escape. He worked his way into Bulgaria, where they were at war, and that being his trade, he enlisted in the ranks, and in due time, was made a captain. During a desperate engagement he was wounded, and obliged to retire into the quiet of a hospital located in a camp of which he had command. While located here, one hot afternoon, the wounded were being brought in from a battle raging near by, when a dying soldier requested the attendance of a Polish priest. "Poor fellow," said Karge, "we have no Polish priests here, but I am a Pole; can I be of any service to you? What is your name?"

"William Karge," the wounded man replied.

"And your father's name?"

"Joseph Karge," was the answer.

Sure enough, it was the brother that had been banished with him into Siberia; he had subsequently made his escape, and had also wandered into Bulgaria, and it was under such sad circumstances that the brothers met again, to be soon parted by the hand of death.

At Camp Scott, the officers' cook was a German Count, who spoke fifteen languages fluently. When he came into Colonel Karge's presence every morning for his daily orders, he would, like enough, salute in Latin or in French; the colonel would answer in Spanish or Russian; and so they would go on, in Greek, Spanish, Persian, Dutch, and a dozen other languages, and it was something to remember, hearing a conversation between these remarkable linguists, so fluent and withal so polite. One day the Count received letters and remittances from Germany, and then we had no cook to dish up our food in a dozen different lingos. After this we took turns in cooking, though the colonel, being, among his other accomplishments, a scientific cook, did most of this work, which was not great, as there were but four of us in the mess. After spending nearly four months in this most agreeable companionship, having fully recovered my health, the colonel having, according to his promise, made a new man of me, I reluctantly bid them all good-bye, and left upon a visit to all the places of interest along the railway. I visited Lake Donner and Lake Tahoe, also Washoe, Virginia City and Carson, Woodville and the various hot springs. During my trip, I met many old acquaintances and formed many new ones. One day I joined a party who went to fish in Lake Tahoe. We spent a pleasant day, but had wretched luck, owing to the fact, as Judge Hamil-

ton, who was of the party, put it, "That because of the villainous cooking they got at the hotel, the fish objected to being caught," and so did not even bite.

I passed a fortnight at Carson Seminary, and I never before saw a school of sixty children under such perfect management as the one kept in this mountain home by Miss Clapp and Miss Babcock.

Finally I bid adieu to all my little friends and to their amiable teachers at the Seminary, and took leave of many old friends, among whom were Colonel Curry, one of the pioneers and first discoverers of the Gould and Curry mine, of world-wide renown; ex-Governor Nye, of Nevada, a renowned politician and able speaker, familiarly known as the old war-horse of the Republican party; Mr. Pierce, of Wells, Fargo & Co., an estimable man; and ex-Governor Johnson, who was then judge of the Supreme Court, and noted for his talents, which had placed him, at the early age of twenty-five, in the position of governor of the State of California.

After thus leaving a host of fine gentlemen and sincere friends, I proceeded to go down the mountain, which was at least seven thousand feet high, in a stage coach, traveling at a frightful speed over a grade of, in many places, 45° inclination. I will say here that the stage-drivers of Nevada drive their six and eight-horse teams with a skill which I never saw equaled in any other part of the world. I expected every moment to

be my last; and was, indeed, nearly killed. I had taken an inside seat, but, as my ribs were nearly broken and my brains knocked out, at the first half-way house at which we stopped I embraced the opportunity to seat myself alongside the driver, who was a social cuss, and drove his team with a recklessness that was perfectly frightful.

Every time he stopped I would stand treat, hoping to ingratiate myself with him somewhat, so that he might sympathize with me enough to go slowly over some of the bad spots; but there was no filling him up, and it became a question in my mind if my cash would hold out, for he stopped to water the horses every few miles, taking a drink when he stopped and another when he started again, and all at my expense, for what gentleman could allow a stage-driver to treat?

Mine, however, was a mistaken policy, for instead of moderating his speed, after each drink he went more furiously than before.

"Hold on here, my friend," he said at one time; but it was useless, for I had been holding on all the way. The next moment the iron rails were drawn out of my hands, and I was not only thrown into the air but was turned completely around, and found myself upon the seat above the boot, facing aft, with both hands fast to the railing. The next thing the driver did was to go through a gate into a small enclosure and out again. The gate was just wide enough to admit the coach, and it had hardly gone through when the leaders, being

turned short around, passed out again. This maneuver was accomplished at full speed, and the coach passed out again through that gate without touching, and dashed away—the driver lashing his horses with a free hand.

It was after dark when we arrived before the hotel, which was our destination. I climbed down and seated myself upon a roll of canvas that lay close to the lamp-post, sick at the stomach, black and blue in all parts of the body, and completely exhausted. After I had been sitting there an hour, a man came along and said he believed that he would take his tent; so I was obliged to relinquish a seat which I felt inclined to occupy until daylight. Here I would advise my friends to select any other seat in or on a Nevada coach than the one alongside the driver; although, as a class of men, and notwithstanding the fact that they hold so much, they are noted for their sobriety, honesty and skillful management of their teams, seldom meeting with an accident, winter or summer. Upon this particular trip, we had, at starting, twenty-two passengers and nineteen big trunks, besides the musical instruments that belonged to the circus company, eighteen of whom were among our passengers.

But to proceed; I took the cars at Reno for Truckee, where I spent a few days; and then, as it was becoming quite cold in the mountains, I returned home, where I found my family all in excellent health.

CHAPTER XII.

WRECKED IN THE GULF STREAM—EPITAPH OF THE “D. C. HASKINS”—AFLOAT IN AN OPEN BOAT—BERMUDA.



BEING on Montgomery street one day, I was engaged to go to New York and bring out a new steamer, with the understanding that

I was to make no alterations in her. I assented

to the terms, and in seven days I was in New York, after a pleasant trip across the continent, the cars moving so steadily that a child could run about the decks without being capsized.

My vessel, the “D. C. Haskins,” was a side-wheel steamer, built as a model boat for Commodore Vanderbilt, and was originally intended for the route between New York and New Haven, *via* the Sound, but was never used in that service. She had been laid up for some time in an incomplete condition, until purchased by the Pacific Railroad Company of California for the Vallejo

route. I was more than a month preparing her for sea, and when we were all ready but the coal, we went on a trial trip up the Hudson, making twenty-five miles an hour.

We then went up the East river, where we took in our coal, and on Sunday, the fourteenth day of November, 1869, we sailed, with a crew of forty men. We proceeded as far as Staten Island, when the machinery got out of order, and we anchored for the night. The next morning, Monday, November fifteenth, we got under way, discharged the pilot and stood to sea. As there was quite a sea on from the southward, we hauled her head to it for an hour to see if she would spring any. At noon the mate and the carpenter reported from all parts of the steamer that she was staunch, strong and tight. I was so pleased with her, myself, as a good sea boat, that at noon we hauled her on to the course for Pernambuco.

On the seventeenth we had a fine breeze from the north, and set sail; but at four p. m., as the wind hauled around to the south, we took in all sail again. At five p. m. there was a big sea on from the south, and the wind was blowing a gale, the barometer falling from 30 to 29° in an hour, while the wind and sea increased most fearfully. At six p. m. we got out a drag, made of the fore-yard, tops'l-yard and a spare spar lashed together, with the stream-anchor with ten fathom scope and a bridle on the spars of a six-

inch hawser. We paid out the hawser two cables' length, when it trended well on the bow. We then threw overboard seventy-five tons of coal from the main deck, and set the mizzen storm-sail.

At dark a heavy rain came on, with sharp lightning from the southward, and the barometer went down to $28^{\circ} 40'$. At seven p. m. the wind blew a perfect hurricane. The engine was turning slowly and the ship was making very good weather of it; but at eight p. m. the steam-pipe broke, irreparably, and at half-past eight a sea came on board which stove in the bulwarks and promenade deck from the stern to the port wheel-house.

At nine p. m. the barometer stood at $28^{\circ} 20'$. The night was as black as pitch, and after being illuminated by the lightning for a moment, would become perfectly blinding; and the steam as it was escaping mingled its noise, which seemed to have an ominous tone, with the doleful sound of the beating rain and the furious wind.

At half-past nine the sea ran in mountains, and nothing could withstand the wind; both smoke-stacks blowing twenty feet clear of the ship. From the time the engine stopped the crew were busy pumping ship, but at ten p. m. the barometer was down to $27^{\circ} 30'$, and the water was gaining on us. The sea was running at all angles from the south to the southwest, and as she lay in the trough of

the sea we let go the lee bower anchor, and paid out fifty fathoms of chain, in hopes of bringing her head more to the sea, but all we could do was of no avail.

At half-past ten the starboard hog-frame, which was of twenty-six-inch yellow pine, broke in two places, forward of the wheel, and in a few minutes the one on the port side went in the same way. As the water was still gaining on us, I ordered the cook and the steward to take bread, water, wine, hams, and other provisions aft, ready to be put into the boats, in the meantime constantly cheering the crew, telling them that we were gaining on the water, and making every effort to keep them in good spirits.

I cannot describe the scene, and I doubt if it can be imagined: A pitch-dark night, a deluge of rain, a hurricane of wind, and in their midst a disabled vessel ; on that vessel, in the wild fury of the elements, drenched to the skin, hoarse, hurrying to and fro, anxious with a despairing concern, stifling half-born thoughts of distant friends and families, men who exerted all their energies of mind and body in their battle with the elements of the storm.

I made the end of a coil of rope, which was fifteen feet long, fast to the forward thwart in the smallest boat, resolving to give the two large boats into the charge of the first and second mates, and to go in this one myself.

At eleven o'clock the barometer stood 27° , $28'$, and the hurricane was at its height. As the cabin was full of water and the steamer was settling, I now ordered the boats to be lowered, giving the biggest one to Mr. McDermot, the chief mate; but she was capsized in lowering, and floated off with two men on her bottom. The second mate took the other large boat, but smashed her in lowering; she also floated off, with the second mate and four seamen clinging to her.

Now came the turn of the smallest and the last boat, in which I had determined to go, although it was doubtful if any man living could keep her afloat in such a sea. I succeeded in getting her safely into the water, with four men in her, and a painter fast to the steamer. I went into the saloon, where the crew was assembled, and said these words to them:

"Men, I had anticipated great pleasure in taking this fine boat out to California in your company; but it appears that God has ordered it otherwise, and, as we may not meet again, I will bid you good-bye here. But don't sit waiting for death to come to you. Carpenter, take a gang, and cut and saw this saloon and deck until it will float, as it may moderate in an hour; some of you be lashing demijohns and bottles of water, ham, beef and bread to it; while you, Mr. McDermot, take a third gang, and send up rockets and fire the cannon, and a ship may rescue you at the last minute."

Then I went aft. My boat was gone, and when it lightened I could see her about a cable's length off. I stepped into the sea to swim to the boat. The steamer's deck, aft, was in the sea, and as I came out from under a big sea, and was close to her rudder, I saw, by the lightning, that the stern post was split in two.

I was under a dozen seas before reaching the boat. When a sea ran over me, I would lie still until it was off, and between the steamer's lights and the lightning I managed to keep a pretty good course for it, until, finally, almost exhausted, I perceived it down in the hollow of the very wave that I was on the top of; in a minute, I had both hands on the port quarter of the boat, when I sang out for them to haul me in. But no one moved until some time had elapsed, and I had repeatedly ordered the crew to draw me in, when I heard a voice say:

"Well, it is the captain, so I suppose we shall have to haul him in;" whereupon they lent a hand to pull me in, when, instead of finding four men in the boat, I counted twelve persons. She was loaded down to the gunwales, one man sitting on the forward air-chamber; there were four thwarts in the boat, with two men seated on each, which, with this one on the air-chamber, made nine; the men numbering ten and eleven were lying exhausted upon the after air-chamber, and I, the twelfth, with difficulty made a seat for myself beside them.

The first thing I did was to secure an oar which was drifting in the water alongside of us, and rig it as a steering oar; the next thing was to get the coil of rope from the forward thwart and make a drag of the two midship oars. I felt something under my feet, and, reaching through the water, I found that it was a ham. I took it, and, after puncturing it, made it fast to the drag, which I put into the sea, the end of the rope being fast in the bow of the boat. It soon ran out, and, with the help of the forward and after oars and my steering oar, we were able to keep her head to the sea. As almost every big wave ran entirely over us, and the boat had too many in her, I ordered two men on each side to jump overboard and hold on to the gunwales of the boat, to lighten and steady her, and enable us to do some bailing. With two men constantly bailing, we kept many a sea out that would otherwise have swamped us; nevertheless, we always had a plenty of water and to spare in the boat.

At about midnight, as nearly as I can judge, of the seventeenth of November, 1869, the "D. C. Haskins" sank, as we lost sight of her mast-head lights and could no longer see her by the lightning. We were lying to, under the drag, about a mile off, and could plainly see what was probably the last earthly or unearthly roll of the doomed steamer. The white paint and gilding of her wheel-house were conspicuous in the glare of the light-

ning, against the appalling darkness of the night in the background; as she rose on the seas I could see that all under the guards was perfect, and as her stern settled her bows lifted high out of water, showing a most beautiful model; then she disappeared, stern first, into the sepulchre that opened wide to engulf into its insatiable and craving maw all that was left of the unfortunate ship and her crew.

Thus, after struggling for hours against the combined furies of the enraged winds and waves, all eager to engulf, with her precious freight, this innocent creature—so lately wedded to her treacherous betrothed—helpless, like Samson, the strong, when deprived of his strength, she reared her modest head high toward heaven, as though for succor, and then, white, ghastly, bleeding from too many wounds, she sank in grace and meekness beneath the merciless blows of her unrelenting conquerors, to find a haven of rest and tranquillity beneath the raging elements that swept so quickly across the grave of as brave a crew as ever floated; who went down in as beautiful a coffin as ever sank into the unknown depths below, where the quiet is serene and everlasting; where destroying monsters, with wide-extending jaws and leering eyes, revel and devour, but may not enter into the gilded saloons and narrow state-rooms, where the mermaids may be imagined, reclining upon the satin sofas and combing their long locks before

the costly mirrors; while the genius of the silent depths, charmed with his last and beautiful acquisition, orders his myrmidons to enshroud it with moss and sponge, to fringe it round about with the sea-weed that is always green, and to mantle it with shells, whose pearly lustre is reflected in the changing and endless hues of the waters surrounding the glorious beauty and the splendor of this tomb, never to be seen by mortal eyes.

At daylight, as we were backing and bailing, and then advancing to meet the sea, we heard a voice crying aloud in agonized and despairing tones:

“O, for God’s sake, take us in; save us, save us!”

The next sea took us so near to a capsized boat, which we took to be that which the mate had endeavored to lower, that we had to back and row with all our strength to keep clear of her, as we should have turned over instantly if we had touched her. There were two men on her, one holding on to the after end of the keel, in the water, and the other one standing up, with his arms extended, shouting with his whole soul for succor. The next sea and we saw each other no more, but I shall never forget the piteous tones of that man, as I left them to the only succor which could reach them: that given by God, who was about to give them a grave. It was impossible for us to take them in as we could scarcely, with four men overboard, keep the gunwales above

water; and, as it was, I had frequently, during the night, reached out, knife in hand, to despatch the two unconscious men who lay on the air-chamber beside me, but had always desisted, for a loud voice had seemed to say in my ears: "Stop, you will all be saved."

There was but a gallon of water in the boat, with about five pounds of soda crackers in the bottom of a pillow-case, and this was like mush, being afloat in salt water all the time. I gave about a tablespoonful of this stuff, apiece, to the men twice a day, and wet their tongues twice a day with water, as I could not trust them enough to give them a swallow apiece at a time. I took nothing while I was in the boat, as I felt as if I could live a week without anything.

Once a man lifted the demijohn containing our water.

"Put that down," I ordered.

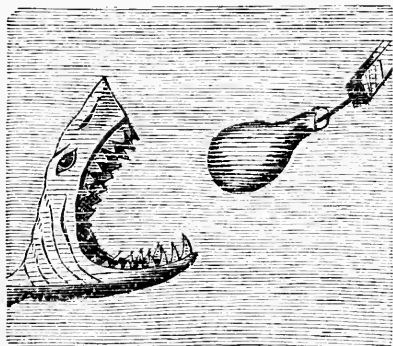
"Captain, I cannot die; I have inhaled steam, and must drink," said he.

"Put that down, or you will die sooner than you expected," I returned.

He looked at me with an expression which cannot be described, but obeyed; no doubt he suffered, as he soon became deranged. The two men beside me still lay exhausted, and all I heard them say during the night was that they could not last much longer.

At mid-day the sharks came, and had a terrific

battle for the ham. The sea would lift itself up to a high and toppling attitude, forming one of the



most awful and appalling sights that was ever contemplated by living man, before it came tumbling down, like an avalanche, upon us. When the sun came out, as the sea ahead ran high, it, as it

were, became transparent, and we could see, to our dismay, that it was alive with those monsters, darting, like fiends, in all directions; and then, as the order "overboard" came, in tones which admitted of no trifling, it is easy to judge of the feelings of those who threw themselves into the sea. But reason had not yet entirely left its throne; hope still fluttered in the breasts of these men, and orders continued to be executed.

Toward dark a part of the crew had become indifferent to their situation, and neither curses nor blows could arouse them; their heads fell upon their breasts, and I was compelled to allow them to sleep; hoping all the time that some of them might drop off, lightening the boat, so that the rest might hope to be saved, as with so heavy a load it seemed impossible that we could long keep afloat.

With sundown it had abated so much that, although the seas ran high, they no longer broke. I ordered the drag to be drawn in, and, after manning four oars, I hove the head of the boat to the sea, which came from the west, and addressed the crew :

“We are all fresh and young and strong,” I told them, “but we are in the middle of the gulf stream, a spot the most unfrequented of all others, and without the provisions necessary for the number in the boat. I want you to pull this boat thirty miles to-night, when we will be in the northern edge of the stream, and surrounded with vessels, so that, even if we can then pull no more, we shall be picked up by some passing boat. Boys, anybody can pull oars in a smooth sea, but it requires just such seamen as you are to do it in and over this humpy road; will you do it or not?”

“We will,” came from all who could speak.

“Give way.”

I steered north all night to the best of my judgment, but neither star nor moon was to be seen, and the wind and the sea were my principal guides. How the men pulled as they did, with the gunwales of the boat scarcely three inches out of the water, I cannot tell; but it was fortunate that the boat would hold them now, for if I had compelled them to go overboard in the condition they had reached, both they and their comrades were so dazed and so weak, that they never could have been brought back again.

It was a continual bail, bail, all night; and when daylight appeared, on the nineteenth, my crew began to see in the thick and murky clouds that swept over the face of the sky, ships, barks, brigs and schooners. One Norwegian, seated in the bow, addressed himself to me, with the most extravagant expressions of mingled delight and insanity on his countenance.

"Captain," said he, pointing with both hands, "here is a lighthouse; oh! don't you see it?" and then he proceeded to describe it in the most minute manner, saying that the top was painted red.

It was not long after this that I saw the smoke of a steamer. It bore to the north of me, for the sun, which I could see rising behind the clouds, told me that I was heading about north-west. Thinking that I might be getting into the condition of my crew, and that my imagination was leading my senses to play me false, I did not report anything; in a few moments I saw it again in the same direction, a black column of smoke close to the water; again I said nothing, fearing that it might be only the blow of a whale; but when I saw it the third time I cried out, saying:

"Steamer, right ahead! now pull, my lads, for that steamer is about to take us to New York."

We soon saw her masts and smoke-stack, and our boat made good speed through the high rolling sea; then we saw the hull, and thought she

was steering right for us, but in about two hours we had the disappointment and mortification to see her leave us completely out of sight. This was hard, but I threw the head of the boat to the sea and ordered a rest, during which time I served out the rations—a spoonful of mush and enough water to wet the tongue; I touched nothing as I still felt strong.

I had frequently during the night been deceived by streaks of cold water, and had told my crew that we were out of the stream and should soon see vessels; but I had as often found hot water again; however, although it continued hot, with plenty of weeds, I kept on cheering the men.

During the morning we pulled to the north-west, bailing all the time. A sea would run over the weather-side, and if any of the men moved, the lee-gunwale would roll it over the whole length of the boat. After a while it looked as if the wind had shifted to the north, and it began to get colder; I knew that if it came out north our chances were slim of ever getting anywhere; at the same time my crew stopped pulling.

“We can pull no longer,” said they, “and we might as well die here as anywhere.”

“All right,” said I, “some of you ought to have died last night, curse you; and I had my knife ready to dispatch four of you, but a voice in my left ear told me to hold on, that I should not be drowned, and could save the most of you; but as

you are willing to stay here and die, you may have your choice. I am bound for the in-shore, if I have to go alone, and the man who disobeys my orders is the one who will remain here, and blasted quick, as I will kill him instantly; now, pull away, you bloody cowards."

This, and more like it, had the effect of once more getting the oars in motion, and in a short time I saw, to the south-west, the two top-masts of a schooner. I kept away for her, and in a short time saw the head of a white sail. I now reported it to the crew, and they all saw it, and pulled with renewed vigor. Hope now filled the breasts of all except three or four, who were crazy, and had been for some time. We soon saw the hull, and found that she was a large schooner, hove to, head to the eastward, under a balanced-reefed mains'l.

We pulled down upon her in her weather waist, being close to her before we perceived any of the crew; they ran on deck, and motioned to us to come astern, which was quickly done, when a rope was thrown us, and made fast to the bow of the boat; the oars were ordered in, and we all felt that we were saved. Several of the crew now spoke:

"Well, Captain," they said, "I suppose you will give us a swallow of water now."

"Yes, boys," I answered, "you may now have all you want."

At this moment, a slight movement of the men forward, in catching the ropes that were thrown

down to them, capsized the boat, turning it bottom up. Three men sank here to rise no more; most of them had hold of ropes. I was aft, and held on to the side of the boat, being carried under, and held so long that I drank too much water. My head was lifted and taken under as each sea rolled over, and I was sensible that I was drowning; but I let go my hold the next time my head was lifted, and tried to swim for one of the ropes that hung over the stern of the schooner. I succeeded in catching it, and pulled my head above the sea; but a man further up the rope slipped down, and his feet pressed my hands down until I was submerged. When I again came to the surface, I found that my strength was gone, and that I was drowning. I called to the captain to save me, that I was gone; and then threw my left leg around the rope, as my hands were no longer able to hold on. The schooner again settled her stern deep into the sea, and, as I was again submerged, I let go the rope, and did not rise again. I had been conscious all the time that I was swallowing large quantities of water when my head was under, and I now, with each strenuous effort to breathe, which was impossible, took in large draughts. However, I felt no inconvenience from it, but, on the contrary, was perfectly at ease, and had time to repeat, slowly, the names of my wife and each of my children. With the thought of the last name all consciousness left me, and I knew no

more for two hours, when I dreamed, for a moment, that I was being dragged by the reins, behind a pair of running horses, over a very rocky street, and opened my eyes to find myself on my back on the deck of the "Grasmere."

Captain Kellin, it seems, dove deep into the water, bent a line around my two ankles, and had me hauled over the rail on to the schooner. The crew had used their knees freely against my abdomen, pressing out all the salt water, and, by the combined efforts of rubbing and using stimulants, which they poured into my mouth after opening it with great difficulty, they succeeded in reviving the cold, inanimate, black and blue body, and restoring a life which, to them, was of no particular value; but there was and is a little flock in California, and hundreds of sincere friends, who will never forget to pray for Captain Augustus Kellin, as the sole agent, in the hands of God, through whom a parent and a friend was restored to those who love him.

I was stripped, rolled in hot blankets, and put into the captain's berth, and in an hour I was fully conscious, and warmth of body and circulation of blood enabled me to begin to realize my situation. I was very weak, and the schooner rolled so heavily as to give me no peace, but my only inquiry was if there was plenty of water on the schooner. The captain assured me that there was, and was as kind and attentive to me as a

woman could have been; he shed tears at not being able to save the three men who were drowned under the shadow of the schooner. John F. Robinson, John Simons, Patrick Green, John Williams, Henry King, Charles Johnson, Henry Landry, and Henry Ganstover, were the men who were saved, with me, from the boat's crew.

We were upon the schooner a week, and all that time but little sail could be made, no observations could be taken, and the captain was nightly lashed to the wheel, and his crew kept under the hatches, as the seas swept over the decks. At last it moderated, sails were made of all the old canvas on board, and we sailed into the harbor of Bermuda and anchored. I was lowered into a boat, pulled to the shore, and taken to the house of the American consul. Here I was sick for nearly a month, having become reduced to a skeleton, and a fever setting in. At one time, the doctor announced to the consul that in another hour I would have breathed my last; yet, through the efforts of these two gentlemen, and of Patience, an old, black nurse, circulation was again restored, and warmth returned to this frame, which has been buffeted by so many storms, and has been so often upon the point of permitting the spirit to escape from it.

When I was able to go out I rode over the island, across a most beautiful and picturesque country of rolling hills and lovely lakes. They

have here a fine, balmy atmosphere, and all the fruits of the tropics are in season the year round. My friends here urged me to remain and recuperate, insisting that I could never survive the change I should incur in going to New York in the middle of winter, but there was a strong incentive, a loadstone on the Pacific, that compelled me to continue in my resolve, and so I was taken aboard the propeller "Fah Kee," bound to New York, being escorted by the American consul and all the American ship-masters in port, and they were quite numerous, as all had been crippled in the same hurricane that was the cause of my presence in this rock-bound harbor, reared up from the depths of the ocean and placed by the foreseeing wisdom of the Great Unknown where thousands of vessels in distress are blown with their tattered sails and broken masts before the north-west winds which prevail on our coast; to act as a boon and a savior to the distressed mariners, after they have felt the heavy blasts of the hurricane, and been suffered to escape in a condition compelling them to run under jury rig before the wind from the rough waters of the gulf stream into this haven of refuge, which has been located here for no other purpose.

BERMUDA.

Thou art a jewel on the ocean cast,
Beyond the reach of Arctic's frozen blast ;
No bergs of ice around thy shores are seen,
Thy sunny hills are ever clad in green.

With bounding heart from out his murky night,
The storm-tossed sailor hails thy beacon light,
And thanks the hand Allwise that placed thee here,
Where struggling mariners would need thy cheer.

So far from other lands on ocean's breast,
Forever anchored in this spot to rest ;
The suns may set, the wat'ry moons may wane,
Thou art through an eternity the same.

Down deep within the shelter of thy vales,
Securely guarded from the wintry gales,
A thousand lovely flowers forever bloom
To guard the portals of a seaman's tomb.

A stranger here, far from a dear, loved home,
Secure amid thy tranquil vales I roam ;
And drinking deeply of thy balmy air,
Admit, perforce, that God is everywhere.

From treach'rous waves, and from the hungry sharks,
The stream of life ebbing in fitful sparks ;
In mercy God did rescue me,
Through thee, bright jewel of the sea,
Bermuda !

CHAPTER XIII.

TO NEW YORK—COMMODORE VANDERBILT—ACROSS THE CONTINENT—ON THE MOSES TAYLOR—A TALE OF HORRORS.

AFTER a rough passage of six days, in the propeller "Fah Kee," I arrived in New York, and proceeded to the Washington Hotel, situated at the foot of Broadway. I carried a box of paper collars by way of trunk, and my clothes-bag contained all my wardrobe, and room to spare; the wardrobe consisting of one suit of flannel underclothes. I went into the office and asked for the proprietor, and while waiting his presence set down my clothes-bag, asking the clerk if he could tell me why that bag was like the Cunard line of steamers? He gave it up, and I told him because it was limited. By this time Mr. Merrill, the proprietor, came in, and I told him that I wanted a cheap corner, up in the sky-parlor, and that the prospects were that he would never be paid anything. "All right," returned he, "I don't care a mill-site whether I am or not. Here," he called, ringing for a boy, "throw open room No. 1, on the first floor, and build a fire in the grate; for," he added, turning to me, "you look cold and tired." I had toted my bag from the steamer, some blocks off,

and had set my load down on the pavement frequently while making the voyage. I was taken into the bar-room and given a glass of good wine, after which I went to my room, and when I saw it I rang for Mr. Merrill. He came in and I protested against such a room, telling him again that he would not be paid, as I was under bare poles."

"The best in my house," said he, "is not too good for you; and as you are as welcome as the flowers in May, I will not have any more chin-music about it."

I will say here that I had promised that the first thing I would do in New York should be to call upon my old friend, Commodore Vanderbilt; but I neglected it from day to day, and each day my attention to my duties increased, until I finally sailed in the "Haskins," without having seen the Commodore. Now he sent for me, and I made my toilet as carefully as the extent of my wardrobe would allow, and went to see him. He received me with his usual kindness.

"You were in New York," said he, "and went to sea without coming to see me and got drowned, which served you right; if you had called upon me you would not have met with the accident."

We sat down in the office together and talked over old times, until he said:

"Wakeman, come into the house, I have a new wife since you saw me last." I went with him across the yard, and after showing me his *Post-*

boy and *Roadster*, he led the way into his house and up-stairs.

"Frank," he called aloud, there being no one in the parlor.

"Sir;" answered a very pretty and agreeable girl (as she seemed when I looked at her beside her husband), from a long hall, as she came running to him.

"Here is an old friend from California, Captain Wakeman," said he, placing one of her hands in mine; "sit down on the sofa together and go to spinning yarns; I will be back directly." Saying which he left.

I found in Frank a perfect lady, unassuming as though she was not worth millions in her own name, and as social and communicative to me as though I had been worth millions. I could but compare the Commodore and his amiable wife with those of wealth in England, but as comparisons are sometimes odorous (as some one else says), I will refrain.

The Commodore returned in about half an hour, and introduced me to his mother-in-law, a lady dignified and yet plain and sociable, of about fifty years. Commodore Vanderbilt sat down on the sofa and made me tell his wife of my courtship and marriage; and after several yarns, at which he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, I left, with a promise to spend the morrow with him. The next day I called again.

"Wakeman," said he, "what do you want to do now?"

"I never want to leave my family and go to sea again," I replied.

"But," said he, "what do you propose? My object in sending for you, was, principally, to give you what you want."

"Well," I told him, "if I were settled on a good ranch in California, I think I could be happy and contented."

"Then," said he, "go get what land you want, and I will pay for it."

After giving me a cast of his head, a steel-plate engraving of himself, taken full length, and a picture taken as he was driving *Post-boy* and *Roadster*, he took me into the house.

"Frank," asked he, "how is Mrs. Wakeman to know how you look?"

So she ran and brought a photograph of herself, and one of her husband.

"Well," said he, "how is she to know your name?" whereupon she wrote her name, and proposed to write that of the Commodore, but he wrote it himself, getting down on one knee, and using a small table. Afterward, going into the next room, he came out carrying a gold-headed cane.

"Do you recognize that stick?" he asked.

"I do," I was bound to reply.

"That," he rejoined, with great courtesy, "I

value highly, keeping it locked up, and only showing it upon special occasions."

It was a cane which I had sent him from California, twenty years before, in token of gratitude for his unbounded kindness to me which, to relate, would be an almost endless task.

I now took leave of my good friend and his estimable wife, and went to my hotel, No. 1 Broadway, where I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, and, upon mature reflection, I came to the conclusion that Commodore Vanderbilt is the handsomest man I have ever seen among the civilized races. He has the eye of a young eagle, and a healthy complexion, such as is unequaled by anything I have ever seen before ; he is as straight as an arrow; tall, but with supple movements, which, with his dignified mien and unbounded capacity of mind, render him entirely master of his situation. During the two days that I spent with him, the outer room contained some ten or twelve men waiting to see him, all gentlemen worth their millions. They would present their heads at the door, but a wave of the fore-finger would send them to the right-about. Only one man did he wave into his presence ; he came up to the table upon which the Commodore had both feet, and without ceremony, commenced by saying that he represented six millions in a certain neighborhood, and that he wanted a street cut through, so and so, making marks upon a chart which he held.

"I don't care a d—," said the Commodore, "if you represent six cents; my first object has been to run no streets through that property;" and his fore-finger indicated that the petitioner might go, which he did, without another word. When I went out into the ante-room it was four o'clock, and all the millionaires were gone.

"What blasted old sailor is that that the Commodore has got with now?" the clerk told me he had been asked; and when told that he was from California, "When is he going back?" had been the question. When told "to-morrow," they had gone off, remarking, "Very well, none of us will get an interview with the Commodore while he is here."

I was told by men who profess to know, that the Commodore is the controlling spirit of three hundred millions of dollars, and it has affected him so little that he bears no wrinkle upon his brow, and can laugh as heartily as a poor man.

On the last day of December, I took the cars for Baltimore, and spent New Year's day with my old friend, Captain Hugg. Here I had the pleasure of seeing Captain Bailey, and Captain Wilson of the "Empress of the Sea," and several others whom I esteem very highly. After indulging several days in the hospitality of the Baltimoreans, who are noted for hospitality and handsome women, I took the cars for Washington, where I spent two days, calling upon my old

friend, Admiral Alden, then in command of the Bureau of Docks. I found him to be the same courteous gentleman whom I knew in California, twenty years before; and he introduced me to the Secretary of State, and to several other servants of the people.

After visiting the Capitol and all the public buildings, I took the cars to Cincinnati, where I stopped a week, calling on Mr. Gilson, the principal owner in the "D. C. Haskins." He was very kind, and took the loss of the boat, and his own loss, which was represented by no inconsiderable sum, as only a great man can. He shed tears, however, at the loss of life, saying that the life of one of those brave men was of more value than all the boats in the world.

Mr. Gilson introduced me to many of his friends, and paid me all the attention that was possible. He offered me money with which to defray my expenses to California; but I declined, as I had been liberally supplied in New York by his agent, Fred Schmidt. Taking leave of him, and of the beautiful city of Cincinnati, I proceeded in the cars to Chicago, where I stayed a week, gaining strength every day, and preparing for the trip across the continent.

Snow was about two feet deep all over the country from Jersey City until we came to Chicago, but here it was comparatively warm, with but little snow. I saw a big city, extensively laid out,

and with more extensive suburbs. I stopped a day in Omaha, which is a fine city, with substantial buildings, and with a good country around it. The hotel at Laramie was as fine a house as we saw on the whole road; and the Laramie plains are extensive, and rich with black soil, capable of supporting thousands of inhabitants, as it has supported millions of buffaloes, deer and elk. After leaving these plains, where thousands of the overworked citizens in our large cities could come and camp out during six months of the year, depending on their rifles for a living, and thus adding twenty years to their lives (but, as they could not be on 'change every day, of course they will not think of it), we passed over fifteen hundred miles of sage-brush country, which intervenes between Laramie and Truckee. Although there is a sameness in it, still there are here a good many places which it would be desirable to live in.

In the vicinity of Truckee the snow-sheds had been burnt down, and we came through the smouldering ashes, rushing out of the snow-covered mountains into the green fields and picturesque landscape of the Sacramento valley. The Rocky Mountains I have not mentioned as they are not noticed. The grade over them is so gradual that the traveler has to be told of their vicinity, since there is nothing to denote to him their presence.

Not so, however, in approaching the Summit, where five engines are tackled on to the train; and,

although the speed is undiminished, the traveler has but to look out of the window to perceive that he is on a grade which looks to be at least 25° up, and about as steep down on the other side, until Cape Horn is passed, where you look down, from your dizzy, bold and frightful position, upon a little silver thread, which you are told is the American river, winding its way through the fertile valley and extensive plains until it joins the Sacramento river; at the junction of which the beautiful city of Sacramento, with its fine climate, is situated, and where I arrived in a few hours after leaving the Summit, and stopped at the Golden Eagle Hotel.

I had on at the time a flannel shirt and fur cap, and looked more like a miner of '49 than like any more civilized man; nevertheless, the proprietor conducted me into the spacious dining-room, and seated me at one end of a long table, and called the head steward—giving him especial orders concerning me. I had not been long seated when a gentleman rose from the other end of the table and came to me.

“I had the pleasure of spending several days at Lake Tahoe with you, last summer,” said he; “I told you that I should know you again. Don't you remember that the fish would not bite owing to the villainous cooking they got at our hotel? Judge Hamilton, Attorney-General of the State.”

I apologized, and after a hearty salutation I had

to accompany him to his end of the table, where I was introduced to many of the members of the legislature; and after dinner I went to the capitol with him and visited its rooms, where I met many old friends, among the rest, my much-esteemed friend, Colonel Jack Hayes, from the Bay. I mention my reception at Sacramento to show the difference between Californians and (the majority of) New Yorkers; the Californian does not look at your flannel shirt but gives you his whole warm hand, while the New Yorker gives you his one finger, as cold as ice.

I met in Sacramento Mr. Edgerton and his amiable wife, the daughter of my friend, Smith Brown, of Napa Valley, who had treated me with such hospitality at his house, two years before. Henry Edgerton is considered by many to possess the brightest intellect in California, being a profound speaker, an eloquent orator, and a splendid writer.

I arrived home about the middle of February, 1870, and found my family all well. After spending a few months in visiting the farming districts of the state, intending to select a ranch for permanent residence, I accepted the generous offer of Captain J. D. Farwell, and rented my house in East Oakland for a year; that I might spend that time upon the beautiful farm of Captain Farwell, situated in the hills, twenty-five miles back of Haywards, in Alameda county, and become initiated into the *modus operandi* of farming.

I must mention the sheep-thief I stumbled across in the San Joaquin Valley, just prior to this. In crossing a field one day, with the proprietor, we came upon a fellow in the very act of removing the skin from a fine yearling, which he had evidently just slaughtered.

"How is this?" shouted my friend, collaring the butcher.

"No sheep ever bites me and lives," fiercely and instantly rejoined the fellow, earning his liberty by the wit of his ready and clever excuse.

I remained during the summer in the lovely valley, in the picturesque farm-house, with its stone chimney. A stream of living water ran between the green hills, where quail, hare and deer disported upon the wooded slopes. But I soon discovered that a salt-water man could never be happy so far from the sight of a sail. The peaceful hills seemed to shut around me like prison walls, and my eyes ached to scan a wider horizon. The old sailor had trod a deck so long that he was out of his element upon the land, and would fain up anchor and away for blue water.

In the fall of 1870 I gave up farming, returning to the bay, and soon after occupied myself in fitting for sea the steamer of W. W. Webb's new line, upon the Australian route. After sending off the "Nevada" and the "Nebraska," Captains Blethen and Hardy, I went down in the "Moses Taylor," Captain Bennett, to act as superintendent

of the line at Honolulu, and to arrange for coaling stations, etc., upon the islands.

When an hour out of port, being just outside the bar at dark, we collapsed a flue, owing to the absence of water in the starboard boiler. By this sad accident six brave hearts, the first assistant-engineer and five men, met their death. At the time I was sitting by the mainmast, in the cabin, and feeling the ship roll down to port, I ran out on deck. Seeing no one, I ran forward, and as I perceived that the steerage was full of steam, I had the remaining three-quarters of the hatch removed, and sent a man down to rescue any passengers whom he might find below ; he found one old man there who had lost his way in the steam, the rest of the passengers being on deck.

In coming aft again to the engine-room I saw the engineer and the captain busily drawing up the scalded; the ship by this time being well down to port. I went on to the promenade-deck; the mate had just put the helm hard to starboard. I asked him what this was for, and he replied that we must get back into port. I countermanded the order, and hove the wheel to port; telling him that we were bound to Honolulu. Just then the captain came aft and I accompanied him into his room, where we consulted upon the situation, and he agreed to follow my advice in the matter. I asked him to send for the engineer, and in due time he appeared. "Both boilers are collapsed and we must put back to port," was his report.

"When the steam gets out of the ship you will find," said I, "that the port boiler is uninjured. Nothing could heave down a ship so quickly as we were hove down, but the fact that when all the water was blown out of the starboard boiler, the port boiler had remained full, and all the water had run into the port bilge." I then asked the captain to have the sails set, which was done in a few minutes. After this I was called into the captain's room, and again told that we must go back.

"The first assistant engineer is dead, along with five others," said the engineer, "and they comprised half my crew."

"Well," I replied, "you have only half the duties to perform; and if you want more help, I, for one, and the whole crew, and, if necessary, the passengers, will turn out and help you; but to go back with one whole boiler, when so many ships have gone half around the globe with one boiler; when I, myself, have gone three thousand miles with but one boiler, is entirely without excuse. Why, man," I continued, "you will not only ruin yourselves with Mr. Webb, but you will ruin his interest also."

"Well," said the engineer, "I am not certain about that port boiler yet."

"Oh," I answered, "wait till the steam is out of the ship and you will find it all sound."

In half an hour more the engineer reported the boiler all right; but the captain and A. C. Williams,

of Honolulu, Mr. Webb's agent in his guano business, reported the mutiny of the crew, who refused to work in the bunkers. I asked the captain to give me two pistols, to call the crew on deck, and to introduce me as Mr. Webb's agent in such matters, and I would do the rest. All was done as I requested; and I saw four tall fine-looking men, who appeared to be the ringleaders. I had seen the officers parleying with them half an hour before and had guessed, from their gestures and the shaking of their heads, that they were refusing duty; and I had advised ironing them, and separating them from the rest of the crew; this had not been done, and I now addressed myself to these four something after the following style:

"Men, do you know what you are doing? Instead of taking the lead in showing the rest of the crew an example of what brave men can do in an emergency like this, which, from your intelligent looks and superior physical powers I take you to be competent to do, you are setting at defiance the orders of your captain, when you should be the very first men in the ship to obey them. In a week you will be ashamed of your conduct, and there will not be found a man in this ship who wanted to go back; but I shall not argue with you; you have seen fit to place yourselves in the position of mutineers on the high seas, and, in our present position, it is a matter of life and death whether the captain's orders are obeyed or not;

therefore, my men, I want no misunderstanding; I want you to speak up loudly, for I am a little deaf. Captain, I want you to speak up loudly too, so that there will be no misunderstanding; call that man up here and give him positive orders to go into the bunkers and shovel coal, and if he refuses I will blow out his brains."

The captain did as I requested, and the man whom I had pointed out began to grow pale and to tremble around the lips.

"Captain," said he, "I have not mutinied; I am afraid of my life to go into the bunkers, but I will work on deck."

"That won't do in this case, my man;" returned I, "it is an emergency in which you cannot choose your work, but must obey orders; an example must be made, and I think one will suffice; now your captain will put it to you in this final shape: will you, or will you not, go where ordered? and then, if you are game to die, I am game to shoot you."

The captain asked the question, and my man replied:

"I will; at least, I am not afraid to go where any other man will go;" whereupon Mr. Douglass, the second officer, volunteered to go into the bunkers, and the man followed him. The rest protested that they had never refused to obey orders, and all went to work; so that, four hours after the accident, we were proceeding, with

one boiler and all sail set, on our course for Honolulu.

At daylight the dead went into a sailor's grave, and fair winds followed the steamer during the whole passage. Two days before reaching Honolulu, at seven in the morning, we saw a sail upon the starboard bow. Glasses were brought to bear upon her, and much speculation was rife as to who the stranger could be. At eight o'clock she was steering right across the bow, and we made her out to be a water-logged vessel, with close-reefed for'tops'l, the jib set, and the after-masts carried away.

At nine o'clock, as she had run across our bow, we hauled the steamer for her. Captain Bennett called me on to the bridge, and we watched and discussed the stranger; we were about five miles off, and could see the sea running off both sides of her, the bulwarks being washed away. I suggested that we have two quarter-boats ready, the crews to stand by, ready to board her as soon as we stopped, to fetch on board all that might be found on her.

The boats were swung, all ready, and we hove to, close under the stern of what had been a fine brig. But she was completely water-logged, her stern-frame was washed out entirely, both bulwarks were gone, the mainmast was gone from just above the deck, and nothing but the night-heads and the for'ard part of the top-gallant fo' castle was out of

the sea. There was an old piece of canvas on the fo'castle, canvas around the fo'top, and strips of old canvas were flowing from the foreto'gallant mast, evidently having been fastened there to attract the attention of any ship which might come in sight.

"Well, it is evident that no living being is on that wreck," remarked Captain Bennett, "the crew has been taken off by some vessel, long ago;" and he was in the act of bringing the hook on to the bell.

"Captain Bennett," I interposed, "it will not take a boat ten minutes to board her, and you may find dead men in the fore-top; there may be a body under that canvas on the fo'castle; or there may be on board a record of events that will repay you for the time and trouble of answering the speculations that have been made."

So Mr. Smith, one of the officers, was dispatched, with orders to lift everything that might cover a man's body, and also to search for a record.

He put off from the steamer, and all hands waited with manifest anxiety until he reached the brig. We saw some of the men run up to the fore-top, and others searched under the old canvas on the fo'castle. At last, Mr. Smith waved his hat to the steamer, and we saw them put a man into the boat and shove off. The boat was soon hoisted up, and this poor skeleton was gotten on

board and placed in the hands of the doctor, while some money and a bundle containing papers relating to the voyage were placed in the hands of the captain.

As usual in such cases, the passengers crowded around the almost lifeless man, asking him the most absurd questions; but all were soon excluded from his room save the doctor, that he might have absolute repose and quiet; though his story was ascertained while he was able to tell it, lest he should not recover.

Thus it may be seen how very badly Captain Bennett would have felt if he had happened to proceed without making the search on the brig, and afterwards had discovered the fact of this man's presence upon it; for the captain is a fine gentleman, with a kind and humane heart.

As I have said, the history was gathered from the captain's own lips; for it was the captain of the brig whom we had been so fortunate as to save. And it was a long tale, of the suffering and loss of life which had been experienced on his vessel. He had sailed, some four months prior to the date of our picking him up, from Humboldt Bay, with a cargo of lumber, and carrying on deck a heavy load of very large timber. He was bound to Callao, and from there to Apia, on Upalo Island, one of the Navigators. He had a crew of six men and two mates, fifteen passengers, a cook and a steward.

He progressed very well until near the equator, and longitude 110° west, when a hurricane had taken the mainmast away, and the brig, being overloaded, became unmanageable. The deck-load shifted, throwing the brig on her beam-ends, carrying away the bulwarks, washing out the stern frame, and rendering the vessel a completely water-logged wreck. All the nautical instruments were lost, together with all the provisions, except a little cod-fish and one cask of water, which happened to be well secured forward of the deck-load. Thus it will be seen that Providence had saved but one man, and that he was able to repeat the tale of long suffering and endurance which extended through a period of three months. During this time, they had subsisted upon the pittance of water and the little remnant of food while they lasted, and then had come horrors which it makes the blood run cold but to think of. During the whole time, they had not seen a sail, and the current had drifted the brig through forty degrees of longitude and more than twenty degrees of latitude, and how much farther the narrator did not know; for, when we met her, she was going southward, with close-reefed topsail and jib, guided by a mysterious pilot in such a way as to intercept the steamer, and, by the rescuing of the last man on board, to transmit a tale the details of which I cannot dwell upon.

Let it suffice that they endured all that men can

endure from hunger and thirst, catching a little rain-water at various times, and the rest, as death came to their relief from time to time, prolonging, for awhile, their miserable existence. Six went overboard in one day, about two weeks before we ran across the brig, and one young man had gone over only the day before, at least, so the captain said; but the probability is of the strongest kind that he had had a tooth in all or most of them, and how all met their deaths will never be known. But humanity compels us to accept the captain's version; while, at the same time, we may draw our own conclusions as to how he had held out for so long a time without something to eat.

At least I drew my own conclusions; the captain, with whom I was well acquainted, spent half an hour, in his room, in relating to me the details of the four months, but neither he nor I touched upon the question of how he had subsisted. We drew a veil over the matter, and thanked providence for rescuing one man from a death which was waiting patiently its victim, seemingly near at hand, and restoring him to his family and friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

HONOLULU—THE SURVIVORS OF LUCKNOW—THE FEAST OF
LIEUWAW—LINES TO A FRIEND.

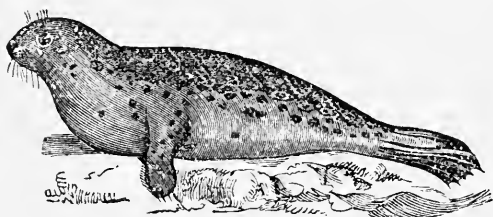


ON the deck, at Honolulu, I was met by many old and very dear friends, among them Captain Meek, the harbor master, Governor John Dominis and his very agreeable lady, Chief Justice Allen, Doctor McGreuer, and a host of others, all glad to see me, and all extending invitations to their homes, in the kindest and most hospitable manner in the world.

It must be remembered that the sailing or coming into port of a steamer was considered an event in Honolulu life, particularly when the steamer was the "Moses Taylor," as she was commanded by a great favorite; and it was a common thing for the King and his band of music to be present, as was the case in this instance.

As I would not accept of a plate at the Governor's table, he and Captain John Meek soon fixed

me with Captain T. Long, who was keeping bachelor's hall at the time, opposite the King's Palace. Here I found a large square house, situated in a large inclosure, beautifully laid out with trees and shrubbery, and lived in this quiet home, as happy as could be, with Captain Thomas Long, the great oracle of Honolulu in all matters pertaining to water, from the pure stream of which he is the presiding genius, which is laid all over the city in pipes, to the seas which wash the shores of any quarter of the globe; particularly the Arctic Ocean, he having been further north than most other navigators; and having discovered and named Kerguelan Island, and more than one other body of land; besides spending eight years of his life on South Shetlands, or in making voyages to these



desolate shores in search of seal-skins. Not finding the quality or quantity that he was in pursuit of he visited the Navigator Islands and found an abundant supply, where a great scarcity has existed for many years since.

The island upon which Honolulu stands is of volcanic origin, and the hills have not been ex-

posed to the sun and rain long enough yet to produce any vegetation ; sugar is raised, with great difficulty, in nearly every valley, and forms the chief article of export. Nothing, however, is raised without irrigation, although it rains some during the winter months.

Even the limited valley in which Honolulu stands, and which contains about five hundred acres, bears everywhere the strongest evidence of its having been recently produced. To see the place, one of California's ravines must be imagined, running up into high and rugged hills, until it terminates, in a deep cut just wide enough for a carriage, at Cape Horn, a jumping-off place, where you look out upon the broad Pacific, with nothing to break the monotony of the sight from where you stand until you reach, with the extended vision of your mind's eye, the coast of California on the north-east, the Arctic ocean on the north, and Japan on the north-west. But immediately below lies a most beautiful, panoramic view of an undulating, meadowy plain, interspersed with groves of evergreen trees, several shades darker than the green-swarded earth bearing the sugar-cane fields and highly cultivated patches of taro, with the native-thatched hut peeping out from among the rich foliage, beneath whose shade these children of nature may be seen lying at full length upon the grass, strangers to want, as to toil ; while their little ones frolic around them, worshiping God by

their unalloyed happiness, dressed, as they are, in a robe that was fashioned by the Great Maker himself, and which fits so perfectly that no wrinkles can be found marring its beauty, and the texture of which is so durable that one suit lasts a lifetime, being scarcely deepened in color by constant exposure to a tropical sun.

The trail turns sharply down the steep, rocky and winding declivities, until, with a sure-footed horse, you find yourself confronting one of the many pictures of this life, wherein distance lends enchantment to the view. This is one end of the Para, the great drive, and about the only one on this island. The view is to the south, and you overlook the town of Honolulu, with its meandering stream of cool water, its hundreds of neat and well-shaded cottages, and beyond, the broad, placid waters upon whose bosom repose those earthly paradises, the islands, above which I would fain hover until I could select one wherein, till waters cease to run, to live the life that Adam "began," beneath the shade of a cocoa-grove, in heavenly quiet, peace and love.

In the city, or town, of Honolulu the houses are built of adobe, straw, coral, cement and wood. They are situated in ample yards, thickly clad with green grass and shaded by tall trees, making, sometimes, a foliage so dense as to be almost impervious to the sun. The climate being very warm, fresh flowers glowing with the richest colors are always in bloom.

The streets are narrow, and are formed of coral, leaving no room for street-cars, which, however, there is no need of, as nearly every one rides on horseback or in a carriage. It is a missionary city, having many ministers, who divide the honors with whaling captains, who form a most important part of the population. Sailors are a privileged class in the community, and captains are always treated with respect.

The present king places the population at about sixty-five thousand. At the time of Cook's re-discovery of the islands of this group, there is no doubt that he over-estimated the population of this one. He numbered it at fifty thousand, but was doubtless deceived by having the people follow him from bay to bay, his being one of the first ships they had ever seen.

King Kamehameha the First, was accompanied in his rides by one hundred chiefs, weighing over four hundred pounds each. The last of these nobles was Mr. Parquee, who died not long ago. Under this king, over fifty years ago, there existed a spirit of industry, which was introduced and enforced by the ruler himself, although a lazy man. His subjects were compelled to go forth from their mats to work in the para-patch or in the ship-yard; and they expended all their skill and ingenuity in building the large war-canoes, which were of such dimensions, (being each one hundred and fifty feet long, and capable of carrying five

hundred men,) and constructed in such numbers as to permit the king to embark accompanied by thousands of strong and brave warriors with their accouterments, which consisted of clubs, mats, wigs, masks, shields, etc., together with clothing, provisions and water.

With this fleet, with its men and materials, the king navigated among the whole group, subduing armies of rebellious subjects ; and the undaunted spirit of bravery, skill and ingenuity which enabled them to overcome the dangers and difficulties of the sea is a sufficient proof of the great superiority of these people at that time—living under the laws of their own rulers, and in possession of all the blessings of industry—over the people to-day, who merely exist as creatures under the rule of foreigners and missionaries, with all the endless miseries which idleness entails upon a people. With a complete loss of anything like a warlike spirit, and of all their energy, skill, and reasoning faculties, they have no longer a voice in the council of war or of peace, but are treated more as slaves than as what they once were—the freest of the free.

After fifty years of missionary influence they can speak no English, and there is no affinity between the races. The natives, like the Indians in Nevada and other parts of America, and like the natives of almost the whole Polynesian world, while ready to accept all that will be given them, are entirely without that divine attribute which is to

be found in all other people, and with which even the dogs have been endowed—gratitude. And in all my researches of ancient voyages I cannot discover that they have ever been influenced, in the slightest degree, by any other than that meanest of all human traits—love of self. They will not give you a cocoa-nut nor a banana without managing to get its equivalent; and this same trait of theirs leads them to attempt to appropriate everything upon the ship on which they gain footing. The fear of the prisoner's chain-gang, since the laws of the land have been enforced by the foreign population, keep them within bounds, but the spirit is still there.

Give them what you will, extend to them every kindness and hospitality, and all will be received without gratitude, and with a look which says: "We accept this to accommodate you, since this is what you are for—to give to us and to wait upon us, you, who are slaves, since you work; while we are gentlemen, who never work." And the half-castes are worse than the natives, being a poor specimen of mankind. They have generally been taught to read and write, but, in the meantime, have been brought up in idleness, and are admitted to be the most worthless race, as a general thing, that was ever produced by the amalgamation of two peoples. Delicate in constitution and in structure, they are deceitful, proud, arrogant, indolent, improvident and faithless.

I was told by a missionary, who had been a resident of the island for forty years, that it was impossible to make anything of a Kanaka of the present day. As things are, I am not disposed to differ with him, but am loth to believe but that, if they had been taught by these same missionaries the manifold blessings of industry, and that it was God's peremptory order that man should get his bread by the sweat of his brow, and if the only language taught had been English, a different race from the present would have been produced.

I was talking with another missionary, one day, about the Kanaka's total ignorance of this language.

"Captain," said he, "what can you do with a race that has no brains? A Chinaman can come here and make money; but not a Kanaka on the island can keep a store, for not one has any mathematical ability; even when he is a perfect gentleman, he is not able to keep accounts."

I was informed that scarcely more than one-eighth or one-tenth of these islands are arable. Notwithstanding this, the cattle have been allowed to eat the herbage from the mountainous districts; but, where, fifty years ago, cattle were imported from Tahiti, they are now exported to that place.

The yam, which was formerly so abundant on the Sandwich Islands, has now nearly died out. Indeed, the Kanakas, who are particularly fond of a sea life, have left off cultivating their little garden

spots, and have shipped as seamen on board the whalers that frequent this coast.

The para is the plant from which is produced that favorite food, poi. The root resembles the sweet potato, but is darker, heavier and firmer. It requires a year to mature, more than half of which time it is kept under water. The green top, when boiled, makes a good and palatable sort of greens. When ready for preparation, the root is mashed and worked, with much labor and time, water being added as it thickens, until it is of the consistency of paste; and one-finger poi is that which is so thick that it may be carried to the mouth by means of one finger; two-finger poi is thinner, and must be eaten with the assistance of two fingers; while three-finger poi can be carried only on three fingers. When fresh, it is of a reddish tinge and almost tasteless; but, in a day or so, it acquires an acidity which makes it not only very palatable, but, no doubt, the most healthful and nutritious substance which the human stomach can receive.*

But, after this long interlude, I will return to my arrival at Honolulu, in 1871. The "Nevada" came in from New Zealand upon the next day, and two days afterwards both boats sailed again; the "Nevada" being commanded by Captain James Blethen, an old friend of mine since 1836,

* I will say that this palatable substance, to an unaccustomed palate, greatly resembleth sour paste.—ED.

when I found him in Cronstadt, Russia, he being at the time chief mate of the ship "Pluto," of New York, while I was second mate of the ship "Eliza," of Philadelphia. He was young, and very good-looking, with a physical force superior to that of most young men of the day; and he is now as fine a specimen of an intelligent ship-master as can be found, although, while I am writing this portion of my log, he is not upon a ship, but holds the position of San Francisco Harbor Master. The departure of the steamers left me with a month's leisure, which time was most agreeably spent.

One day Captain Long had been aboard of one of our coal-ships, and, in returning to the shore, he was so unfortunate as to sprain his ankle. He had been in the habit of running away from me two or three times a week, leaving me alone with my thoughts and with his books, until quite late in the evening. I now found that he had spent the time at the house of a young and beautiful widow, who, now that he was laid up with a very bad foot, showed him all those attentions which only women understand bestowing, in sickness.

I used to badger him considerably about the lonely life he was leading, and about the debt of gratitude which he owed to his fair friend (for, thanks to her care, he was again around), saying that his heart must be as cold as one of his Arctic winters, instead of being, as I had supposed, as

warm and susceptible as the soil of the Navigator's. He said nothing, but still waters always run deep, and in due time two hearts were made happy, for he took unto himself a wife and eight children, and I only regretted that I was absent at the time, as I should certainly have claimed the privilege of giving away the bride. I cannot describe the wedding, but I know that it was an enjoyable occasion; that the bride, as is a bride's privilege, was the most lovely there, and that my friend, the groom, was a tall, fine, and intelligent-looking man, a widower and the father of a large family, who, in his young days, must have been remarkably good-looking; but old Time makes war upon everything that is young and beautiful, and generally manages, although he does not write, to make his mark.

Mr. Charles Phlenger was our agent, and the head of the house of Hackfelt & Company. The island owes to him, more than to any other man, what prosperity there is among the sugar estates. Owing to his sagacity and liberal mind he advanced, years ago, large sums of money, which, to-day, has given him the consignment of two-thirds of all the sugar on the group, beside making successful the estates.

I visited Mrs. Dominis, a lady from Boston and the mother of the governor. She had lived upon this island for half a century. Her husband was an American ship-master, born in Italy, and he was

the inventor of the patent truss, with which the lower yards of all ships are slung; and also of an ingenious device whereby the operator, by moving a slide or two, is able to cut any fore and aft-sail or square-sail, and can make out latitude and longitude with the same instrument. He built the fine house, in Honolulu, and planted the large trees that are seen upon the entrance to Washington Place. He sailed on a voyage to China, some four years ago, and has never been heard from since; and it has been thought that they brought up among the Pescadores—a dangerous group of islands, inhabited by unfriendly savages.

It was in this splendid mansion, erected by the father of the governor, that I made a visit some twenty years ago, with Mary Wakeman. It was surrounded, even then, by tropical fruit and shade trees from fifty to seventy-five feet high. All is now, however, much improved, the hostess alone remaining unchanged in kindness and hospitality.

Indeed, my friends all seemed unchanged, for Time had dealt most leniently with them, and I could hardly realize that twenty years had elapsed since I had seen them before.

And yet, when I called the daughter of my friend, John Meek, *Eliza* Meek, I discovered that I was not addressing the one who had been a beauty of sixteen twenty years before, but a younger sister, Becky, and the wife of Mr. Horace Crabb, therefore, Mrs. Crabb. When I came to

see Eliza, who is married to King William, I was reminded that the wheel of time had rolled over, and that the girl of sweet sixteen no longer is; but in her place is a fine, matronly woman of more than thirty-five years.

When the "Nebraska" returned from Australia, and the "Moses Taylor" from San Francisco, my duties again called me to the dock, where I remained constantly while they were in port, and had a good opportunity to study the character of the natives of both sexes.

The native passengers that were carried over the route demanded their rights as strenuously as if they had been refused them before, and were determined to secure them at all hazards, now that they were traveling upon Yankee boats. They all wear a white cloth with several turns around the hat or cap, and a piece hanging down behind about two feet long and a foot wide. Some of these cloths are merely an old towel or two sewed together, while others are of very fine, open work, ornamented with gold thread, which makes them quite dazzling as they blow out behind, like flags. Being white, I at first thought that these appendages were flags of truce, or of peace and friendship; but I soon discovered from their belligerent language and behavior that I was mistaken; and I was informed that these bandages were emblematic of the battle of Lucknow. It appears that they had suffered greatly in that battle, but by their

obstinacy and endurance, the small number that was left finally became victorious, hence the name Lucknow, and the badge, to remind the wearer that, with the same traits of character, there is luck now in store for them, provided they stick together ; therefore, you never see them alone, but in numbers, holding each other by the hand. They never speak to any person unless he wears the flag, and when they come aboard the steamer the first place they visit is the galley, where they all eagerly inquire of the cook what they are going to have for dinner. Not being answered in a satisfactory manner, but being requested in rather an authoritative tone of voice to get out of the galley-door, they come aft, and patiently await, in a speculative mood, the different dishes, most of which are entirely new to them. They generally complain of the food, and of the way it is served to them, of the want of ventilation, and of the want of a bathroom apiece.

Thus it may be seen that, although the ships were the best ventilated in the world, carrying the best of provisions and the usual amount of baths, they were not equal to New Zealand, where it rains every day for nine months in the year; and the most of them, being shepherds, could get a bath when they liked; as the atmosphere is in a greater commotion there than on any other part of the globe, it stifled them to come under a roof

at all. As for the manner of cooking and serving, they had never seen anything like it before, so it was natural that they should complain; besides, as the poor fellows had had a hard time all their lives, a state of complaint had become chronic or a sort of second nature.

But a few years of connection with the world by steam will do away with their prejudices, and, as they become more cosmopolitan, they will be a fine race, physically; much superior to the Americans.

While upon the island I was frequently invited to dine with the king at Papaita, a cocoa-nut grove about five miles from Honolulu. At this place, we enjoyed ourselves very highly until a late hour of the night, when we would disperse through the darkness to the carriages in waiting. There would be quite a competition among the party, each striving to arrive first at Honolulu; but Captain John Meek was generally successful, and it puzzled the natives considerably to determine how he could out-drive them, as the road was very rocky and dangerous, and the utmost care was needed to enable any one to drive over it in safety; but, upon close examination, it was found that the clever old captain gave private directions to a Kanaka boy to bring out to the grove, every time, his old white horse, and to keep it right ahead of him, in the best part of the road, all the way to Honolulu. So the captain

followed the old white horse, at a great rate of speed, and left his friends picking their way along, about a mile behind.

I will say here that these cocoa-nut groves, such as the one in which we dined, are most beautiful, and differ entirely from any other grove that can be imagined. The trees are some seventy-five feet high, some erect, but many leaning at different angles. They are twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, and not a twig is to be seen upon the smooth bark until the tuft at the top puts forth its long arms in a wild manner, bearing leaves which might be likened to the long fingers of some spectre waiting to clutch a victim, should one be offered at about dusk.

Among the oldest white residents of the city, none are looked upon with more reverence than Captain John Meeks, an American, who has resided on the island long enough, and with progeny sufficient, to be ranked as a patriarch. He is over eighty years of age, and has resided in Honolulu since 1809. He is on terms of intimacy with the king, and is said to have taught him the classic game of poker, a favorite pastime with his majesty.

It was while it was my good fortune to be a guest at the house of Captain Meeks, that I witnessed and participated in one of the most beautiful and pleasing festivals I ever beheld; this was that of Lieuwaw.

Looking out of my window, one day, I noticed

the erection of a swing in the captain's ample garden. Soon after, another of greater pretense was put up with some ceremony. I was informed that the erection of the swings was the commencement of a grand native feast, named as above, and which would be kept up for several days, and I, therefore, felt much interest in watching its progress.

Every afternoon the swings were kept in constant motion by youths of both sexes, the descendants and native friends and acquaintance of the patriarchal American.

As the pure native custom prevailed in this yard to a greater extent than in any other in Honolulu, I had every opportunity to observe manners and customs, but failed to observe any act by young or old which could be termed objectionable.

I finally saw an unusual stir among the men, when several large kettles of water were placed over the fires, which were already prepared by digging holes in the ground, some two feet deep, with stones built up to receive the kettles. A large hog and half a dozen fine roasters, all nicely dressed, were produced. The hog was stuffed with hot stones, while the pigs were cut up into pieces, weighing about a pound each, which, together with a dozen chickens, half a dozen each of turkeys and geese, with a large number of fish of various kinds, were all tied up in leaves, having about a dozen wrappings around each bundle. Salt water was

poured over each package before it was tied up with the vegetables and fruit. In the meantime, the house, fence and swings had been decorated with evergreens and garlands of flowers.

The great oven was a large hole dug in the ground and paved with big stones, well swept off, and all being hot, as were those which were inside of the big hog, constituting its only stuffing. The guests were continually arriving; the ladies and children being dressed in the finest possible manner. Their head-dresses excelled my powers of description, while the great variety of the hues of their dresses and floral decorations—mingling green, red, pink and yellow—made a most cheerful picture. The gentlemen who dropped in were all arrayed in a picturesque manner, in fine white linen clothes; also decorated with garlands of flowers.

At last the great Lieuaw was pronounced done, the earth was shoveled off, and the several mats removed, until the thick covering of large leaves, with which all had been encased, was reached, all dripping with steam. These having been removed, the numerous bundles of meat, of fowl, and of vegetables, with the fruit and the stuffed hogs, were placed upon the board, which consisted of mats arranged in rows. When the guests, to the number of ninety, were seated, a dish of water was passed around, in which each dipped his or her fingers; then the feast commenced in good earnest.



SANDWICH ISLANDERS SWIMMING IN THE SURF.

A dozen young waiters and half a dozen carvers were kept busy, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, what would have stocked a respectable-sized market in any town in Mexico, had entirely disappeared, and my attention was again turned upon the merry and child-like groups about the swings. The simple pastimes following the feast were kept up until dark, and then the great festival was over.

To illustrate another phase of native character, I will mention one other incident. Bathing and surf-swimming is a favorite pastime with both sexes, and they have become the most expert swimmers I have ever seen. There were, in town, a number of early risers, who were in the habit of taking promenades before sunrise. One morning in November a number of ladies and gentlemen were on the dock, looking at the fish along the bottom. A fish called the squid, which is highly prized there, was seen in about five feet of water, under a piece of coral. In a moment, one of the ladies, a half-caste, had divested herself of nearly all her wardrobe, and, in another moment, would have been in the water, but the fish took up safer quarters in tall water, out of sight. I mention the incident to show how impossible it is ever to change that nature which God has implanted in the breast.

LINES.

From the lodge of the Hermit of Owyhee,
I look far over the deep, blue sea,
And think of my wanderings, far and wide,
And all I've seen on the rolling tide ;
While the moon bends out of the charmed night
To bathe me in floods of mellow light,
As I look from earth and the peaceful sea,
Above, to the starry canopy.

And I ask of the Hermit of this cool lodge
To tell me why all the natives dodge
From the light of their God in the full moon's time,
As though stained dark with the mark of crime.
For the voice of Nature is calling loud,
And surely her sprites have hid each cloud,
While she gilds the meadow and gilds the street
To-night, for the tread of happy feet ;
And yet over all a deep silence reigns,
Deserted the streets and ghostly plains ;
While in all of this spot of calm Owyhee,
My only friend is a cocoa-tree.

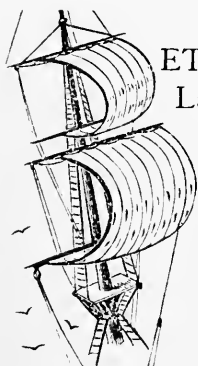
With the whole of the gifts that the Gods bestow
Upon frail mortals that dwell below,
Is the Hermit who dwells on this island blest,
With angels guarding his peaceful rest ;
While still I am doomed to the lonely deep,
And must through the years my vigils keep,
And from reef to reef, and from shore to shore,
The islands of all this world explore.
So I pray that my old, and my best of friends,
Exert himself till he makes amends ;
While he never forgets, although Long and slim,
Always, how much I have thought of him.

When at last no longer relentless time
Compels us to roam in every clime,
We will settle down on our island blest,
And sink to the welcome, long, long rest ;
For I know that my Hermit and all I love
Will dwell with me in the sky above ;
In a green island home that our heav'n will be,
Far, far above this green Owyhee—
When the centre star of the Pleiades
Is home to the wanderer of the seas.
Oh! my friend, when life shall have ceased to be,
Come thou, on an eagle's wings to me.

HONOLULU, June 30, 1871,
Full Moon, 11 P. M.

CHAPTER XV

SUGAR ESTATES—ANNU ISLAND—SYMMETRICAL SISTERS,
PUSHIPUCIA AND CIPALANAKAHELA.



BETWEEN steamers, I took a trip to Lahaina, to spend a few days with my old friend, Mr. Campbell, of the firm of Campbell & Turten, of the Pioneer sugar estates. I embarked in their yacht, "Netty Merrill," of two hundred tons burden, and left Honolulu at dark, anchoring at Lahaina at seven o'clock next morning, having made the run of about eight miles during the night. I was received at the landing by Mr. Campbell, and was taken to his house, a distance of about an eighth of a mile, through a picturesque country. The greatest hospitality was extended to me, and in no part of the world have I found better beds or a better board than those I found at Lahaina.

Captain Campbell is a Scotchman by birth, but a cosmopolitan by nature, he and his partner having been roving sailors during thirty years. They have visited nearly every group of islands in the Pacific, and become acquainted with the native

character and with the native productions. Coming to Lahaina, they found a spot which their experience told them was so well suited to make what would be a successful experiment, that they soon rented a small piece of land and raised some sugar-cane. Having between them but seventy-five dollars, of course their first year's operations were limited. They cut and made two rollers, and for cog-wheels they used great wooden pegs stuck into a wheel. The next year they hired eight hundred dollars and rented more land, and, with their ox-power and primitive wooden machinery, made several barrels of fine, light-brown sugar, when Mr. Charles Phlenger visited them one day, and seeing what persevering and untiring energy had accomplished, proposed to them to furnish the means with which to purchase five hundred acres of land, right on the former site of Lahaina, when it was the capital, before Honolulu became the residence of the King; and to send them a mill from Boston, which would, between sunrise and sunset, turn out eight tons of sugar daily. Terms were agreed upon, and a mill which, in running order, cost \$61,300, was put up; and now, twelve years afterwards, Mr. Campbell and his partner, having paid both principal and interest in five years, have had for seven years the income from twelve hundred tons of sugar a year; besides owning the property and other plantations. This estate is the most prosperous one upon the group;

and Captain McKee tells me that alterations and mistakes have cost the different plantations twenty-five thousand dollars; so it will be seen that they were nearly all started by men who were new to the business.

About five hundred acres in the Pioneer Estates are under cultivation; and this tract is situated upon the lee side of the island of Morvee, at the landing, or about three cable-lengths back of the beach. It is level land, descending gently toward the beach, and is of a reddish colored earth, which is formed of the washing from the mountains immediately in the rear, and is, apparently, the decomposition of volcanic rock. The plantation is watered by a stream that flows through it. It never rains; but a heavy dew collects during the fine, cool nights, and the land is irrigated during the dry season. This makes the sugar earlier and of a better quality than that which comes from the plantations on the weather side of the island, as the sugar will not granulate where there is too much rain, and the cane, although it may be larger, contains less saccharine matter. The land is cut into squares and surrounded by gutters; and riffles, in which the seeds are planted, are sunk a few inches lower than the rest, so as to hold the water; and quite a deposit of rich earth, like a red mud, is left on the ground when the water is turned off.

The borer, on some estates, is a great destroyer,

but is killed by throwing ashes into the riffles; then, when the water is turned on lye is formed, which kills them.

Lahaina has a climate like that of Peru. The mountains, at whose base the plantation lies, condense the moisture from the clouds before they pass over to the lee-side, and the peculiar formation of the gulches running into the mountains tends to trend the winds to the east and west, leaving Lahaina between the two, with only gentle breezes.

The mornings and evenings are quite cold, but at midday the temperature stands at 72° or 82° . During my stay upon the island the southerly breeze was cool and bracing; but as the old settlers say that the regular southerly wind is warm, it may be that this was the back or eddy wind from the trades, which blow over the high land and create a cool back-current, which is said to extend only a few miles off shore. Although there is no rain, there never fails to be an abundance of water in the streams for all purposes of irrigation; and as the ground is overflowed no weeds grow, and but little hoeing is done.

As seed, three pieces of the cane are planted. These pieces are cut near or at the top, and are put into the ground with a slight covering of earth. Each piece is about a foot long, and the three pieces give a cluster of canes that spread out, when above the ground, as they grow, filling all the

intervening ground between the hills, or, rather, between the ditches, for the ground is cut into ridges a foot or eighteen inches high, and the seed is planted in the gutters between, about five feet apart, the rows being about the same distance from each other. The cane requires nine months to ripen and is so planted, in the different fields, as to keep the mill running through nine months of the year.

In some places the joints of the cane are only about two inches long, while in others they are over a foot in length. The cane averages five feet of stalk, with three or four feet of a bushy top of long blades or leaves, resembling grass. This top is excellent food for the cattle, after the cane is ripened and cut; and it is ripe when it tassels, and depreciates in value afterward, as it loses saccharine matter daily.

The mill employs two hundred men, fifty horses, and one hundred jacks and mules. As it is not a laborious work, many boys and women are employed in cutting the cane, which is loaded into carts and hauled, over level roads, by two-mule teams, to the mill, which is situated in the middle of the cane fields. Here it is passed under a big iron roller, at once, which presses out the juice, when the crushed cane is dried in the sun and used as fuel in the furnaces.

The ground under the cane is left covered with dead leaves and other debris, which is burned,

the ashes serving to kill the insects, which sometimes destroy the cane.

The average yield is two tons of sugar to the acre of cane, and the sugar from the mill is easily and speedily delivered in half barrels, perfectly bright and clean, to a lighter, from a short jettý; it is conveyed a quarter or half of a mile, over the reef, through about five feet of water, to the schooner "Netty Merrill," lying in five fathoms. This vessel is of the New York pilot-boat model, cost sixteen thousand dollars, and belongs to the estate, being kept constantly employed between Honolulu and this plantation.

The mill and engine, as I have said, all ready for work, with the rollers, clarifiers, vacuum, centrifugal machines, steam-pumps, steam-boilers, coolers, with the buildings for these, together with the tanks and other incidentals, according to the estimate given me by Mr. Campbell, cost sixty-one thousand three hundred dollars. The engineer is paid two thousand dollars per annum, and the men are paid six dollars per month. The people at Lahaina are very poor, and really have to work to earn enough to procure eatables. Fish are high and scarce; fishermen are few, and are the only ones who own boats or canoes. Thousands of these natives have been off on whalers all their lives, but generally, now, that source of employment is failing, and all those who can procure work on the sugar estate, do so. And I do

not see, as the Chinese are so numerous, but that the natives will always be compelled to work at the lowest of wages.

Mr. Campbell owns other plantations, upon the north side of East Morvee, and other mills will probably soon be erected, provided the government at Honolulu does not overtax the plantations, in which case most of them will leave entirely, taking their machinery with them to the Navigator Islands.

The ground at Lahaina, when not under cultivation, is covered with grass, and the gardens yield every vegetable. Irish potatoes grow in the mountains, but are not cultivated to any extent. The taro and bread-fruit are abundant; but there are no oranges nor yams, and but few bananas.

Trees are abundant everywhere, and appear to be of the same species as those growing on the Navigator Islands. Many miles of stone wall have been built here, the stones coming from the mountains.

There are about seven hundred inhabitants in Lahaina; two churches, one a Roman Catholic, and one a Presbyterian; but nearly all the huts are gone to decay, and three-fourths are tenantless. Nearly all the shops are kept by the Chinese, who are also often employed upon the estates.

Most of the females, here, as elsewhere upon the group, are tatooed, more or less; the old ones all over the palms of the hands, around the ankles,

on the temples and upon the backs of the fingers. But the Chinese seem destined to people this group, sometime in the future. The first king and all his people were very industrious, everybody under his reign being taught to be always employed at something, so that the result was that the land and the sea gave of their plentitude an abundance of everything; but the Chinese now fill all the industries of the country, the missionaries, since their rule, having neglected to teach the blessings of labor ; so, as I have already said, the half-castes are worse than useless, and the curse of idleness is already upon the land; and if the sugar interest were taken from Lahaina, the condition of this little place would be the same as that of thirty years ago, with the curse that civilization entails upon them—poor, innocent people—added.

It is worthy of remark, that, while I was at Lahaina, the corpse of Mr. Treadwell, an American, and the captain of a whale-ship, who had settled here, and held the office of sheriff of Lahaina for twenty-two years, being beloved by all who knew him, was landed from the steamer, he having died at Honolulu. Being in the midst of the natives, I had been watching their animated countenances, and was surprised to hear, all in an instant, the most mournful wailings, and to see the shedding of floods of tears. The sound made was the most doleful one which I have ever heard, and is called the death-wail. It was joined in by both young

and old during the presence of the corpse in their midst, after which their former cheerfulness and gayety were immediately resumed.

In accordance with orders received from Mr. Webb, I embarked on the steamer "Nevada" for the Navigator Islands, to locate a coal-station there. This duty was duly performed; but before I speak of that group, a description of which I will reserve for another chapter, I will mention the incidents of my stay of two weeks upon Annu Island.

When I landed on the beach of this island I was met by all the villagers, about two hundred men, women and children, all seeming eager to serve me, and to be my friends; but I had scarcely landed before one girl, about sixteen years old, came to me and made signs of friendship, presenting me with a neat wreath of flowers, which I very readily received, when she commenced to button my waist-bands, to brush my coat and to take care of me generally, my person having been much neglected; so much so, in fact, that I was quite in pieces.

I soon observed another girl, who seemed about fourteen years of age, but unlike her sister, she was as wild as a deer; she would come up to within ten feet of me and stop; then, after fixing her eyes on me for a few moments, she would dart off again, like a frightened child of nature, as she was.

I will attempt to give a description of these two girls, who were the daughters of a Kanaka from the Sandwich Islands, a brother of Kenow, governor of Tahio, the next island north-west of Waho; and who were named Push-i-pu-cia and Cip-a-lan-nak-a-he-la. Their father spoke English; and their mother was a very light copper color, and was fully equal, in every respect, to the Greek Slave or to Cleopatra.

The girls had high foreheads, which gave every indication of intelligence, with plump cheeks and a chin to match, and lips of just the proper thickness. Their eyebrows were well-defined, with more than the usual arch, and long silky eye-lashes were the drapery or window-curtains through which the soul peeped out, employing the crystalline medium of a pair of bright penetrating black eyes, mild as those of the gazelle in Pushipucia, and wild as those of the deer in Cipalanakahela.

Their teeth were more like pearls than like ivory, while their hair was cut about eighteen inches long, and was dyed or bleached to a golden tinge of auburn, and was very soft and fine. At the time of my arrival they wore it erect, having it neatly done up in lime, and being snow-white it gave them a curious appearance.

Their features were all delicately formed; their hands and feet were no larger than are those of a well-grown American girl at the age of twelve, and their waists could have been easily spanned

by a man's two hands. Their bodies and limbs were of the most symmetrical; and the following is the information which is the result of measurement:

Pushipucia is sixteen years old, and is five feet three inches in height; she measures around the breast, thirty-six inches; around the waist, twenty inches; around the thigh, thirty-one inches; around the bottom, forty-seven inches; around the calf, eighteen inches; around the ankle, nine inches; her foot is eight inches long, and her hand seven inches. Cipalanakahela is fourteen years old, and five feet one inch in height; she measures around the breast, thirty-seven inches; around the waist, twenty inches; around the seat, thirty-three inches; around the thigh, twenty-three inches; around the calf, sixteen inches; around the ankle, eight inches; her foot is eight inches long, and her hand seven and a half inches.

They were in a state of complete nudity, with the exception of a fringe of leaves around the waist. These leaves are from the ti-plant, and are pointed, being about eighteen inches long and two inches broad, and as soft as silk-velvet. In color they are deep green, bronze, golden, silver, and straw-color; and when they are placed together, and arranged by their plump brown hands, in the most artistic manner, they constitute one of the prettiest and most appropriate wardrobes that can be seen.

They were extremely modest and sensitive, and blushes could frequently be seen playing through the rich olive color that mantled their cheeks. Their movements were elastic and sylph-like, and even the virgin Pocahontas, on the score of personal attractions, and tenderness of disposition, would be thrown entirely into the shade by a comparison with these two girls, who were "a staff by day and a pillow by night."

The little island was one mile in diameter, eight hundred feet high at its southern end, and was literally covered with cocoa-nut trees, bread-fruits, oranges, bananas, pine-apples, and, in fact, all the fruits, vegetables and flowers that are ever produced in the tropics. It abounds with shady groves, which I visited in my ramblings, spending one day in their cool depths, and the next upon an eminence which was my favorite retreat, for from it I could view the whole island, carpeted, as it was, with highly-colored flowers, and clad in ever-green foliage. From here I could extend the vision of my mind far beyond the horizon to the eastward, and contemplate what the French called the Queen of the Pacific, Tutuila, once noted for its broom-road and fine-looking natives; the Marquesas and Pomona groups, with their extensive pearl fisheries, and the Friendly Islands, whose natives are the only people who can be compared with the Samoan natives. To the westward, I see the treacherous Feejee Islands, the people of New

Caledonia and New Hebrides, and the Papuians of New Guinea, who have recently become the subjects of Queen Victoria. In imagination, I look upon the black man of Australia, who is lower in the scale of humanity than a Fuegian, although he retains the use of the boomerang, that weapon which defies the scientific world to explain the principle of its action; upon the New Zealanders, who have fought so long and so bravely against great odds, and have never, to this day, been subdued ; until I lose myself in the labyrinth of islands, including the King's Mill group, the Gilbert and Marshal group, the Ladrões, with their spicy atmosphere, and New Britain and New Ireland, separated by the beautiful straits named for George the Third, under whose reign they were discovered.

On returning from my excursions I would do credit to a repast of many dishes, among which were fish, fowl, dove, duck, barking-pig and fruits of all kinds, washed down by the delicious beverage of the cocoa-nut. These were meals fit for a king, and prepared and served in a manner that would have been pleasing and satisfactory to a patrician, as they were to the plebeians who partook.

One day I visited an extinct crater, and strayed to the lee side of the island, where the blue wavelets rolled to my feet ; and here the fish-like instincts of Pushipucia and Cipalanakahela could not

be retained, and they left me, like an old hen, upon the shore, while they, the young ducks, swam across the strait, about three-fourths of a mile wide, to Tutuila and back again.

On another day I went to the weather side of the island, where the great Pacific wages an eternal warfare against this harmless little island, roaring, fretting and chafing, as if to devour it and its human freight.

In my excursions, Pushipucia and Cipalanakahela were my frequent companions, and when it became necessary to rest at noontime, stepping aside a few feet from the trail, they were never at a loss to select a neat little arbor, where, after preparing the grass and removing some of the shrubbery, these girls would arrange a repast, which had been brought, as if by magic, by their brother. He was a lad of eighteen years, and would have been, in the hands of an artist, a fit subject for an Apollo.

During my stay among them I was suffering severely with rheumatic pains, and was often relieved by the native doctors, and by the manipulating process of rubbing and laying-on of hands, employed by all the men and women, while Pushipucia and Cipalanakahela were always attentive nurses. A stranger might have supposed that he was the recipient of special favors, but he would soon have learned that there are no people in the world more kind and hospitable, while there are

none more chaste and virtuous than are the females of the Samoan group.

But at last I bade adieu to the gentle Pushipucia and her pretty sister, Cipalanakahela, and to all my other native friends ; and, at dark one night, left behind me that gem upon the sea, Annu. As the little, but romantic island sank from my gaze below the horizon, I went to my state-room with the deepest emotions of gratitude toward a people at whose hands I had received so much kindness; and I am constrained to say that, notwithstanding that we, in our ignorance, are pleased to call them savages and cannibals, I felt a strong desire to live and die among them.*

* "Evil be to him who evil thinks," is written across this page, in the manuscript.—ED.

LINES.

Dedicated to Pushipucia and Cipalanakahela, daughters of the native pilot of
Annu Island:

Two wavelets cast upon the sea
Of troubled life that is to be;
 May you roll swift your course of love,
 And calmly break in realms above.

In some still cave within my reach
May your canoe strand on the beach,
 Beside of one who'll go before,
 To wait your coming on that shore.

And if there's naught you recognize,
Nor in my form nor yet mine eyes;
 You'll know me by my tattooed legs,
 And grant the prayer of one who begs—

That you will come on wings of love
To that green isle, in skies above,
 Where my canoe, with gentle breeze,
 Will sail among the Pleiades.

Annu still reigns* in those dim nooks,
Where we'll drink life from out her brooks,
 And ramble still beside the sea,
 For aye the freest of the free.

*"Annu is the presiding deity in Heaven," say the Samoans. E. W.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC—DESCRIPTION OF SAMOAN OR NAVIGATOR ISLANDS—FINE SPECIMEN OF NATIVES.



ON the night of August eighth, at half-past nine p. m., I was dropped into a quarter-boat, with one man, off the harbor of Pago-Pago, Island of Tutuila, without a deviation, or detention of five minutes to the steamer "Nevada."

We made out the entrance to the harbor, and safely passed Whale Rock, turning to the west, and pulling for the head of the bay. There was no moon, and the air was so hazy that we could see little; but I had read the descriptions of and directions for this harbor so carefully that I easily kept our whereabouts. But the shadows on each side, cast by the land, so closely resembled land itself, while what little light there was, was so reflected, in narrow streaks, as to completely represent coral reef; which sort of *ignes-fatui* so far deceived us as to cause us frequently to stop and take our bearings. At half-past one we arrived at the head of the bay, in six fathoms of water.

The stillness of the night, and the solemn quietude of everything around, impressed me strongly that nature had intended that the denizens of such a spot should be possessed of quite a different spirit from that given them by many English writers of early days. I imagined the surprise that at daylight would fill the breasts of these secluded people, when they should see our boat anchored at the head of their bay. But at daylight I found that we were alongside the brig "L. P. Foster," she having arrived the day before. The next day I found it the most perfectly land-locked harbor that exists in the Pacific Ocean.

In approaching the harbor from the south, either by night or day, the mariner has unmistakable landmarks to conduct him into port, for on the port-side is a high-peaked conical mountain, two thousand three hundred and twenty-seven feet high; and on the starboard is a flat-topped mountain, one thousand four hundred and seventy feet in height; these keep sentinel on either side and can never be mistaken by the mariner. The entrance to the harbor is three-quarters of a mile in width, between Tower Rock on the port-side and Breaker Point on the starboard-hand, with soundings of thirty-six fathoms.

These islands are in the South Pacific, between the latitudes of $13^{\circ} 30'$ and $14^{\circ} 30'$, and between the longitude of $168^{\circ} 20'$ and $172^{\circ} 50'$ west, containing 2650 square miles, and 56,600 inhabitants, all of whom are Christians.

In speaking of the islands, I shall claim for them neither a continental nor an oceanic climate, but a combination of the two. Like Borneo, Sumatra, Java and Ceylon, they have the maritime climate, which is the best in the world. Here are allied the continental vigor and the oceanic softness in a fortunate union, mutually tempering each. Here the development is more intense, life more rich and more varied in all its forms, and when to the effects we add the advantage of a tropical temperature, the forms of nature are, as it were, raised to their highest degree, and the wealth brought to light surpasses all elsewhere seen.

Nowhere on the surface of the globe is the blending of the continental and oceanic elements so complete and on so great a scale as on these islands, being located in the midst of the south-west trade winds, and surrounded by seas in the most diversified manner—bathed by the humid atmosphere of the tropics, watered with copious showers of rain, and exposed to the genial rays of a tropical sun. These are all the means of a physical life which nature can receive.

The soil of these islands is rich ; it is a dark, and in places a reddish-colored, loam. It arises chiefly from the decomposition of volcanic rock and vegetable matter, and is sufficiently indicated by the uniform and luxuriant growth of all the trees. It is here that we find the most prolific and admirable vegetation. We see at the same

time plants with broad and numerous leaves, the excessive expansion of which is always the proof of an exuberant humidity, and those shrubs with concentrated and elaborate gums, and those spices and aromata that bear witness to the dry and intense heat of the continent.

The forests are more sombre than those of Brazil, although the same kind of growth appears to prevail. The trees do not branch out until near the top, which renders it difficult to obtain botanical specimens, but at the same time facilitates the progress of the equestrian, and enables him to penetrate in all directions those virgin and luxuriant forests, which in Brazil, Central America, Mexico and India would be one impenetrable jungle, filled with the most voracious wild animals, such as the lion, tiger, panther, hyena, etc., that are always seeking something to devour, while myriads of poisonous reptiles and insects would be encountered at every step; until, finally, bitten and stung, poisoned, faint and feverish, the traveler would repose his weary limbs for rest beneath the shade of some friendly tree; where, if he escaped the jaws of the hungry hyena until the evening shades prevailed, he would be almost sure to fall the victim to the insatiable thirst of the vampire bat, who, while he sucked the last drop of blood through his insidious beak, would fan with his enormous wings his unsuspecting prey into that sleep from which no sleeper has ever awakened.

How very different do we find it here. The trunks are covered, and even the summits of the trees are sometimes overgrown with the leaves of a clinging piper and a variety of other creeping vines, some of which contain medical virtues still unknown to the world, and almost invaluable to the human race. The lower parts of the trees are covered with ferns, of which there are many varieties, and with some species of pothos, giving the whole ground a matted, or woven appearance. Among the plants a species of cerlera was observed, with beautiful clusters of large, odorous, white flowers that yielded a quantity of viscous sap, which botanists think will manufacture into caoutchouc.

The species of trees are much more numerous than at Tahiti, and the vegetation, in consequence, much richer and more varied. Among the most remarkable trees is the banyan, called by the natives "ohwa." Some are seen whose pendant branches take root in the ground, to the number of thousands, forming stems from an inch to two feet in diameter, uniting in the main trunk more than eighty feet above the ground, and supporting a vast system of horizontal branches, spreading like an umbrella over the tops of the other trees. This tree is the symbol of vegetable strength—the elephant of the rooted things.

Here uplifts its head the majestic palm, a single leaf whereof, sixteen feet broad and forty feet

around, will give shade to a score of people at once. Here may be found, on the bosom of these virgin forests, some of the largest flowers in the world, such as the rafflesia, one alone, whose gigantic dimensions, measured no less than three feet across.

The bread-fruit is the most abundant of all trees, and grows to a large size, attaining twenty to thirty feet in height, and measuring two feet in diameter. There are twenty varieties, and they mature in two years and bear every three months, yielding from two to five hundred of this peculiar fruit to a tree, in a year. This fruit contains seven or eight seeds, about the size of a chestnut, and they are equal, when roasted, to the best of those nuts. The fruit varies in size from that of a small coconut to that of a large one; and when baked and eaten hot is a very palatable and most perfect substitute for bread. The wood is very valuable, is of a close texture, like mahogany, and receives a high polish. It is used for the bottom of canoes, being impervious to the attacks of insects; and, also, for the paddles and steering-oars, for pulpits and war clubs.

The cocoa-nut tree extends from the sea far back into the mountains; it grows to a height of eighty feet, is from eight to eighteen inches in diameter, is six years in coming to maturity (although some bear at four), and yields from fifty to two hundred nuts in a year. Throughout the

South Pacific each tree is estimated to yield its owner one dollar a year. Cobra, which is the sliced cocoa-nut, dried for three days in the sun, to prevent mildew, sells in Hamburg for twenty pounds sterling per ton. It suffers a loss of about ten per cent. in the oil, which surpasses all others for the human hair, and from it is manufactured a soap, which imparts a softness and delicacy to the skin, rendering it so valuable that it is seldom found beyond the toilet of that class in Europe which can afford so great a luxury. The fruit, when young, constitutes one of the principal sources of food; and the milk forms the principal drink, which is very cool and refreshing, and in flavor is sweet and palatable. Both the milk and pulp are cooked in a variety of dishes. In Europe, the pulp that remains after the oil is extracted, is made into confectionery; and the final refuse into oil-cake for cattle.

The stem which produces the cocoa-nut is frequently cut at the end, it being served round with a string, and in a few days it drops the cocoa-nut shell full of very fine wine, which is permitted to remain three days, and becomes a strong, intoxicating liquor. Large quantities of molasses are produced from the liquor when fresh, by boiling. The tree, when put to this use, bears no fruit, but all the sap turns into liquor. After each catch of a shell full of this wine, a thin slice is taken from the end of the stem, so as to open afresh the pores

which have become glued up, as it were, by the sugar in the liquor. This tree not only feeds, clothes and supplies the people with drink, but it builds their houses and canoes, makes war-spears and clubs, and is almost invaluable to them ; and as its natural life is one hundred years, and as twenty thousand trees are frequently to be found upon quite a limited piece of ground, it becomes apparent that it is destined to occupy a very respectable position among many other valuable articles of commerce.

The papaia tree is very easily propagated from seed, which is merely strewn upon a moist piece of ground. It grows to be some fifty feet high, and commences to bear in six months, when it is some twenty feet high, and contains ripe fruit, green fruit and fruit in the bud and blossom, to the number of fifty or one hundred, all at the same time. The fruit is suspended from the trunk, one above the other, from short stems. At maturity, which is at an early age (the tree not being a long-lived one), it has the appearance of a coconut tree, but branches out at the top with a more bushy look, being filled with fruit which in shape is like a bell, and about the size of a musk-melon. In flavor it is sweeter than a musk-melon, and is very palatable when eaten with pepper and salt.

The orange tree is found here fifty feet high, producing fruit of a large size and fine flavor ; the lime and the lemon are both abundant, bearing fruit of

extraordinary size. A variety of bamboo and rattan is found, some of which grows to be ninety feet high ; citrons are large and fine, and the yams and mangroves the largest in the world, while the flavor is superior to that of small ones elsewhere.

Pine-apples are a weed throughout these islands, and the fruit of diminutive size, owing to the impenetrable growth of the tropical vines and trees it grows among ; but when cultivated it is large and superior, bearing once a year, from the first of November to the first of February. The plantain and banana are plentiful, and grow about nine inches long. I saw eight varieties of the latter, and a lady, a native of the island of Upolu, (who, however, received her education in San Francisco,) told me that there were others, equally delicious, cooked or raw. The small sugar-banana is the best, and is very sweet in flavor. When green it is used very much as a potatoe, and when boiled with other vegetables and eaten with beef, it is an excellent substitute.

The fig, vi-apple, custard-apple, mamma-apple, quava, mulberry, mango, tamarind, date, indigo, cinnamon, vave, vanilla-bean, sarsaparilla, mace and ava; nutmegs of two kinds; palm oil, which is sixty per cent. oil; the vinegar plant; the tarro, sweet-potato, arrow-root; and the ti-plant, whose leaves constitute the whole wardrobe of both sexes, are all found here, indigenous to the soil.

Besides these, there are a great variety of trees which produce no fruit, and for which I have no names. Under their luxuriant and evergreen foliage pendant from their wide-spreading branches, the traveler can roam in every direction, at his will, in nature's park, over a ground which is carpeted with an endless variety of flowers, plants and shrubs.

Rice, ginger, celery, melons, pumpkins, pease, beans, radishes, turnips, beets, cabbages, tomatoes, spinach, egg-plant, mustard, lettuce, cauliflowers, cucumbers, olives, asparagus, red and black pepper, berries, and, in fact, all kinds of vegetables and garden products have been cultivated and grow to perfection.

Two crops of Indian corn are grown in a year; and the Irish potato is said to thrive in the uplands; but Professor Wood says that the third generation or crop is to be found only amalgamated with the sweet potato.

The ti-plant is indigenous, and is a vegetable with a root many times larger than the California beet, and containing ten times the amount of the saccharine matter that is found in the beet. From it the natives, by baking in the oven, supply themselves with sugar and molasses. The purest liquor is made from this same root, which, in many places, grows to the size of a man's body. It is cooked and eaten by the natives, and tastes well when hot.

There is a coffee estate upon the Island of Sawii, and at three years old the trees are found seven feet high, with strong out-spreading branches, and in a most healthy condition. Unlike the coffee tree of Central America, Mexico, Brazil and other parts of the world, which is to be found growing only in the shade of trees, which have been planted in rows for the purpose, and have required from four to seven years to arrive at the proper height and condition to protect the coffee-tree, which in many instances requires eight years to bring it to full maturity ; it is here found growing, like that of Mocha, in the sun, and thriving best, like that of Mocha, in the uplands to a height of three thousand feet, giving, at the early age of three years, fifteen pounds of a small red bean, equal in flavor to that of Mocha, Brazil or Java. It is almost impossible to describe the beauties of a coffee estate, with its verdant foliage, jeweled with dew-drops of the deepest red. One billion pounds of these delicious beans are consumed annually, as the richest beverage the human family is heir to.

The cotton-tree is ten or twelve feet high, and six inches in diameter, having large and spreading branches. The boll is snow-white, and silky, equal in texture and staple to the best Sea Island cotton in the world. It is the size of an apricot, and breaks in three parts. Some of the cotton was sold in Europe at eighty-seven cents per pound, and when we know that it can be produced

with profit at one shilling per pound, and a yield of five hundred pounds per acre, it is fair to presume that it is destined to become an important article of commerce.

Sugar-cane is abundant, and of good quality, but is used by the natives only in its natural state.

Besides all that I can mention there are many products for which I have no name, but which flourish with vigor. There are, also, here a great many tropical plants which are very valuable as medicines, and there are several kinds of dye-woods.

About eight miles from Pago-Pago is Cocoa-nut Valley, where the soil is rich and produces all the tropical vegetation. In this valley I saw bread-fruit of the size of a thirty-two pound cannon ball. There is a heart in this fruit as large as the finger, and the outer covering is very thin; from the heart to this outside, which may be rubbed off with a brush, is the pulp, which is arranged in flakes, as it were, and is broken off to be eaten by the natives, in pieces of a convenient size. The gum that exudes from the bark of the bread-tree is used as a pitch upon the native canoes, and is employed as a plaster upon sores or fractures; as it is tasteless, it is also chewed as gum, that substitute for tobacco used by schoolmistresses and their young ladies.

In Cocoa-nut Valley is found a nutmeg tree whose wood is valuable and which yields a smooth, egg-shaped nutmeg, equal to that of Borneo in

all but that the mace which forms the outside is useless except as a native medicine. There is here, also, a sort of nettle, which, when thrown into water, gives a rich indigo dye; and a creeper, a parasite found upon all the trees, is, in taste and to all purposes, sarsaparilla, a decoction of it being used with the happiest results.

A lagoon lies in front of Cocoa-nut Valley, which, with a little expense and work expended upon the reef, would admit schooners of fifty tons burden, a boat-passage now existing. Most of the land in Cocoa-nut Valley is owned by old families, who reside in the adjacent Count Valley; and a good road could easily be made from this delightful spot, with its natural lagoon for boats, to Pago-Pago bay, where resides the principal chief of the Island, Mongo. He owes his station to missionary influence rather than to any other title, and there are some thirty lesser chiefs residing in Count Valley.

Birds are not numerous in the Samoan Group, although a rare species is found in the woods, a pair of which sold in Sydney for \$750; and the wild duck constitutes a daily food. There are no wild animals nor venomous reptiles that I know of; but fish, in the rivers and in the sea, are abundant.

While upon these islands I called the attention of the authorities in the American navy to the importance of securing possession of the harbor

of Pago-Pago for the American government, and this attempt at a public service was successful. Fourteen days after Captain Meade of the U. S. steamer "Narraganset" had concluded a treaty for the possession of the harbor, a German war-steamer arrived to secure it for that government. Happily she was too late. A flag was raised and saluted with fifteen guns by Commander Meade. It has nine stripes, to represent the nine Islands of Samoa, of which Tutuila is the central island and Pago-Pago the key to the whole group. The four white stripes and white stars represent the four large islands of Savii, Upolu, Tutuila and Tan. The five blue stripes represent the small islands. The corner ground is red, and shows the moon, an ancient symbol in Samoa, in the first and last quarters, representing the letter "S," or Samoa.

Travelers may talk of Italian skies and Sicilian shrubbery; no island or coast in or around the Mediterranean Sea can rival Samoa for salubrity of climate, fertility of soil, or beauty of scenery. Its air is deliciously balmy; its shrubbery luxuriant. Health and beauty here revel together. Nature is dressed in ever-changing but fading charms, and her sunny smiles are ever reflected from the human countenance. From the dawn of day until sometime after sunrise, the most sparkling fable of Turkey, or Persia, is fully realized. Every leaf and flower and spray and blade of grass is gemmed with dew-drops of extraordinary clearness and

purity, which have imbibed so much of the vegetable fragrance that when they begin to exhale in the increasing warmth of the solar rays, the whole atmosphere is filled with the most delightful perfumes, and every passing zephyr scatters grateful odors from its wings.

This is the hour of recreation, and every by-path is crowded; but when the sun has attained a higher altitude, the potency of his beams sends the wandering groups to their dwellings, with keenly-sharpened appetites for the breakfasts which await them.

In pursuing the path that led to the highest eminence in this part of the island, we found it no easy task to scale the little precipices which we found in the avenue which led through a forest of gigantic trees, the foliage of which screened us from the livid rays of the sun. But, after a fatiguing ascent of half a day, we reached the summit, when a prospect suddenly opened upon our enraptured view which amply repaid us for all our previous labor. It was, without any exception, the most romantic and beautifully variegated that I ever beheld, and must be seen in the living, breathing, moving colors of nature, to be duly appreciated, for no pen nor pencil can describe it; but I will attempt to convey a faint idea of its outlines:

Standing on the highest pinnacle, with nothing to interrupt my vision in any direction, at my feet lay a lovely lake, with limpid waters and wood-

fringed borders. To the west lay the beautiful island of Sawaii, with its cloud-capped mountains of 4,000 feet, the highest in the group, its plains and green valleys. Here the eye ranges with delight over the fertile extent, diversified with thriving plantations of different kinds, until it reaches the picturesque channel, seven miles wide, with its placid surface reflecting the two small islands which intervene.

To the east were to be seen the beautiful plains at the foot of the hill upon which we were standing; in one place a mountain torrent tumbling headlong through its devious course to the plains below, and in another flowing by a glassy river, gently meandering through grassy meadows until, united with its more restive neighbor, it entered the Bay of Apia, where the crystal waters lay at rest, reflecting the inverted scenery with the lucidity of a mirror. The scenery along the southern coast I did not visit, and was prevented from seeing by the dazzling brilliancy of the noonday sun.

The natives are the finest specimens of mankind that have been found in the Polynesian world. They are moral, intelligent and hospitable, and their language is soft and harmonious. They have pleasing countenances and a modest demeanor, many of the females being lighter than a Spanish brunette, and very handsome. Their forms are symmetrical, never having been screwed up in a machine of torture such as was never heard of

among all the diabolical inventions on the inquisition, a machine of whalebone and steel, cords, pulley and levers, far more mischievous and ridiculous than the iron shoe of China. But they stand out in their beautiful nudity and loveliness, a combination of beauty, grace and innocence, the handiwork of the Great Master himself.

LINES.

Written on the Pacific, on passing a deserted raft surrounded by sea-gulls; their confused and frantic actions and their dismal noise making it seem as if they were doing penance for some unpardoned sin.

O tell me, wild spirits, now hovering o'er
That fragment of raft that's deserted at sea,
Of those who will toss on the waters no more,
And what was the fate they were all born to see?

Oh! what is the tale of the gallant, strong ship?
What port did she leave, to what port was she bound?
And what of the crew that embarked on the trip,
To sink in a grave where the waves thundered round?

Wrecked swift in the dark of some pitiless night,
Head-first did she founder with all men on board;
The storm sweeping past with a pitiless might,
That drowned the loud prayers for swift help from the Lord.

Struck she on the fringe of a pink coral reef
That treach'rously lay underneath the bright wave—
To seize on its prey like the midnight's sly thief,
When nothing was by that could hinder and save?

On wings of the trades swift she sped to her death—
A cyclone, a squall, with a terrible blast;
The ship that was doomed disappeared in a breath,
And left on the sea but this fragment of mast.

And you're what is left of the once happy crew,
Embarked in high spirits to roam on the sea;
On wings of the wind to your stern fate you flew,
And now you come telling the dark tale to me.

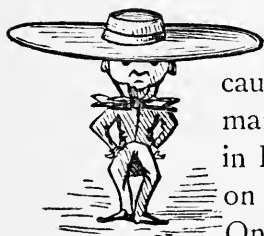
Alas! for your screams make it only too plain!
 You sing a wild requiem over the craft;
 While horrid enough to bewilder the brain,
 The sights you have seen on that barnacled raft.

O wild restless spirits, that ceaselessly rave,
 You've poured forth your tale in a weird, frantic way;
 While close to the spar that floats high o'er the cave,
 Where storm-worn your bodies you long ago lay.

Then cease your wild wailing, and go to your rest,
 On some lonely island amidst the vast deep,
 Where silence and peace your vexed spirits may bless,
 In that which is stirred not, the long, dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON THE "MOHONGO"—UP THE COLORADA—PEARL-FISHING IN
THE GULF—TO NEW YORK.



THE death of Captain Bennett causing a vacancy, I took command of the "Mohongo," arriving in Honolulu, upon the second trip, on the twenty-ninth of June, 1872. On the return voyage, on the ninth of July, 1872, being five days and a half from Honolulu, and having commenced in the ship's log the calculations for the day which were destined to remain uncompleted, I fell suddenly to the deck, stricken dumb and motionless, and ever since have suffered from the severe stroke of paralysis which disabled my entire right side.

In less than a year I had regained my speech, and could walk a little, with the help of a cane, although my arm was still entirely useless. Every remedy of every doctor failed to help me further, and so I determined to take a voyage, attended by a man, to see what change and sea-air would do for me.

In March, 1873, I left on the steamer for the Islands and New Zealand, returning in May.

After about three months had elapsed, I went down to Magdalena Bay to spend a month. Upon the first of September, on anchoring in Royal Roads, we found, where once had been the most desolate spot in the world, a city containing a custom-house and about twelve residences, with some fifty inhabitants, all engaged in compressing the bales of ochilla that filled the warehouses and lay in tiers upon the beach.

This article grows upon a bush, which is found along the shore for some three miles inland, is conveyed by canal or lagoon to the landing, where it is compressed by Mr. Hale and his hydraulic power, and sent upon the markets of the world, where it brings two hundred dollars per ton.

There are six officers in the custom house, and six assistants. They are very vigilant, and have a very busy time of it on the arrival of a canoe.

On the first of October, I embarked upon the "Montana," leaving my friend J. P. Hale and his kind lady, by whom the most unremitting kindness had been bestowed upon me, with much regret. The "Montana" carried a crew of Mongolians, and they are a worthless and indifferent set. If I, who am a cripple, should fall and break a limb, not a helping hand would they reach me; and in case of fire, the Chinaman is panic-stricken, running for his own effects, regardless of the therefore inevitable loss of property, vessel and lives.

After remaining at home something more than

a month, I left San Francisco on the fifteenth of November, 1873, on the "Newbern," Capt. Metzger, for Cape St. Lucas and the Colorado river. We had a six days' passage to the cape, where I found the rocks, the bay and the sand the same as when, ten years before, I used so frequently to visit them. And yet, it was no longer the Cape St. Lucas I used to know, for old Capt. Richie was dead. Who, for the past fifty years, of all on whalers, merchant vessels and steamers, has not known him? He was associated, as much as were its rocks, with the thought and the name of Cape St. Lucas, and his kindly and hospitable character and his honest face will be remembered by those who knew him, until they, like him, are called by the great Father.

On the twenty-eighth of November, we anchored about twenty miles up from the mouth proper of the Colorado river, where, through the kindness of Capt. Polhemus, the general superintendent, I embarked upon the "Colorado" for Yuma. We made fast to the bank of the river every night, for it was impossible to run during the darkness, on account of the low water; a wagon could pass along any where, and it would puzzle the brain of an alligator, to get along without grounding.

The land up to Fort Yuma has been made by the river, and is a great plain of sand, extending for hundreds of miles, with an intervening patch now and then, of young willow and cotton-wood.

This wood is cut by the Indians, and piled along the bank, where it is bought by the boats at three dollars per cord.

These Indians have been taught to earn their own living by this company, and are paid for what they do; it is a pity that the same policy has not been adopted by our government, of paying those who are industrious, and making war upon all who are idle and vicious, thus killing them off instead of harboring them, whilst they in return murder those who protect them.

In our trip up the river, we soon came upon some of the natives, who are a dirty race in their habits, and a filthy one in appearances. They bedaub their faces with mud and with black and red paint; they wear a tuft of feathers upon the back of the head, and an old, soiled red or white rag, an extension of their breech-cloth, hangs down to their heels behind, and six inches down in front. They have naked legs, but wear an old shirt, blanket or jacket of some sort above. The women wear a petticoat that extends from the waist to the knee and is made from young willow and other materials; but as they wear an old blanket outside of this, and another old cloth above, they prevent their ugly forms from being seen.

We saw Castle Dome and Pilot Knob, both renowned in overland history of early days. Fort Yuma stands on a hill on the north side, and Yuma city, on a hill on the south side of the river, two

bluffs, the first seen since we left the mouth. A ferry-boat runs between these two bluffs, being drawn across by a cable; when the boat comes from up the river, this cable is hoisted up over the smoke-stack, by means of tackles from a high derrick on each side of the river, here about a cable's length in breadth. The Gila comes in just around the south bluff, but at low water is not navigable.

We arrived at Yuma on the second of December, in the midst of a very cold sand-storm. Here I transferred my effects to the "Cocopah," Capt. Nilim, and will let my diary for the trip tell the story of my voyage upon the Colorado, above Yuma.

Friday, Dec. 5, 1873. We left Yuma at 2 P. M., having a barge in tow. At 3 o'clock we grounded, laying across the stream with both ends stuck fast, but after an hour's hard work with a cable, we succeeded in heaving her over the shoal; at dark we made fast to a wood-pile.

Saturday, Dec. 6, 1873. We started at daylight, but ran aground at 8 A. M. The captain sounded with a pole, and finding that there was not enough water for the steamer, turned her around, and cut a channel with the wheel. At 2.30 P. M., we stopped at Castle Dome landing, where there was an adobe house and seven men. The whole country here is as fertile as a brick, being composed of rocks and big boulders down to the water's edge. Not an alligator, nor cat-fish, nor eel have I seen.

Sunday, Dec. 7, 1873. We started at daylight, breaking off about a ton of rock, that projected into the river, in a narrowing called the Gate. At 11 A. M., we passed through a narrow canyon with the rock one hundred and fifty feet high, perpendicular upon one side, and over-hanging the steamer upon the other. We had a beautiful view of rocks, that looked like a vast cathedral, or a fortress, with its turrets and bastions. We also saw what looked like a railroad, but which was a natural grade.

Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1873. We started at daylight, mud-larking all the way; and succeeded, with hawsers on each bow, a hawser and an anchor ahead with sky-tackle and derricks with tackle running to the capstan, in heaving the boat, which drew twenty inches, through a place where there were but fourteen inches of water. At 11 A. M., we reached Erinburg, a town of some sixty mud huts and adobe houses.

Friday, Dec. 12, 1873. Cast off from our wood-pile at daylight, and hove industriously with hawsers till 5.30 P. M., when we reached the Indian reservation. There are about eight hundred miserable Indians here, the women not being renowned for their virtue, nor the men for their honesty; but both excel all that I have ever seen for ugliness and dirt, not excepting the Diggers of California. Like the New Zealand colonists they wear the flag of Lucknow, only lower down.

Saturday, Dec. 13, 1873. At daylight we proceeded, the river here presenting an entirely new aspect, having mountain scenery close aboard and rocky walls on each side. The stream is narrow, and pursues a tortuous course, and in the canyons it is grand—sublime.

Sunday, Dec. 14, 1873. We ran aground at eight A. M., when we turned her stern up stream, heaving her up with hawsers, and cutting a canal with the wheel. At noon we stopped at Captain Polhemus's ranch, and at two P. M. came to the grand Mojave pass, having on the west side, looking south, the profile of a man's head and face, two hundred feet high, and neatly sculptured in the rock, being the work of the great Master Mechanic.

Monday, Dec. 15, 1873. We were aground nearly all day, being obliged to work through six inches of water. We saw several Indians and half-breeds, one girl having her head done up in mud; and being bedaubed in the face with red and black paint, until she looked like the devil. She wore two willow petticoats, and walked the Grecian Bend, *a la mode de Kangaroo*, to perfection.

Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1873. To-day we passed some beaver tracks, and better looking Indians, though horribly frescoed. They wear here, outside of the petticoat, a thick willow matting, hung on behind and coming below the knee, serving as a prodigious bustle and as a seat to sit upon.

Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1873. At nine A. M. we passed an iron post, the boundary mark for three States, California, Nevada, and Arizona. At half-past nine A. M., we made fast to the bank at Fort Mojave, which is situated on an eminence, and has forty-six cannon and several neat buildings. This fort is situated six hundred miles inland, and six hundred and fifty miles above the level of the sea; it contains about sixty soldiers and three hundred Indians; and, for fertility of soil, will compare with Fort Yuma, or any other gravel-bank I ever saw.

Thursday, Dec. 18, 1873. At daylight, we left Fort Mojave, upon the return trip; we worked until eight P. M. before we could get afloat, and then tied up for the night.

Thursday, Dec. 25, 1873. We have broken our capstan, and knocked a hole in the bottom, and twice been obliged to lie-to in a gale of wind; but to-day the sun is clear and beautiful, and the ice a quarter of an inch thick. For dinner we were served a Cape Cod turkey, with Mojave dressing. The Indians here burn their dead, with all belonging to them.

Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1873. We started at daylight, and arrived at Yuma at twenty minutes past ten A. M., having made the voyage to Fort Mojave and back in twenty-six days, twenty hours and a half. The barge, which has twice been gone back for, and which has once broken its tiller and once

its rudder, arrived at eight P. M.; and thus ends my eventful voyage in the "Cocopah," upon the Upper Colorado.

On the tenth of January, I embarked upon the "Newbern," bidding adieu to Arizona, and to some old and good friends as ever a man had. On the sixteenth, I landed at La Paz, or Peace, which has four thousand inhabitants, and being well watered and hence well wooded, presents a beautiful appearance from the bay; whereas Guaymas, of the same number of inhabitants, has no green thing—no water and no soil, and looks as barren as a brick-kiln; and Mazatlan is nearly as bad. But La Paz has an abundance of water for her shade and fruit trees, which, together with the adobe buildings, painted in every tint of the rainbow, and the neat, thatched cottages of the natives, give the town a decidedly tropical and very picturesque appearance.

In the season of 1873, about twenty sub-marine suits were used in pearl-fishing, and produced two hundred thousand dollars worth of pearls and shells. A schooner of forty tons burden has four boats, each carrying a sub-marine armor with one hundred and fifty feet of hose, and an air-pump; boat and all complete costing about one thousand dollars, and being manned by a diver, a life-line tender, and four men to work the pumps. The diver, who is a very important man and lives in the cabin, generally remains down about four

hours, sending up shells enough to occupy the crew all the afternoon in opening them. A forty ton schooner carries thirty men, and is anchored while fishing. The shells sell for twenty cents per pound, or four hundred dollars per ton, but one pearl recently brought five thousand dollars. They are found by pressing the oyster with the thumb, the little ones being under the fringe, and the big ones in the centre; when found, they are cut out.

I visited here a church, which was formerly noted for its wealth. In 1774, it was very rich in paintings, gold, silver, and pearls. The Virgin Mary stood upon a pedestal of solid gold, and her person was literally covered with the finest of pearls, her ornaments being valued at one million dollars, one necklace alone being worth seventy-five thousand dollars.

One night, at sunset, a strange padre came to this church, and although a stranger, he was so devout, being upon his knees early and late, that he soon came to be the most trusted of the padres, and the keys of the church were given to his care. So great a favorite did he become, not only with the other padres, but with the Virgin herself, that she bestowed upon him, in one night, all her pearls, and even the gold pedestal upon which her divine and beautiful little feet had so long rested in the quiet haven, where moth nor rust ever entered, and where thieves never broke in to steal.

The dismay and consternation of the other

padres may be imagined, but cannot be described, when, at daylight the next morning, they found the church open, and the Virgin divested of all her pearls and gold, almost in a state of nudity, but with a note in her hand, wherein she stated that she had bestowed all upon her devoted friend, the strange padre, an Englishman.

From La Paz I visited the town of Triumpho, where are twenty mines, all in good fruit. The mill has twenty-eight stamps, a jaw-crusher, twenty furnaces, sixteen barrels, and four large pans. The ore is roasted in reverberatory furnaces, and crushed dry. To expel sulphur, etc., salt is then added, which forms the chloride of silver. After roasting, the ore is treated in barrels with about two hundred pounds of scrap-iron, the iron decomposing the chloride, forming metallic silver. Quicksilver is then added, which forms amalgam, leaving the salts of the base metals to pass away in solution. The ore averages in the mill from seventy-five to eighty dollars per ton, and the product is about one hundred thousand dollars every steamer, or forty days.

On the twenty-first of March, 1874, I took the "Grenada," off Cape St. Lucas, and was very much gratified to find my old friend, Capt. Seabury, whom I had not seen before for twenty years, in command of her.

On the second of April we made fast to the company's buoy at Panama, and upon the evening of

the third I took passage at Aspinwall, in the "Chauncy," for Kingston, Jamaica. We left this port upon the ninth, and upon the seventeenth we passed the Hook and made fast to pier 42, at the foot of Canal street.

I spent a couple of weeks at the Sailor's Snug Harbor, and the greater part of the month of May at Princeton, N. J.; when I proceeded to New York, where I found my oldest sister in good health.

Upon the first of June I started for Westport, in company with my old schoolmate, A. S. Hurlbutt, Esq., arriving at sundown at his fine and picturesque mansion, where I was made at home by his amiable wife and interesting family. During the evening, after having been a wanderer for more than forty years from my native village, I was much affected by the unlooked for compliment of a serenade by seventeen brass instruments, in the hands of my former schoolmates and their sons.

I suffered from a severe attack of illness in June, after which I visited Sangatuck, where I was kindly made at home by Capt. Francis Sherwood. On the twenty-ninth of July I returned to New York, and soon after, through the kindness of Howard Porter, Esq., I received a pass over the road to California, via Panama, upon the "Colon." On the fifteenth of August, after Mr. Hurlbutt had put a letter from Cub, dated California, August 7, into my hands, I bid adieu to Mr. Burr and his wife, who had accompanied me

down to the ship in a carriage, and we steamed down the bay.

I took a farewell look at the islands and all the shores around New York harbor, clad, as they were, in verdure, and thought of how it all used to look to me when I returned from the East Indies in 1835. I could but reflect upon the improvements that had taken place since that time, and then came the consideration that as virtuous and industrious a race as ever lived has given way to a corrupt society—a people gone all astray; a nation whose extravagance and foolishness is fast giving the whole country into the hands of foreigners, who, it is to be hoped, will be an improvement upon the idle and vain people calling themselves Americans.

I suffered much from the heat before reaching Aspinwall, which made me very weak, but was soon revived by the fine, cool weather upon the other side. We entered the port of San Francisco at daylight, upon the sixth of August, and at seven A.M. were fast to the dock, thus ending a very pleasant passage of twenty-two days from New York.

Thus upon the eighteenth of January, 1875, two years and a half have elapsed, and I am still alive. I can now use my right hand, and I think that my limb and general health are better. I can walk with more ease, and the blood has commenced coming down my right arm, making it quite strong. This is the first day of the New Year, 1875, and we are having a fine winter.

CONCLUSION.

ONLY a few words are necessary before closing this book.

After meeting with the sad misfortune which rendered him almost helpless, Capt. Wakeman was a broken man, and grew old very rapidly. As he states, when he was able to leave home, he took several sea voyages, in the vain hope of recovering what scores of physicians and innumerable remedies had not been able to restore. It was impossible for him to give up the last hope, and he watched the improvement in the use of his disabled hand with an eagerness of expectation which it was painful to see. But when his old friends came into his presence, he realized that his best years were gone, that his opportunity for life was past, and then he would turn his head to the wall and cry like a child.

He spent much time, while confined to the house, in arranging his letters and papers, in executing large drawings of favorite or model vessels, which he did with his left hand, and the aid of a ruler, with remarkable facility; and in putting into scrap-books the letters and printed extracts which he valued. Of the former, he had every one, from those received in his boyhood, and during

his first voyages; and among the latter were numerous cuttings from the Eastern newspapers and those of California, relating to his own adventures and shares in public measures. These evidences of "honorable mention," he was proud of, and desired to have them preserved for the perusal of his children. One may be found, selected from a great many, and printed in the introduction to this book.

Capt. Wakeman grew weaker and weaker until he was confined to his bed. During several weeks he continued to sink lower, many times seeming at the point of death, and yet, each time, he rallied; it seemed that his rugged constitution could never succumb. His last words were spoken a day or two before his death, for during his last hours he was not conscious, but seemed in a heavy sleep; and the last breath of the strong man who had passed through a varied life, which had carried him to every part of the globe, was a sigh drawn as lightly as that of an infant who has fallen into a gentle slumber. And, verily, he had fallen into the "welcome, long, long sleep."

This chapter, and this book, may be fitly closed by two extracts written at the time of his death, it is understood, by Vernon Seaman, Esq., an old friend and former purser with Captain Wakeman:

"Captain Edgar Wakeman, a well known pioneer, died at his residence on Saturday evening last. * * * Deceased was originally a man of strong constitution and large frame, and

mutinous seamen had frequently occasion to regret his displeasure. He was a man of strictly temperate habits, altogether avoiding the use of liquor and tobacco, which was remarkable in one of his calling. He was open-hearted, sociable and generous, and had hosts of friends. * * * All that is mortal of the gallant and generous Captain now rests beneath the soil of Mountain View Cemetery. The funeral services were attended yesterday afternoon from St. John's Episcopal Church. A large delegation from Occidental Lodge of Masons, of which deceased was a member, came over from San Francisco in the regalia of the Order, and participated in the funeral rites. The Masonic choir, lead by S. D. Mayer, sang a number of solemn hymns, and chanted the service for the burial of the dead ; Rev. Father Akerly officiating. The pall-bearers were Captains Farwell, Wilcox, Robert Waterman and M. B. Cox; H. D. Bacon, Esq., James Laidley, Esq., and Mr. Atchinson. The services at the grave were conducted by the Master of Occidental Lodge, and were unusually solemn and affecting. * * * Generous to a fault, single-minded, pure-hearted, not professing religion but believing in God, and having faith in His goodness to all who 'steer a straight course,' we may well say of him, 'a good man has gone home.' "

"Died at his residence in East Oakland, Capt. Edgar Wakeman, aged 57 years."

"The simple announcement of the decease of this well-known pioneer has carried grief to the hearth-stone of many a home. Captain Wakeman was emphatically a representative Californian. He came to our shores in the early days of 1849, and has been identified with our shipping and steamer interests continuously since then. He was a whole-souled, generous, single-hearted gentleman, genial in disposition, and very popular as a commander with the many steamer-loads of passengers who have traveled to and fro with him prior to these days of rapid transit by rail. His many sailor anecdotes would fill a volume brimful of interest. Strong-hearted, grey-haired men, companions with

him during his pilgrimage, wept burning tears over his remains—a sincere tribute from those who knew him best in his honest worth. He was buried in the beautiful cemetery located among the hills, and the members of the Occidental Lodge F. and A. M., consigned his remains to their narrow resting-place.

“Good husband, faithful father, kind and loving friend, we know that in the dread hereafter such lives as thine shall have well-earned reward; assuring thee that thy memory will remain green with us until reunited beyond the dark river.

“Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret or there to fear;
From Nature’s temperate feast rose satisfied;
Thanked Heaven that he had lived and that he died.”

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